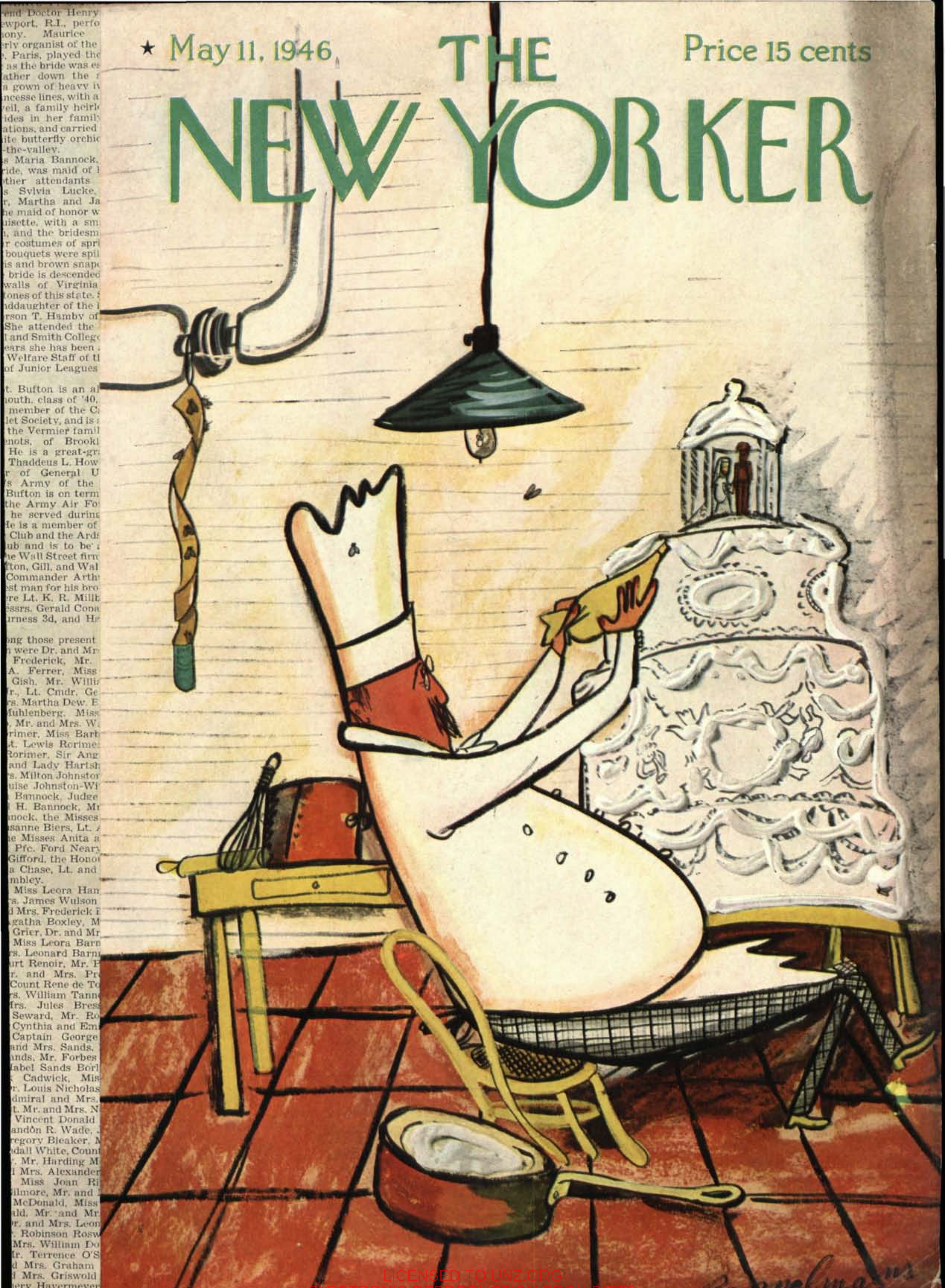
★ May 11, 1946

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER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WEITZEN

Carrousel—William Heller's tricot jersey print, knit with Enka Rayon, in a gown with a festive air. Lord & Taylor, New York; Lockharts, St. Louis; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Martha Weathered, Chicago

Enka Rayon 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Mille-fleurs Flashes from our Precious Jewelry collection

An eternal garden-glow of sparkling color—aquamarines, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, tourmalines, amethysts, bedded together in 14 kt. gold, flexible for the chain and bracelet, engraved for the leaf earrings and matching brooch. Each a gift of imagination, or a valuable self-indulgence.

The pair of jeweled clips with double chain, $625

The double bracelet with massive jeweled clasp, $750

The leaf earrings, $416.67 a pair.
The leaf brooch, $458.34

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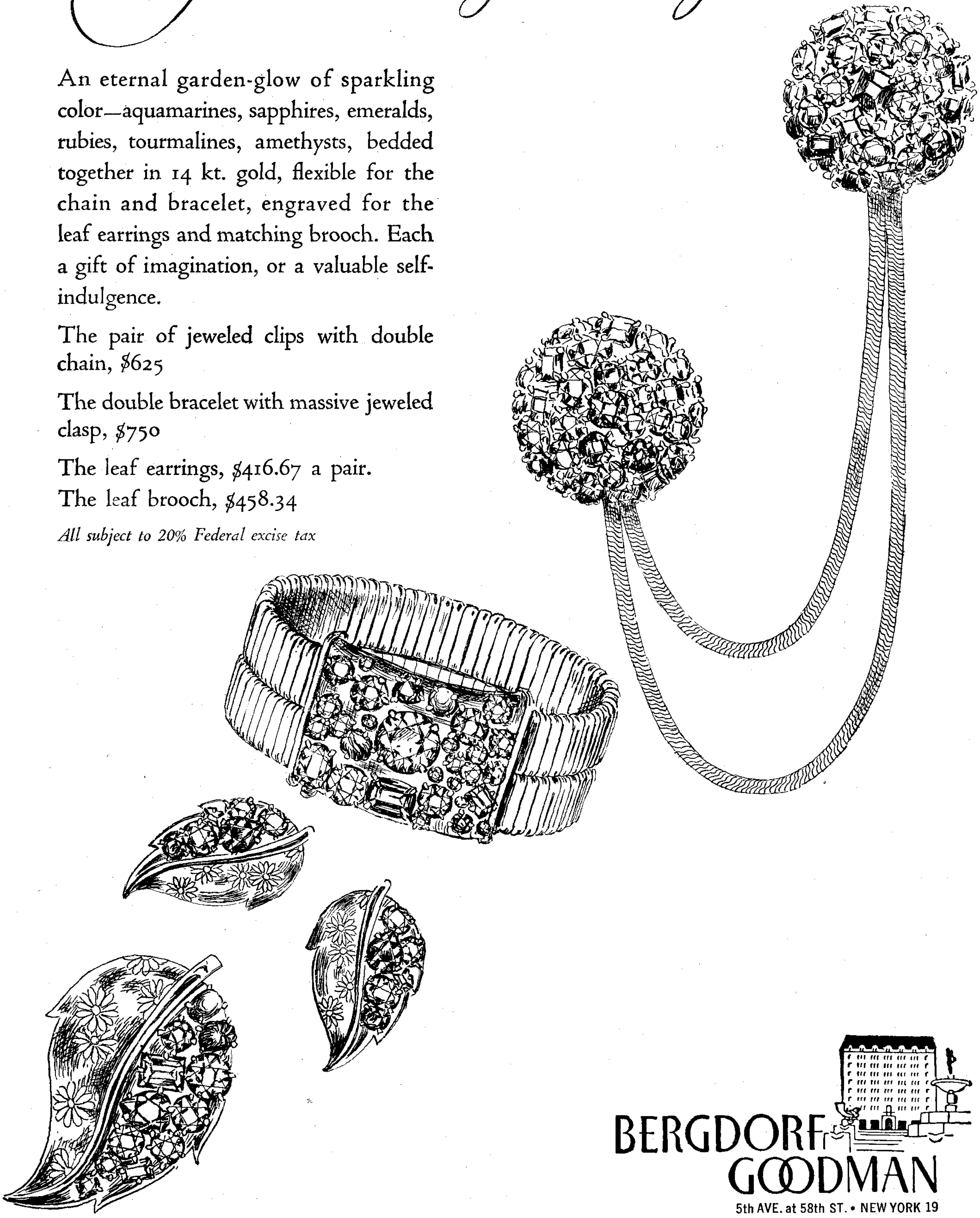

BERGDORF GOODMAN
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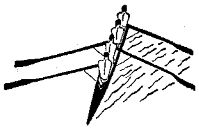
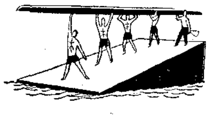
ON THE PLAZA



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's stirring play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Apple of His Eye—Walter Huston in a slight, rather tiresome piece about an old Hoosier farmer who takes a young wife. Produced by Jed Harris for reasons no doubt clear to God. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., May 18.)

Born Yesterday—Garson Kanin's very funny and expert comedy about a big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday is superb as a current Lorelei Lee, and Paul Douglas makes a most convincing malefactor. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others, but quite agreeable just the same. Second year. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 12, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Deep Are the Roots—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a notably simple and touching performance. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dream Girl—Elmer Rice describes the secret and public life of a rather dreamy young woman in a great many scenes, of which about half are extremely amusing. Haila Stoddard has replaced Betty Field in the principal role. Produced by the Playwrights' Company. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are magnificent in this winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's appealing and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its seventh year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Magnificent Yankee—Emmet Lavery's play covers thirty fairly undramatic years in the life of Mr. Justice Holmes, but it is a conscientious effort and Louis Calhern's portrayal is really admirable. With Dorothy Gish. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

O Mistress Mine—The performances of the Lunts in this play by Terence Rattigan would be an important event in any season. The plot has to do with one of those fashionable British adulteries, but you can just forget about it. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Pygmalion—Gertrude Lawrence is charming and sympathetic in this revival produced by Theatre Incorporated. With Raymond Massey (through Sat., May 18), Melville Cooper, and Cecil Humphreys. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18.

State of the Union—A fine, funny play, by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, concerning a man who has to choose between his conscience and the Presidency. Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Hussey, Minor Watson, Margalo Gillmore, and Myron McCormick head an excellent cast. Winner of the 1946 Pulitzer Prize. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Voice of the Turtle—John van Druten's light, expert play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass is in its third year. Martha Scott, John Beal, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Old Vic Theatre Company—The venerable London repertory group, headed by Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, in a six-week engagement here, under the auspices of Theatre Incorporated. The schedule for this week and next is: "Henry IV, Part I," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., May 9-10, and Thurs. and Sat. Mats., May 9 and 11; "Henry IV, Part II," Sat. Eve., May 11; "Uncle Vanya" (première), Mon. Eve., May 13; "Henry IV, Part I," Tues. Eve., May 14, and Wed. Mat., May 15; "Henry IV, Part II," Wed. Eve., May 15; "Uncle Vanya," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 16-18, and Sat. Mat., May 18. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Premières at 8; other Eve. performances at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

On Whitman Avenue—A new play by Maxine Wood, with Canada Lee, Will Geer, and Perry Wilson. Produced by Mr. Lee, Mark Marvin, and George McLain, and directed by Margo Jones. Settings by Donald Oenslager and incidental music by Paul Bowles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Are You with It?—A musical comedy, centering around a carnival, that seems far too short on both humor and song. Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and a rather stirring blonde called Dolores Gray do their best to ginger things up, but without much success. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Billion Dollar Baby—A very engaging satire on the late twenties, when practically anything could happen, by the authors of "On the Town." Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green are extremely fetching as a couple of noisy girls of the period. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls have put together the happiest military offering since "This Is the Army." Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome provided the songs, and the cast includes Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin, and Bill Callahan. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give their old as well as their new address.

Carousel—A musical version of "Liliom" which is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production, now in its second year. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song, in a piece about sailors and girls. Pleasant, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. Third year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., May 18.)

Lute Song—An old Chinese legend decked out in Robert Edmond Jones' most spectacular trappings and assisted by Mary Martin's reliable charm. Big, beautiful, and perhaps a bore. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—This splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, is in its fourth year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is still enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a highly satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 12, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

St. Louis Woman—Though it is slightly overburdened with plot, this all-colored musical is generally a delight. Harold Arlen's music and Lemuel Ayers' costumes and sets are both first-rate, and the cast, which includes Ruby Hill, Harold Nicholas, and Pearl Bailey, could hardly be better. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Show Boat—Edna Ferber's little book turns up again, this time in a very fine revival with Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Ralph Dumke, Charles Fredericks, and Buddy Ebsen. The physical production is magnificent and the old songs sound lovelier than ever. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and agreeable to listen to, but the story is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. Second year. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Three to Make Ready—Ray Bolger does his nimble and comic best, but even he is not quite enough to save this successor to "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show." The cast includes Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Swan Song—The new Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, produced by John Clein and directed by Joseph Pevney. The cast includes Jacqueline Horner, Marianne Stewart, and Mary Servoss. Opens Wed., May 15. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Annie Get Your Gun—Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein II's new musical revue, with Ethel Merman. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, and choreography by Helen Tamiris. Directed by Joshua Logan, with sets by Jo Mielziner. Opens Thurs., May 16. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey running through their colorful paces. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXII, No. 13, May 11, 1946. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1946, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $9.00.

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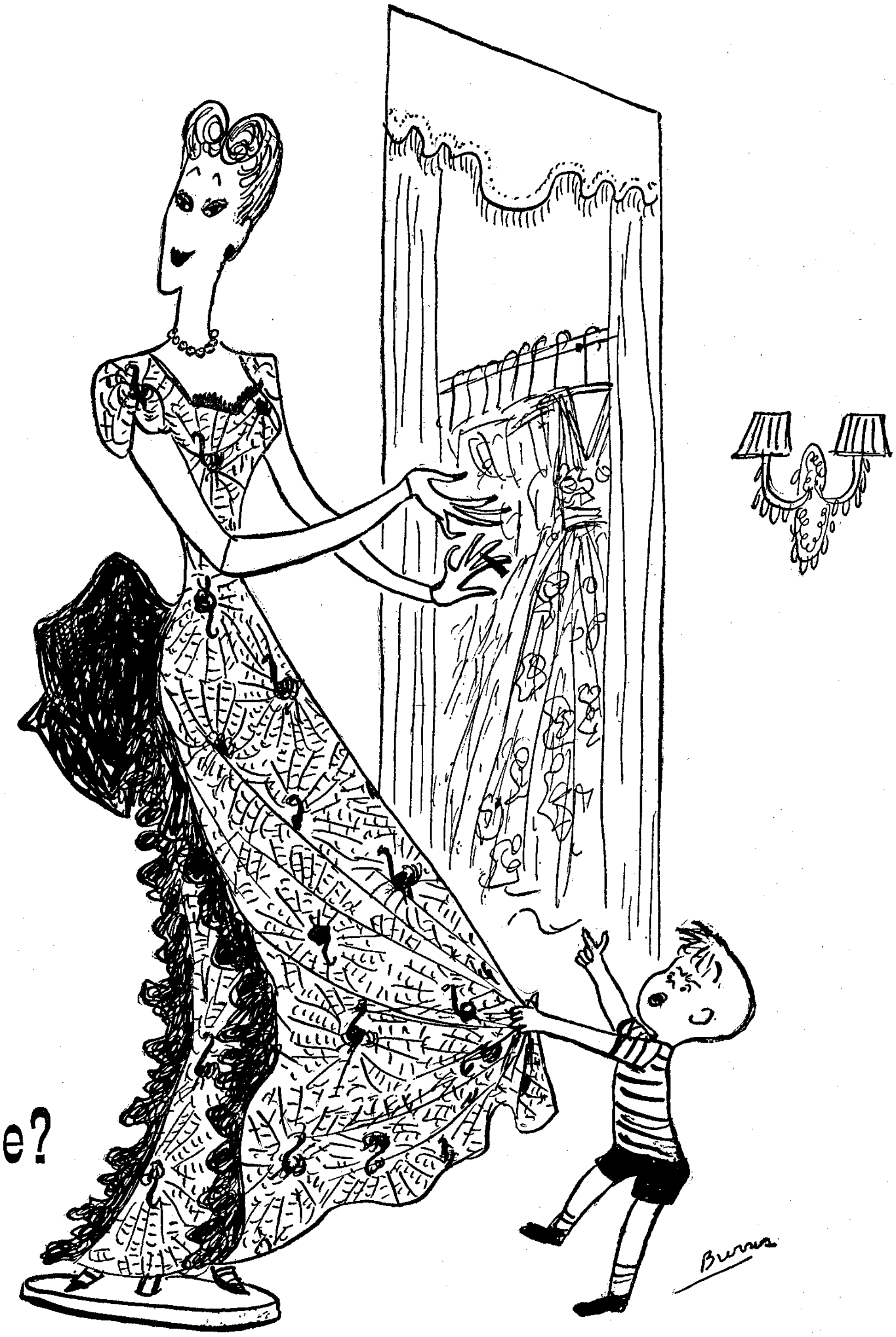


Is my mother in there?

No doc, and don't go putting any ideas in her head. Once a mummie gets in the stockroom among the Sophie Originals, we can hardly get her out, and it's rather difficult to show a gown with a mummie clinging wistfully to it. Not that we don't understand—Sophie's new ready-to-wear evening collection with pure silk prints, wide drifting skirts and other such romantics is more than enough to make any woman never let go. So take it easy boy, no amount of pulling and hauling is going to get mummie out of Saks without at least one divine Sophie Original from the Designers Salon.

—where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18.

8:30 P.M.; through Sun., May 12. The doors open at 1 and 7 P.M. for those who want to take in the sideshows and menagerie downstairs.)

Paul Draper and Josh White—In a joint dance and folk-song recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24. Wed., May 15, at 8:30 P.M.; for tickets call EN 2-4197.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Children's Drama Guild—Offering "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "The Enchanted Spring." (Children's Center Theatre—formerly Heckscher Theatre—5 Ave. at 104. Sat., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.; for tickets call PE 6-2634, Ext. 42.)

Adelphi Children's Theatre—Presenting "The Great Quillow," a ballet play adapted from the James Thurber story. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sat., May 18, at 2:40 P.M.)

Notes—The Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison at 85, BU 8-3180, shows cartoon films and short features of interest to youngsters on Saturday mornings at 11. . . . And, of course, there's always the Children's Zoo at Bronx Park.

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Final performances—"Helen of Troy," "Undertow," "Pas de Deux," and "Interplay," Thurs. Eve., May 9. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., May 10. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose," "Interplay," and "Firebird," Sat. Mat., May 11. . . . "Graduation Ball," "Lilac Garden," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., May 11. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Merce Cunningham—A modern dancer, assisted by a small group. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park at 68. Sun., May 12, at 9 P.M.; for tickets call AL 4-0250.)

Anna Sokolow—Another modern dancer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400. Sun., May 12, at 3:30 P.M.)

Rosita Montenegro—In a program of Spanish dances. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Wed., May 15, at 8:30 P.M.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—An underground garden, to be sure, but quiet and pleasant. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room, there's a show of sorts and Dick Stabile's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Vicente Gomez and his guitar, a French girl named Moune, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Edmond Hall's orchestra, adding up to a fair-to-middling night's work.

Embassy, 149 E. 57 (PL 3-8998)—Charles Trenet, small, lively, and ingratiating in the French fashion, making the rounds thrice nightly for a kind of audience not seen around town since the days of the fashionable speakeasy. Noro Morales' rumba band and Ralph Lane's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—This decorative and elaborate establishment is just the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band barely outshout the customers.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the patrons supply the scenery.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Gali Gali, the versatile magician, who will be replaced by Myrus, the versatile mind reader, on Tues., May 14. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing. . . . In the Café Pierre, a Melba trio furnishes music for tea dancing daily and carries on at dinner and supper.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, whose flourishings may remind you of the green bay tree, is in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Arthur Ravel's and Mark Monte's orchestras play for dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—In the big and stately Oval Room, Larry Siry's orchestra lightly embellishes the dinner hour until around eleven with music ranging from Richard Rodgers to Giacomo Puccini; no dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—As handsome and well-run a rooftop as you'll find anywhere. Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge offers Cal Gilford's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A closely guarded preserve for what remains of the *jeunesse dorée*. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing every afternoon to Joe Carroll's orchestra.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—John Sebastian, the Fats Waller of the harmonica, and Joan Edwards are in the Wedgwood Room at suppertime. Leo Reisman's orchestra is around all evening, and Mischa Borr's band helps out at the after-theatre hour. Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. On Wed., May 15, the Starlight Roof will reopen with a dinner-dance for the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society. Among the fellow-Travelers will be Xavier Cugat's orchestra, alternating with Mischa Borr's.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): this timeless cavern has Josh White and his songs, Bernie West and his humor, boogie-woogie by Pete Johnson, and jazz piano by Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a certain gloss, and buoyant dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . **Drake**, 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the small and handsome Drake Room, there's subdued piano by Cy Walter at cocktails and supper and by Lester Crosley in between; no dancing. . . . **Gladstone**, 114 E. 52 (PL 3-4300): the supper hour in the casual Victorian Room is enlivened by the brisk (and sometimes brash) merriment of Sheila Barrett, and occasional piano music by Louis Hawkins. At dinner, Mr. Hawkins is also at the keyboard. . . . **Madison**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Sonny Kendis's orchestra for dancing up to nine, and, at the supper hour, a show headed by Monica Boyar and her Latin-American songs. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this jovial cranny; no dancing. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful, Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dance music by a gypsy orchestra. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish dishes and very fine Spanish music. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Don Frye, along with Hank Duncan's trio, which has Freddie Moore at the drums, all of whom get under way late in the evening. There's also a group of newcomers to the profession, who perform with mostly satisfactory results. Dancing.

BIG AND BRASSY

Carnival, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle as Milton Berle, whose humor is sometimes pretty gamy, and Elly Ardelty as a pretty lady on a flying trapeze. Dancing. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a typical Copacabana commotion, this time headed by Jane Froman. Dance music by Ernie Holst's and Desi Arnaz's orchestras. . . . **Latin Quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who could be funny on a rush-hour Bronx express, busy proving it. . . . **Versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson, the Danish songbird, being very Continental; Emil Petti's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **Zanzibar**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco, Bill Robinson, the Mills Brothers, and Claude Hopkins' band doing their best to brighten up a gloomy and overpopulated establishment.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Florence Desmond, Eddie Mayehoff, Rose Murphy, and Stuart Ross furnishing an excellent brand of educated gaiety. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, who sings, late at night, in her special, tired-of-it-all fashion; pleasant interludes at the harp by Daphne Hellman and at the piano by Bart Howard. . . . **Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a new show, offering nobody very much, which is likely to disappoint this establishment's faithful following.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless otherwise indicated.)

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): something new in noisemakers, with a band that includes Wild Bill Davison, Dave Tough, Gene Schroeder, and occasionally even Mr. Condon. Joe Sullivan does his piano specialties during intermissions. On Mondays, Bud Freeman, Joe Bushkin, George Wettling, and other equally talented gentlemen. . . . **Stuyvesant Casino**, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson and his fellow Louisianians providing good old Delta music in this casual barn; dancing. . . . **Nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, and their compatriots scorching the midnight air. . . . **400 Club**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Gene Krupa's orchestra will be replaced by Benny Goodman's on Thurs., May 16; dancing, if that's the word for it. . . . **Onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): for a warmish evening with J. C. Higginbotham and his trombone, playing in Red Allen's orchestra. . . . **Downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): piano embroidery by Art Tatum, and other music by Tiny Grimes' band, which has Trummy Young as trombonist; dancing. . . . **Spotlite**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet and his band. . . . **Aquarium**, 711 7 Ave., at 47 (BR 9-8884): rowdydow as can be, but it has Louis Armstrong's orchestra. Gene Krupa's outfit takes over on Thurs., May 16; dancing. . . . **Three Deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Eddie Heywood's orchestra back in town.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tony Pastor's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra (to be replaced by Joe Reichman's on Mon., May 13).

ART

Animals in Art—Paintings of leopards and other beasts, by various contemporary artists. (New York Circulating Library of Paintings, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 1.)

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Gouaches by Teresa Zarnower, a Polish constructivist; also, ten large paintings in a first one-man show by Robert De Niro. (Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Max Beckmann—First new work shown here since 1939 by one of the most important figures in pre-Hitlerian German art. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Benefit Show—Fifteen oils by Paul Ullman, who was killed in France in 1944, and a number of paintings by artists he admired—Brueghel, Corot, Degas, Manet, and others—in a benefit for the Red Cross. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25.)

Arbit Blatas—Recent paintings of Paris. (Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Robert Brackman—New oils. (Grand Central, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 21.)

Georges Braque—Eleven paintings done between 1925 and 1939. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibition of forty-four paintings by George Inness. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 12.)

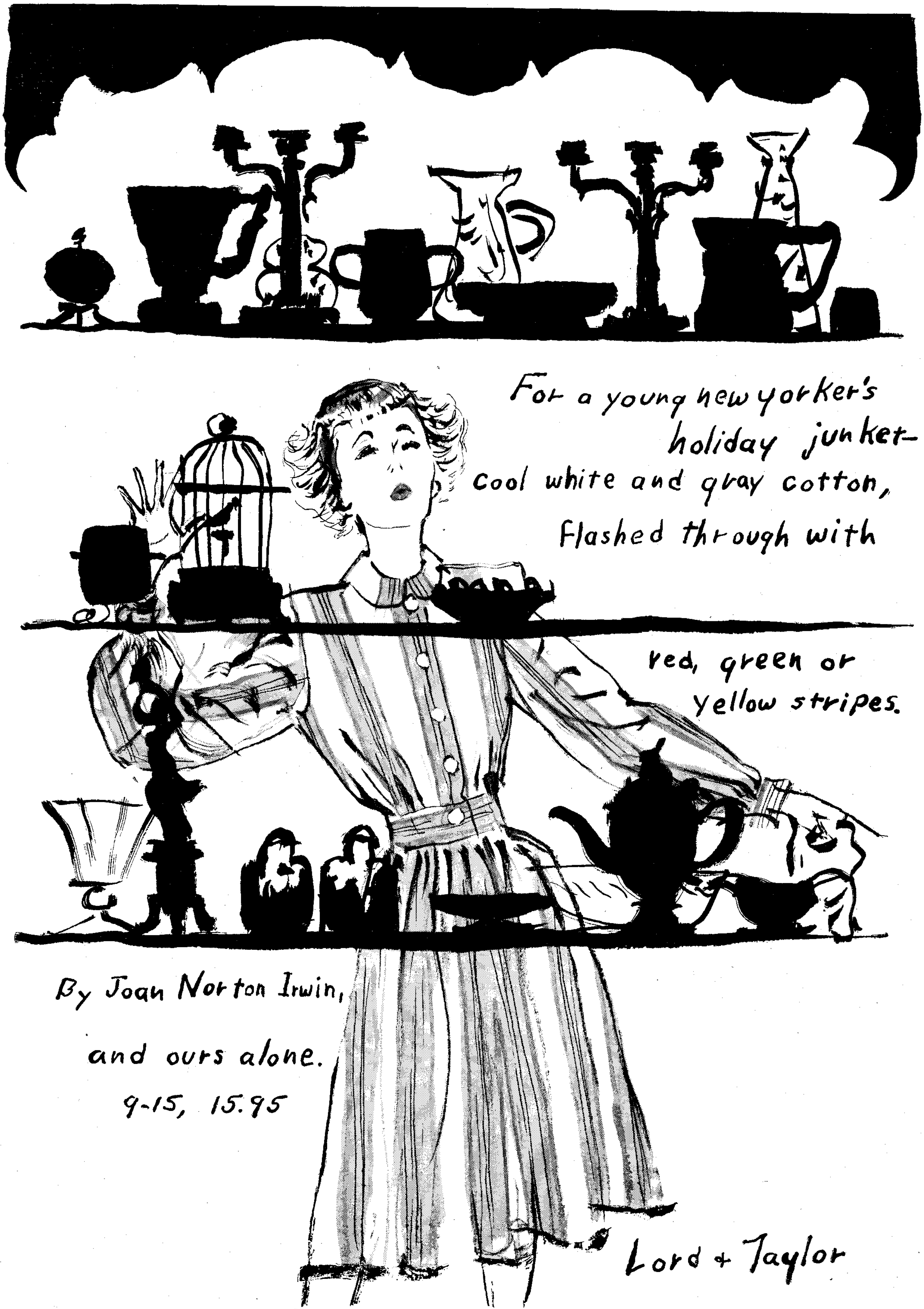
Russell Cowles—New oils, some of them semi-abstract. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Currier & Ives—An exhibition of original paintings by the old firm's artists, and a number of prints. (Kennedy, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.)

Di Cavalcanti and Noemia—Two Brazilians, both modern in style, in their first New York showing. (Hugo, 26 E. 55. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., May 14.)

Arthur G. Dove—A few new paintings as well as work done some time ago. (An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 5.)

Philip Evergood—An artist's progress, from 1939 to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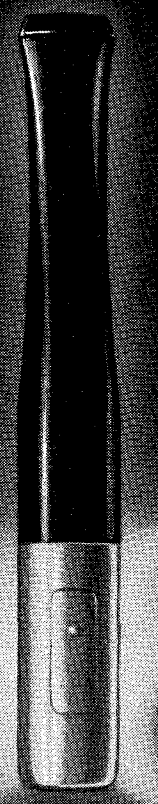

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM
THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18.

the present, in a fairly large retrospective. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.)

French—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: new work by Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, and other Paris artists. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25.) . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Braque, Chagall, Derain, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: a loan exhibition of seventeenth-century French paintings, for the benefit of the Caen Library. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.)

Arshile Gorky—New abstractions. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51: paintings by six members of the gallery's group who were recently discharged from the armed forces. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 25.) . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Darrel Austin, Milton Avery, Nahum Tchachasov, and other modern Americans, selected from the Roy Neuberger Collection. (Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.) . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57: oils by Benjamin Kopman, Emil Nolde, and others. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., May 15.) . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: new work by Darrel Austin, Mario Carreño, and other members of the gallery's group. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.)

The Lees of Stratford—Portraits, by Peale, Sully, and others, of Robert E. Lee and his forebears through a staggering number of generations, as well as of his friends and his friends' forebears and *their* friends. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Maria—A Brazilian artist shows some vivid Surrealist sculptures. (Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 25.)

Ezio Martinelli—First one-man showing of Surrealist abstractions by a young Philadelphia artist. (Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by veterans of the Army Air Forces; through May 30. . . . Selections from the Museum's print collection, and a show called "The Taste of the Seventies," or Victorianism in art both here and abroad. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.)

Mexican—Modern and colonial paintings and sculptures, along with contemporary prints, ceramics, and costumes. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., May 15.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of paintings by Chagall; through June 23. . . . An extensive display of native arts of the South Seas; through May 19. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.)

Anne Poor—Wash drawings and water colors of war scenes at Army medical stations in the Pacific. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Constance C. Richardson—Minutely detailed landscapes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Emanuel Romano—Figure compositions in oil, silverpoint, and gouache. (Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Rouault—Color aquatints. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 1.)

Josef Scharl—New Expressionist paintings, less sombre and more serene than his previous work. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

Sculpture—Small pieces by Alexander Calder, David Smith, Hugo Robus, and a lot of others. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 15.)

Gabriel Spat—Paris, in decorous and rather old-fashioned water colors. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.)

William Thon—New landscapes and seascapes. (Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A backward glance at American art from 1908 to 1922, showing the influences of the period. (Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 19.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

San Carlo Opera—Final performances—"Faust," Thurs. Eve., May 9. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., May 10. . . . "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Mat., May 11. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Eve., May 11. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Mat., May 12. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., May 12. (Center Theatre, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

New York City Opera—"Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 9. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., May 10. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Eve., May 11. . . . "The Pirates of Penzance," Sun. Mat., May 12. . . . "Carmen," Sun. Eve., May 12. . . . "Madama Butterfly," Wed. Eve., May 15. . . . "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. Eve., May 16. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 17. . . . "Carmen," Sat. Eve., May 18. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mat. at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Carnegie Hall "Pop" Concerts—A series of informal concerts presented nightly at 8:30 by seventy members of the Philharmonic-Symphony and a variety of soloists. Smoking is permitted in the boxes, where sandwiches and beer are also available. A schedule of the conductors and soloists who will perform follows: Josef Bonime conducting, with Miliza Korjus and Mario Berini, Thurs., May 9. . . . David Broekman conducting, with Robert Weede and others, Fri., May 10. . . . Alfredo Antonini conducting, with Nestor Chayres and others, Sat., May 11. . . . Samuel Antek conducting, with Dorothy Minty and others, Sun., May 12. . . . Eddie Condon conducting (sort of), with Joe Sullivan, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, and others, Mon., May 13. . . . Franco Autori conducting, with Mischa Mischakoff, Josephine Antoine, and Grace Castagnetta, Tues., May 14. . . . Simon Parmet conducting, with Jussi Bjoerling and others, Wed., May 15. . . . Milton Forstat conducting, with Ray Lev and others, Thurs., May 16. . . . David Broekman conducting, with Simon Barere and Ariana Bronn, Fri., May 17. . . . Vladimir Bakaleinikoff conducting, with Nadia Reisenberg and others, Sat., May 18.

American Chamber Music Ensemble—Harold Kohon conducting. (Town Hall. Sat., May 11, at 5:30 P.M.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw directing, with Mona Paulee, mezzo-soprano, and George Burnson, baritone. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Tues. Eve., May 14, at 8:30.)

John Harms Chorus—John Harms directing, with a number of soloists, including Milton Kaye, piano. (Town Hall. Tues. Eve., May 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Dorothy Maynor—Soprano; a benefit performance for the Union Settlement. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 9; for tickets call BU 8-5019.)

Old Music—Susanne Bloch, assisted by Edith Weiss-Mann and others, in a program of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century music, played on the instruments of the period—lutes, theorbos, recorders, virginals, and such. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. St. Louis (Thurs., May 9, at 2:30 P.M.); Yankees vs. Boston (Fri., May 10, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., May 11, at 2 P.M., and Sun., May 12, at 2:30 P.M.). . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Cincinnati (Tues., May 14, at 8:45 P.M., and Wed., May 15, at 2:30 P.M.); Giants vs. Chicago (Thurs., May 16, at 2:30 P.M., Fri., May 17, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., May 18, at 2:30 P.M.). . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston (Fri., May 10, at 8:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Philadelphia (Sat., May 11, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., May 12, at 2:05 P.M., and Mon., May 13, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. St. Louis (Tues. and Wed., May 14-15, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh (Thurs., May 16, at 8:30 P.M., Fri. and Sat., May 17-18, at 2:30 P.M.).

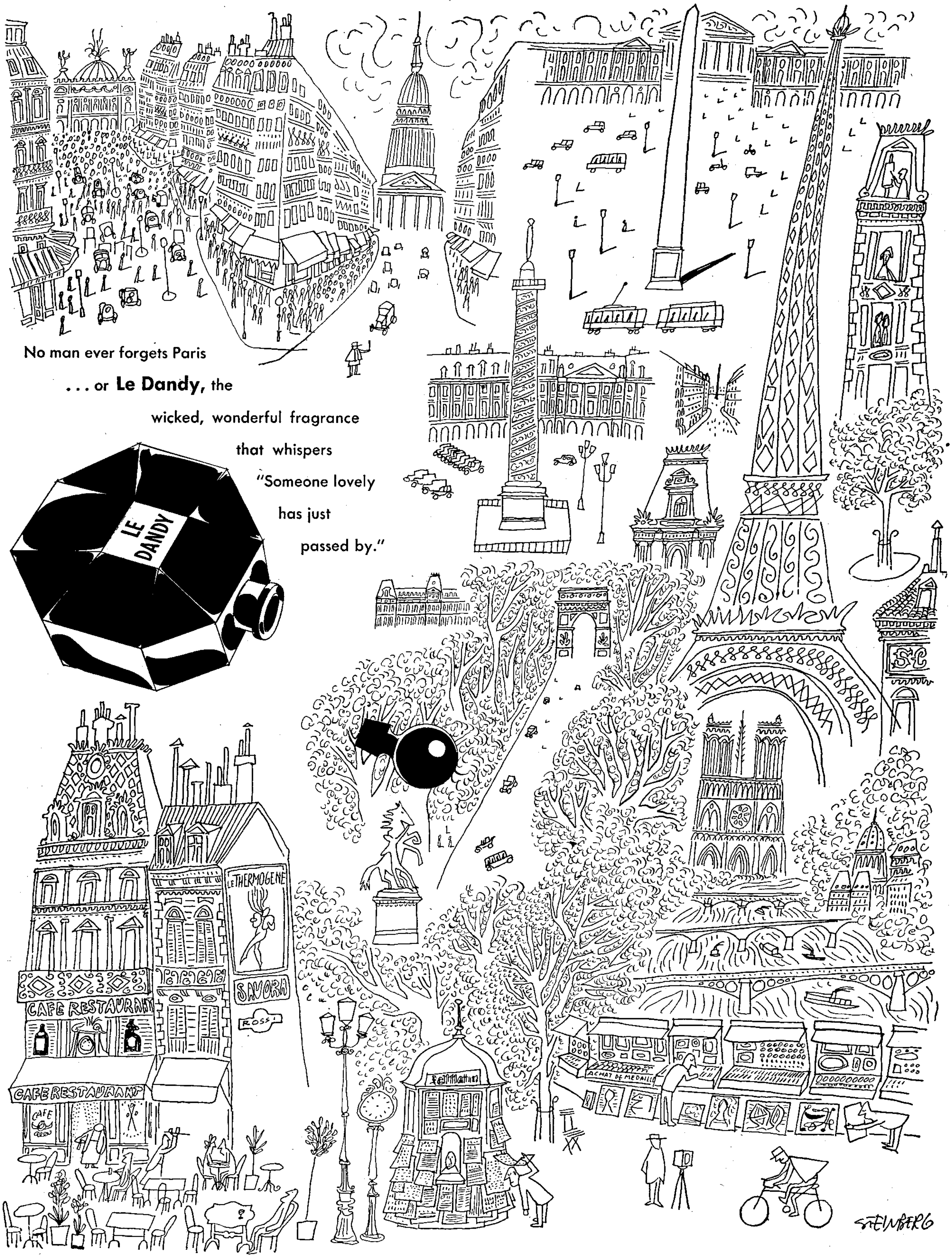
Boxing—Bruce Woodcock vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., May 17. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, M.I.T., Navy, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Rutgers, and Wisconsin. (Severn Course, Annapolis. Sat., May 11. Junior varsity race at 4:30 P.M.; varsity at 5:40 P.M.) . . . Columbia vs. Rutgers. (Harlem River. Sat., May 18. Junior varsity race at 2:30 P.M.; varsity at 3 P.M.)

Horse Shows—Secor Farms Riding Club. (White Plains, N.Y. Fri. through Sun., May 10-12.) . . . Success. (Great Neck, L.I. Sun., May 12.) . . . Hartford. (Hartford, Conn. Sat., May 18.)

Hunt Races—Radnor Hunt. (Malvern, Pa. Sat., May 11, at 2:30 P.M.) . . . Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Sat., May 18, at 2:30 P.M.)

Racing—At **BELMONT**: weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through June 1. Metropolitan Handicap, May 11; Withers, and Juvenile, May 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Sat. between 11 A.M.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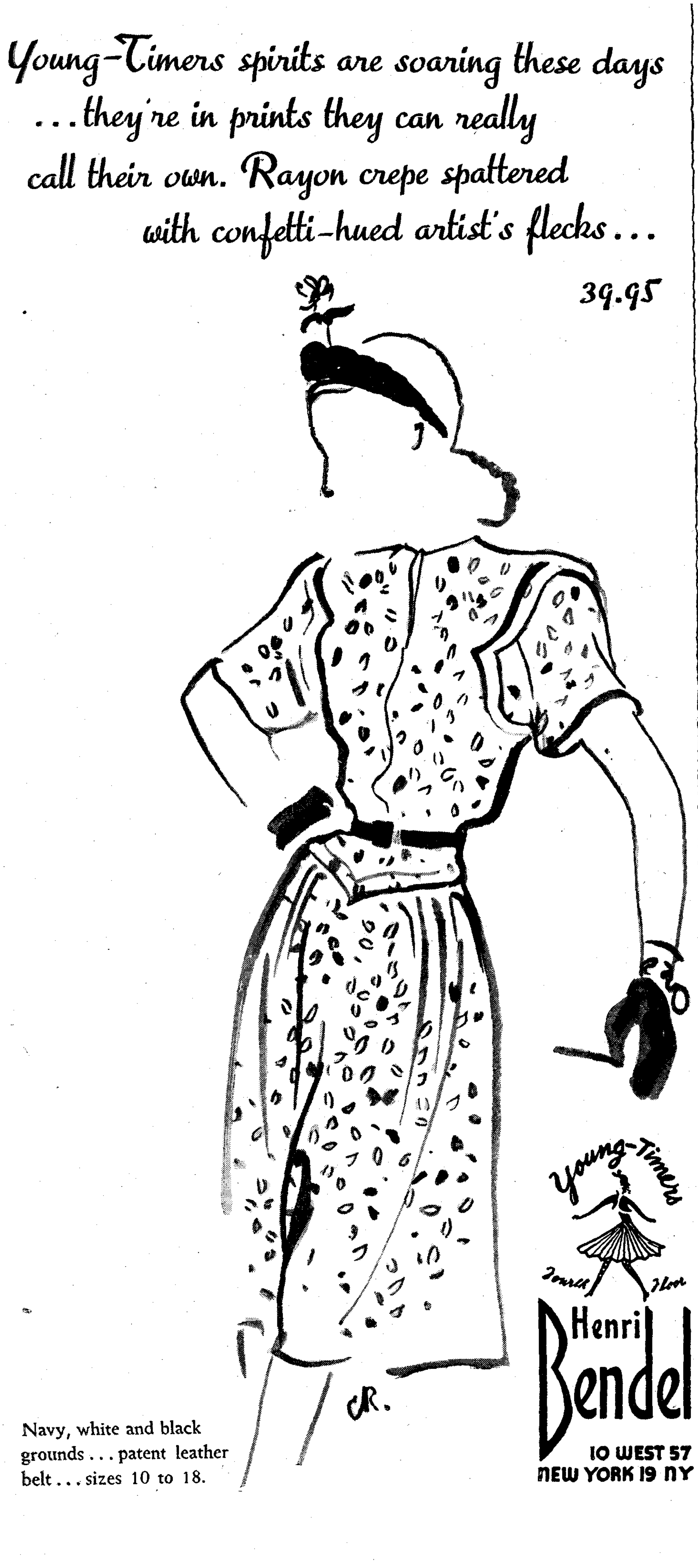
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 1:25 P.M.) . . . PIMLICO: daily at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., May 11. Preakness, May 11. (Baltimore trains leave Penn Station every hour on the half-hour. The track is within cab distance of the Baltimore station.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—Forty-five tickets of admission to the open sessions of the Security Council are made available, on a first-come-first-served basis, just before each session begins, at Building Four, Hunter College, Jerome Ave. at 200 St.

FRENCH FASHION DOLLS—A collection of nearly two hundred and fifty miniature mannequins, representing most of the famous old Paris dressmaking houses, exhibited in a benefit for French relief. The dolls, dressed, coifed, and bejewelled to the nines, are shown in scaled-down stage settings designed by Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard, among others. (451 Madison, at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 10 P.M.; through June 20.)

CITY GARDENS—A number of outstanding private gardens and penthouse terraces around town will be open to the public on Tues., May 14, from 2:30 to 6:30 P.M., in an exhibition arranged by the City Gardens Club of New York. The horticultural efforts on display will be those of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, 480 Park, at 58; Miss Elizabeth Arden, 834 5 Ave., at 65; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, 168 E. 71; Mrs. George H. Ingalls, 154 E. 78; and Miss Mary Rutherfurd Jay, 200 E. 78. (For tickets call PL 8-2695.)

COSTUME BALL—A benefit affair run by the Art Students League, for the Metropolitan Museum's building fund, at which the guests will be expected to represent figures in pictures at the Museum. (Waldorf-Astoria. Fri., May 10, at 9 P.M. For tickets and information call CI 7-4510.)

TRIBAL MASKS—A collection of masks, some of them quite rare, worn by the natives of Bali, the Congo, Ceylon, and such places, for wars, dances, weddings, visits from the witch doctor, and other of life's complexities. (Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.)

CHINESE JADE—A small show of plaques, vases, and such objects, loaned by private collectors. (China House, 125 E. 65. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through May 25.)

PLANETARIUM—"Spring and Summer Stars" is the title of the current demonstration. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sat. at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Cruikshank drawings and illustrated books, and French fifteenth-century illuminated manuscripts, from the collection of the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57; Thurs., May 9, at 2 P.M.) . . . Etchings by Rembrandt and engravings by Whistler and Zorn, from the collection of the late Eldridge R. Johnson. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Thurs., May 9, at 8 P.M.) . . . First editions and library sets from the collection of F. S. Vories and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Tues., May 14, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Wed., May 15, at 2 P.M.) . . . Paintings, including examples by Frans Hals, Thomas Lawrence, and George Inness, from various collections. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Wed. and Thurs., May 15-16, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

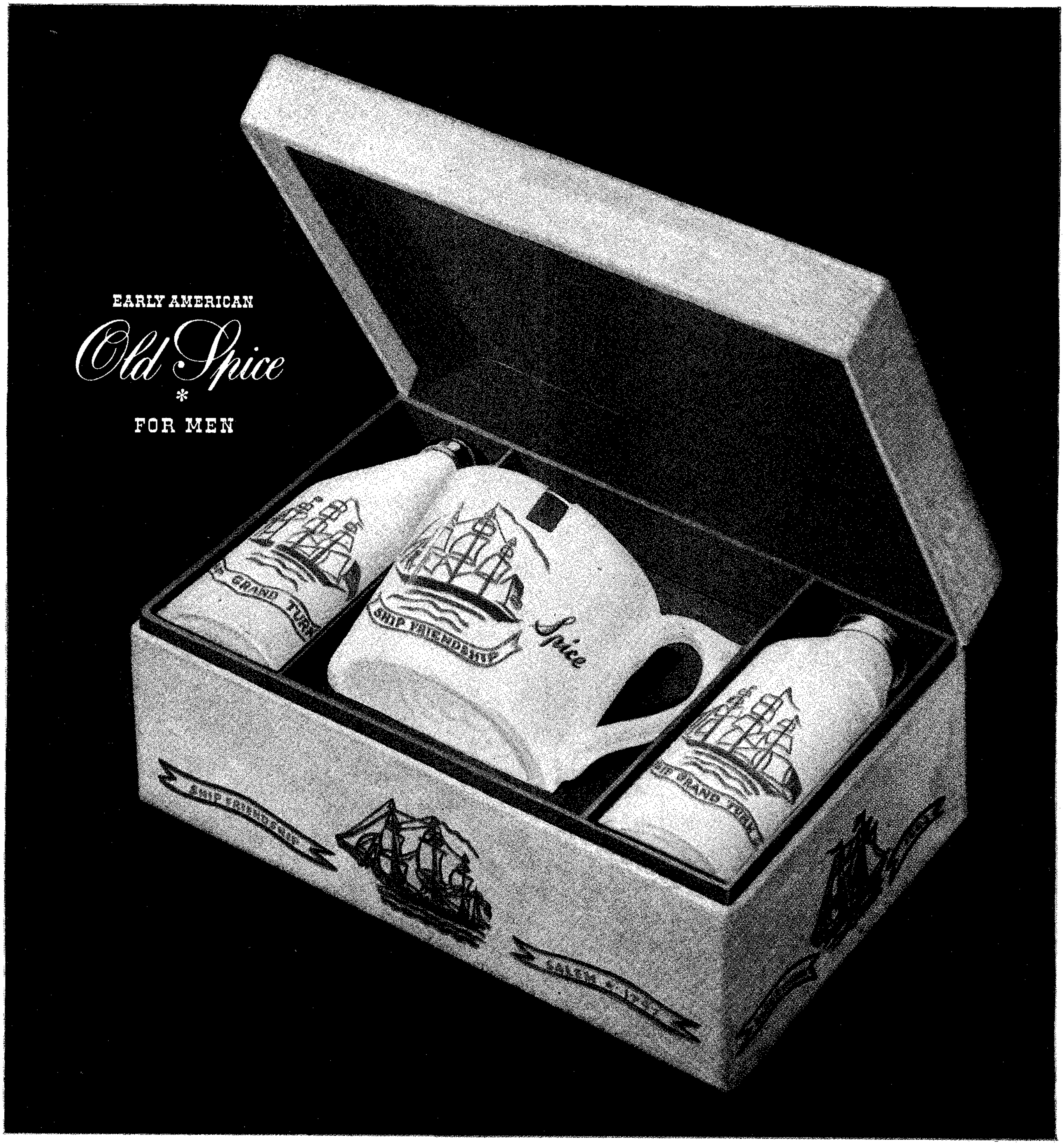
PRESIDENT TRUMAN—Accepting an honorary degree from Fordham University, Sat., May 11, at 5 P.M., WJZ, WOR.

LORD HALIFAX—The retiring British Ambassador making a farewell address to the people of this country, Sat., May 11, at 10:45 P.M., WABC.

TRYGVE LIE—The Secretary-General of the United Nations speaking on world economic coöperation, Tues., May 14, at 10 P.M., WABC.

UNITED NATIONS MEETINGS—All open sessions of the Security Council, at the Bronx Branch of Hunter College, are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Leon Barzin conducting, Sat., May 11, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., May 12, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Opera: "Rigoletto," Thurs., May 9, at 8:45 P.M.; "Carmen," Sun., May 12, at 8:30 P.M.; "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs., May 16, at 8:45 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Ezio Pinza, bass, Mon., May 13, at 9 P.M., WEAF. . . . Carnegie Hall "Pop" Concert, with Simon Parmet conducting, Wed., May 15, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . "The Medium," a new opera in English, Mon., May 13, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Josh White, Pete Johnson, Sarah Vaughan, and J. C. Heard's orchestra in a musical program typical of Café Society Down-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SPORTS—Boxing: Bruce Woodcock vs. Tami Mauriello, Fri., May 17, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Racing: Preakness, at Pimlico, Sat., May 11, at 5:45 P.M., WEAF; Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont, Sat., May 11, at 4:30 P.M., WOR, WABC; Withers, at Belmont, Sat., May 18, at 4:30 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

DAYS AND NIGHTS—A rather episodic treatment of Konstantin Simonov's novel about the siege of Stalingrad, but one that contains enough authentic and exciting historical stuff to make it interesting. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

THE GREEN YEARS—This overly detailed adaptation of the A. J. Cronin novel about an Irish boy in Scotland in the early days of the century is redeemed by some first-class acting. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, and Wallace Ford. (Radio City Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50.)

THE HARVEY GIRLS—A silly story about some waitresses trying to run a respectable restaurant in a wicked Western town, bolstered by some nice tunes and the eccentric dancing of Ray Bolger. With Judy Garland, Virginia O'Brien, and John Hodiak. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 9.)

IT HAPPENED AT THE INN—A jaunty and fantastic tale of some odd French peasants who take everything from penury to murder in their stride. The first postwar film to arrive from France, it is almost as good as its famous predecessors. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN—Danny Kaye is very funny in this latest screen version of the 1934 stage success "The Milky Way," which recounts the adventures of a shy milkman who finds himself headed for the world's welterweight championship through no fault of his own. Vera-Ellen foots it featly in several fine dance numbers. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MARIE LOUISE—A gentle, heart-warming story about refugee children in Switzerland, told in French and German dialects. English subtitles. (Thalia, B'way at 95; *Fri. through Thurs., May 10-16.*)

OPEN CITY—The first film in over two decades that the Italians have been able to put together without worrying about Mussolini's opinions. Relieved of that stifling burden, they have made this account of the Italian underground a superlative piece of work, and everybody in the cast deserves commendation. English subtitles. (World, 153 W. 49.)

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN—Françoise Rosay, the celebrated French actress, gives a demonstration of her versatility by playing four disparate characters. She's good in all the roles, and gets some nice assistance from the rest of the cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—The bum and his girl friend who figure as the murderous hero and heroine of this adaptation of the James M. Cain novel, haven't much appeal, but there are some courtroom scenes in the film that ought to keep you attentive. John Garfield and Lana Turner have the leading roles but Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames, as the lawyers involved, walk off with the acting honors. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

SPELLBOUND—Psychoanalysis and suspense, the former a bit elementary, the latter as good as Hitchcock can make it. The cast includes Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, and Wallace Ford. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., May 14. . . . State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., May 15. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., May 15.)

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE—All about a strangler who wants to throttle a pretty little mute because he doesn't like people who aren't what they should be physically. The atmosphere is eerie, the cast is fine, and the strangler seems to know his grisly business. With Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy McGuire, and George Brent. (Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3; through Fri., May 10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., May 11. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 10-13. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., May 14-16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., May 14.)

THREE STRANGERS—A loose-jointed film about a trio of unfortunates who get hold of a winning sweepstakes ticket that they can't cash in on. The irony is pretty old hat, but Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet are worth watching as they stagger from one mishap to another. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., May 14-16.)

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE—A drab little English

Back to Summer!

Party at the beach, afternoon on the club terrace, strolling or lounging under a pleasant sky—at any summer affair, this striped seersucker dress goes beautifully. The demure high neckline in the front gives additional surprise to the bare back open to the sunshine. Washable, of course! Large utility pockets on a dirndl skirt.

Seersucker Dress (sizes 12-18) . . . $17.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

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PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY LONDON

Scent about town — very city, very self-assured, the polished accent of "Bond Street"! For all its elegance, a romantic at heart — witness the precious memories that mark its path!

By Yardley, "Bond Street" Perfume: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50 *and* $2.50. *Toilet Water:* $2.50 *and* $1.50. *(Prices plus tax.)*

"Bond Street" by YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

couple are converted by the impact of war into a pair of stimulating people. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr effect the transformation with the greatest possible felicity. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., May 11. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., May 13. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., May 15.)

A YANK IN LONDON—There isn't much plot in this story of an American sergeant whom the war has thrust into the bosom of an English family, but the film does underscore in deft style some of the minor differences that make Anglo-American relations difficult. Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger head an excellent cast. (Victoria, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 9.)

NOTE—"Hymn of the Nations," a thirty-minute short, shows Arturo Toscanini leading a symphony orchestra and a choir through his own adaptation of Verdi's "Hymn." In this, the first film in which the conductor has appeared, he proves himself to be more dramatic than most of the actors now around, and he sees to it that everyone in the shadow of his baton makes superb music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

REVIVALS

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

BELOVED ENEMY (1936)—Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, and the Irish Rebellion. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., May 11. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 9.)

COLONEL BLIMP (1945)—The life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., May 13.)

COME AND GET IT (1936)—Edna Ferber's story of a lumber baron. Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, and Joel McCrea. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., May 10-11.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE (1945)—An adaptation of the play about a family-wrecker. Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 9.)

HOLY MATRIMONY (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

I MARRIED A MURDERER (1937)—A London thriller, formerly called "The Woman Alone." Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study, in French. Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Fri., May 11-17.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE (1945)—Life among the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 11. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 10-16.)

MONKEY BUSINESS (1931)—The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 9.)

MY SISTER EILEEN (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories dealing with Greenwich Village life. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., May 9. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 14-16.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (1944)—London's lower depths interpreted by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 14-15.)

STREET SCENE (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 9.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 12-13.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series of wartime documentary pictures—**THURS., MAY 9:** "Report from the Aleutians" (1943) and "Thunderbolt" (1945). . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 10-12:** "Wings Up" (1943) and "AAF Report" (1944). . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 13-16:** "Listen to Britain" (1942), "The Liberation of Rome" (1944), and "Lili Marlene" (1944). . . . **FROM FRI., MAY 17:** "Resisting Enemy Interrogation" (1944) and "Baptism of Fire" (1943). The films are shown at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

eyes are on Kayser nylon gloves ... FOR GOOD AND FITTING REASONS
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Your Victrola's jewel-point pickup floats like a feather on water—

Instead of an ordinary, rigidly mounted needle, your Victrola radio-phonograph has a moving sapphire playing tip that fairly floats over the record.

It follows the groove with effortless ease, achieves new clarity of tone, adds longer life to records, and acts as a filter against surface noise.

Such a feather touch reduces "needle chatter," gives you all the rich warm flow of the pure music . . . the highest tones, the lowest tones, the overtones. Truly, your Victrola's jewel-point pickup brings you the ultimate in recorded music pleasure.

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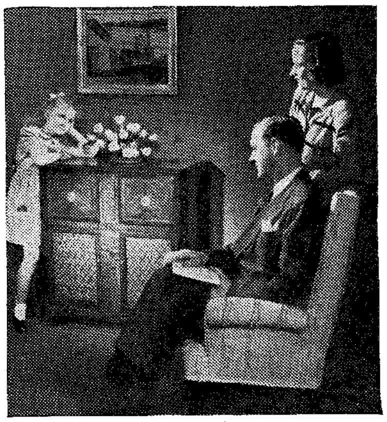
Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20 . . . Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 4:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Time, over the NBC Network.



New Victrola radio-phonograph, with Chippendale-style cabinet, priced at approximately $275. "Rollout" record changer handling twelve 10-inch, or ten 12-inch records. Permanent jewel-point pickup—no needles. American and foreign radio reception. An outstanding radio-phonograph combination—thanks to research at RCA Laboratories.

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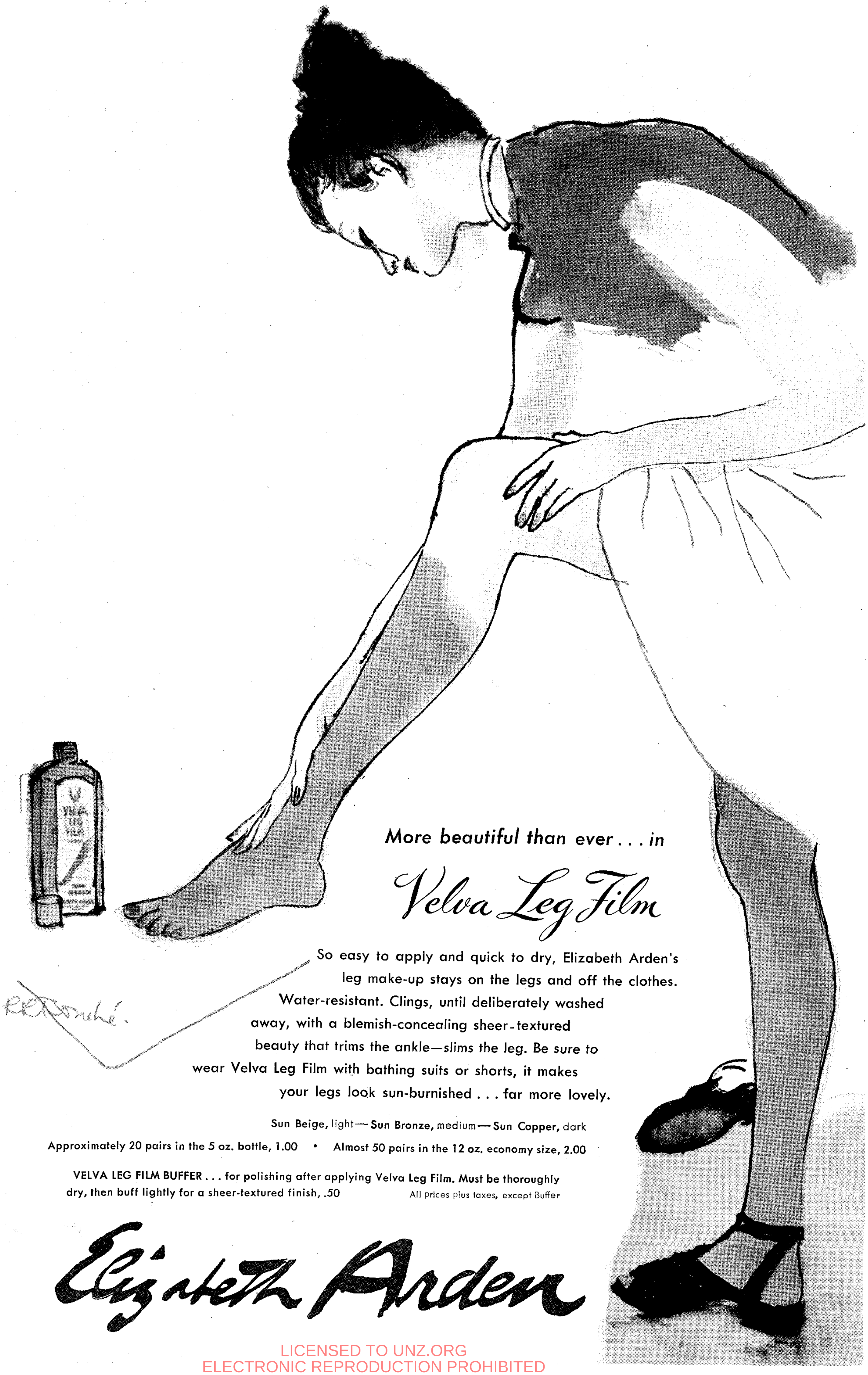

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Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer-textured beauty that trims the ankle—slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

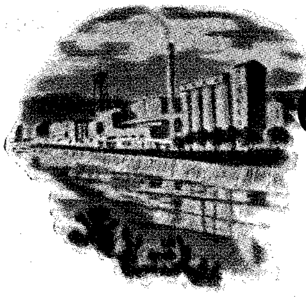
Sun Beige, light—**Sun Bronze,** medium—**Sun Copper,** dark

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00 • Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER . . . for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured finish, .50

All prices plus taxes, except Buffer

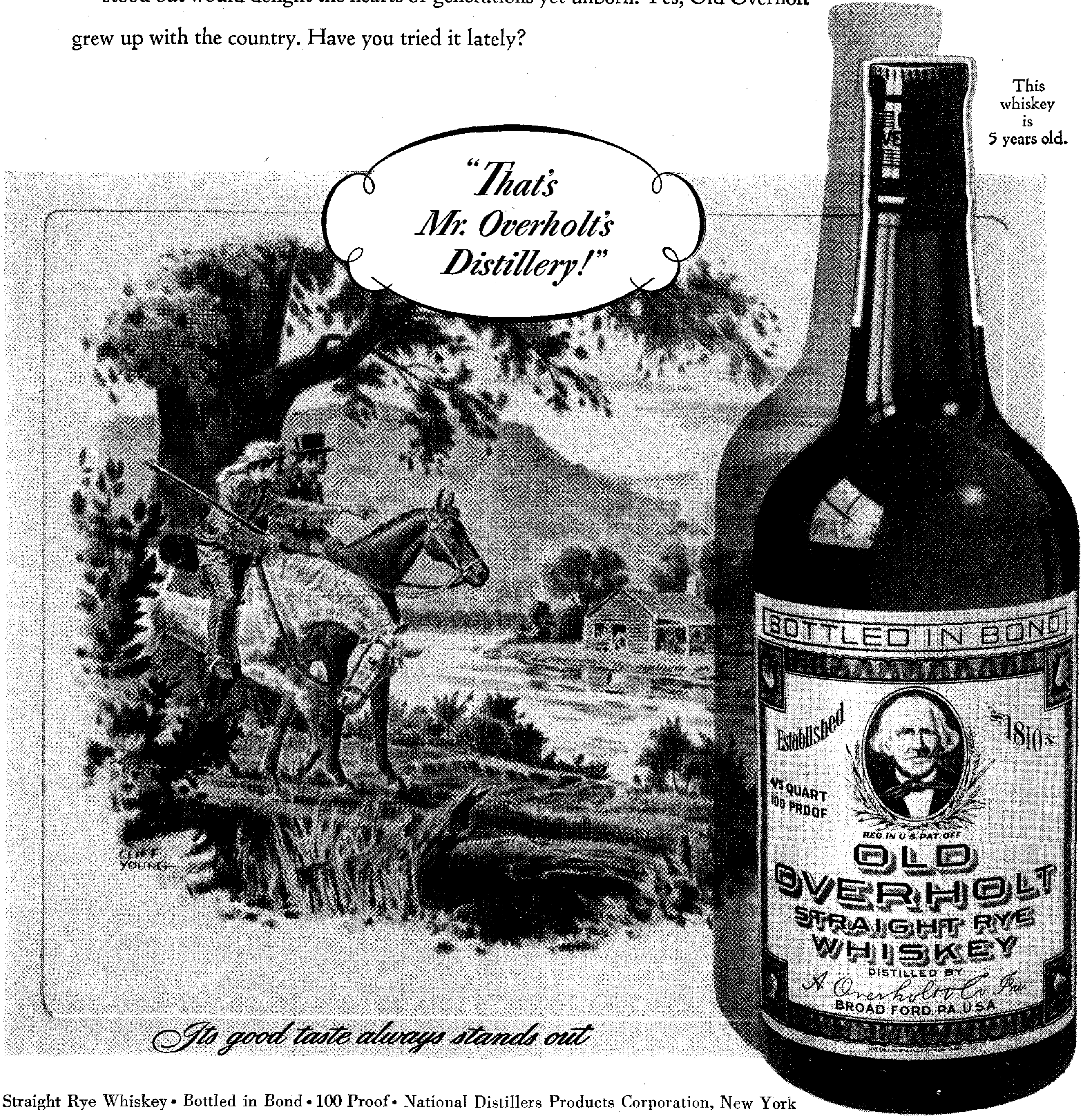
Elizabeth Arden



Over the years with Old Overholt

The neighbors around Broad Ford, Pennsylvania were mighty proud of Abraham Overholt as well as of the rich, robust, grainy whiskey he created to bear his name. Little did they dream that Old Overholt would still be made, on the same site, 136 years later — and that the good taste which always stood out would delight the hearts of generations yet unborn. Yes, Old Overholt grew up with the country. Have you tried it lately?

This
whiskey
is
5 years old.


"That's Mr. Overholt's Distillery!"
CLIFF YOUNG
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
4/5 QUART
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
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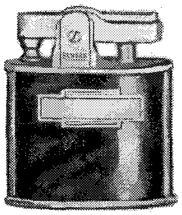
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
Its good taste always stands out

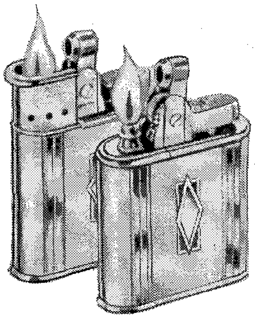
Straight Rye Whiskey • Bottled in Bond • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

SMART TO *Own*...

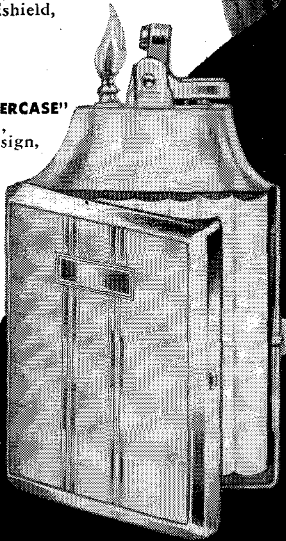
How these precious Ronson Lighters catch the eye! How they perform and endure! Theirs is the famous Ronson patented one-finger, one-motion action, "Press, it's lit! Release, it's out!" For finest jewelry styling, for precision craftsmanship, for unfailing service, your one and only is Ronson.



RONSON "STANDARD"
in tortoise enamel,
$6.00



RONSON "WHIRLWIND"
Butler Finish, engine-turned design, with disappearing windshield,
$7.50

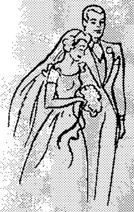


RONSON "MASTERCASE"
Butler Finish,
engine-turned design,
$10.75

SMART TO *Give!*

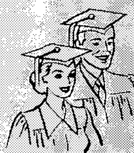
MOTHER'S DAY

May 12



WEDDINGS

Gifts for bride and groom, keepsakes for the bridal party



GRADUATIONS

Birthdays and other anniversaries

FATHER'S DAY

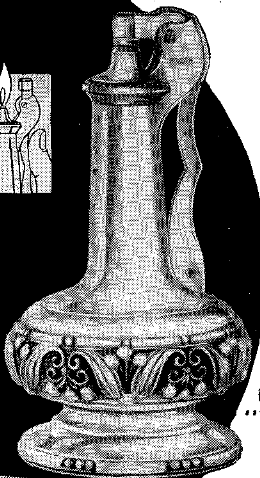
June 16

RONSON!

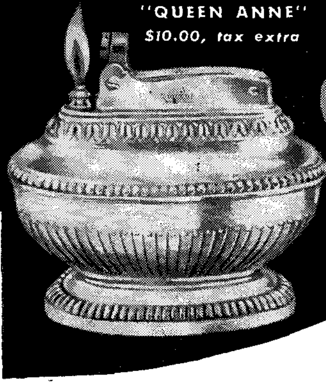
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Table Lighters

Prized by every hostess are these Ronson table models, exquisitely fashioned in gleaming silver plate. At meals, on occasional tables in every lived-in room of your home, they're a gracious and indispensable convenience.



RONSON "DECANTER DELUXE"
$13.50
tax extra

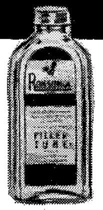


RONSON "QUEEN ANNE"
$10.00, tax extra

RONSON "CROWN"
$10.00, tax extra

YES ... *there is a difference.*

For best service in Ronson and other lighters, demand the new super-life RONSONOL Fuel. Lights quicker, gives more lights per filling. Use also extra-length RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS', high-absorption RONSON WICKS.



50th YEAR OF LEADERSHIP RONSON GOLDEN JUBILEE

No individual orders can be filled direct.

RONSON
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Cabriolet Bonnet

BY KENETH HOPKINS . . . like the silhouette of a French carriage . . . the forward-flattering brim extends to create a new silhouette, designed for us by Keneth Hopkins of Beverly Hills. Pale cream or black synthetic straw with a revival of the hairline-swathing bandeau and streamer in black rayon velvet. 37.50 Altman millinery fashions, third floor

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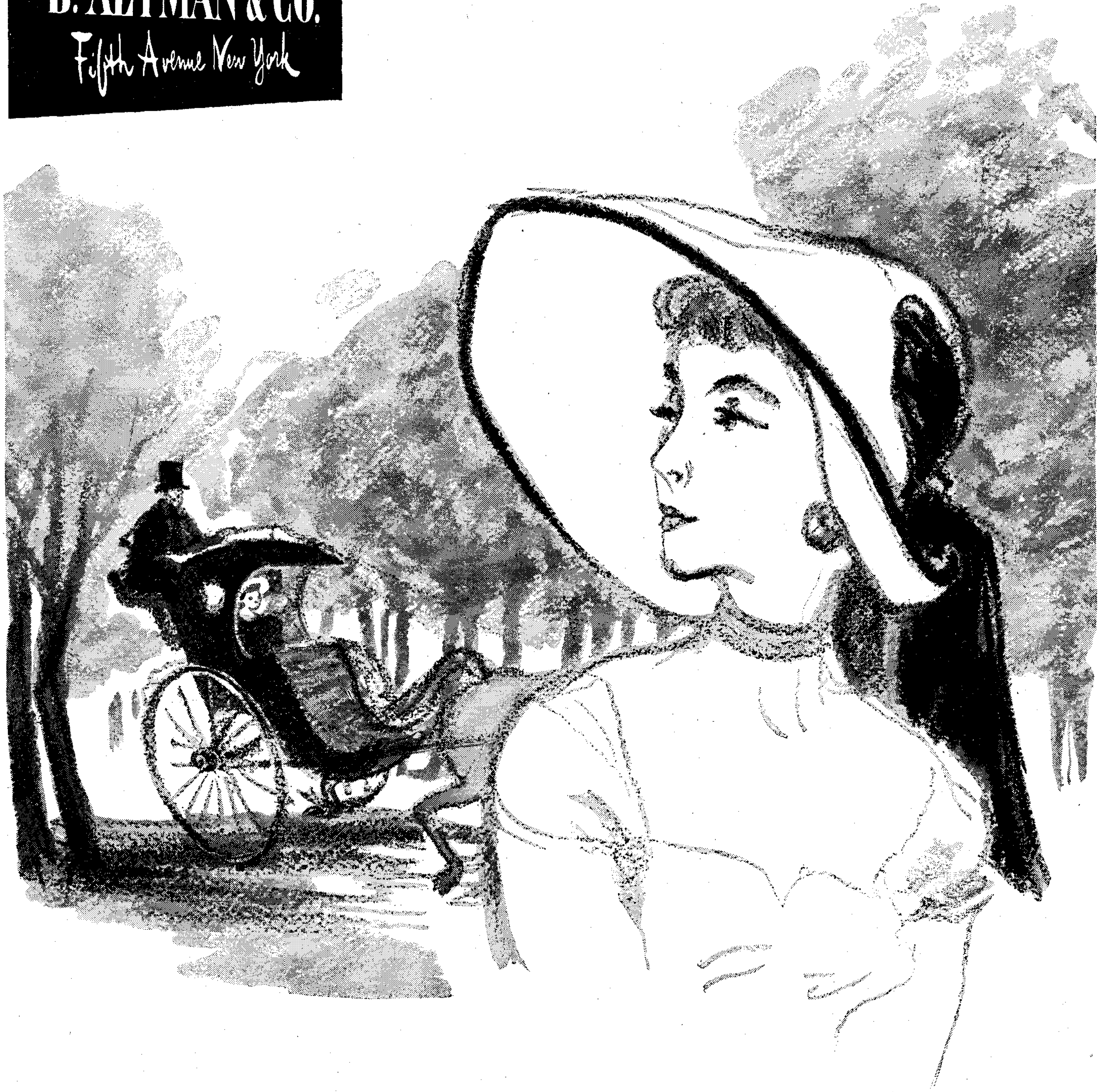


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

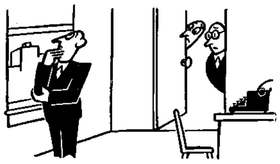
Normalcy Note: Macy's is offering a nice buy in second lieutenants' bars.

California-Is-a-State-of-Mind Note: When Pierre, a restaurateur in San Marino, makes crêpes Suzette, all the lights in the place are put out and a recording of "Ave Maria" is played.

Spring-House-Cleaning Note: If you'd like to have some whitewashing done and don't mind sounding like a hysterical sheep, you might call the AAAAABAA Hull Whitewashing Company, at 240 West 111th Street.

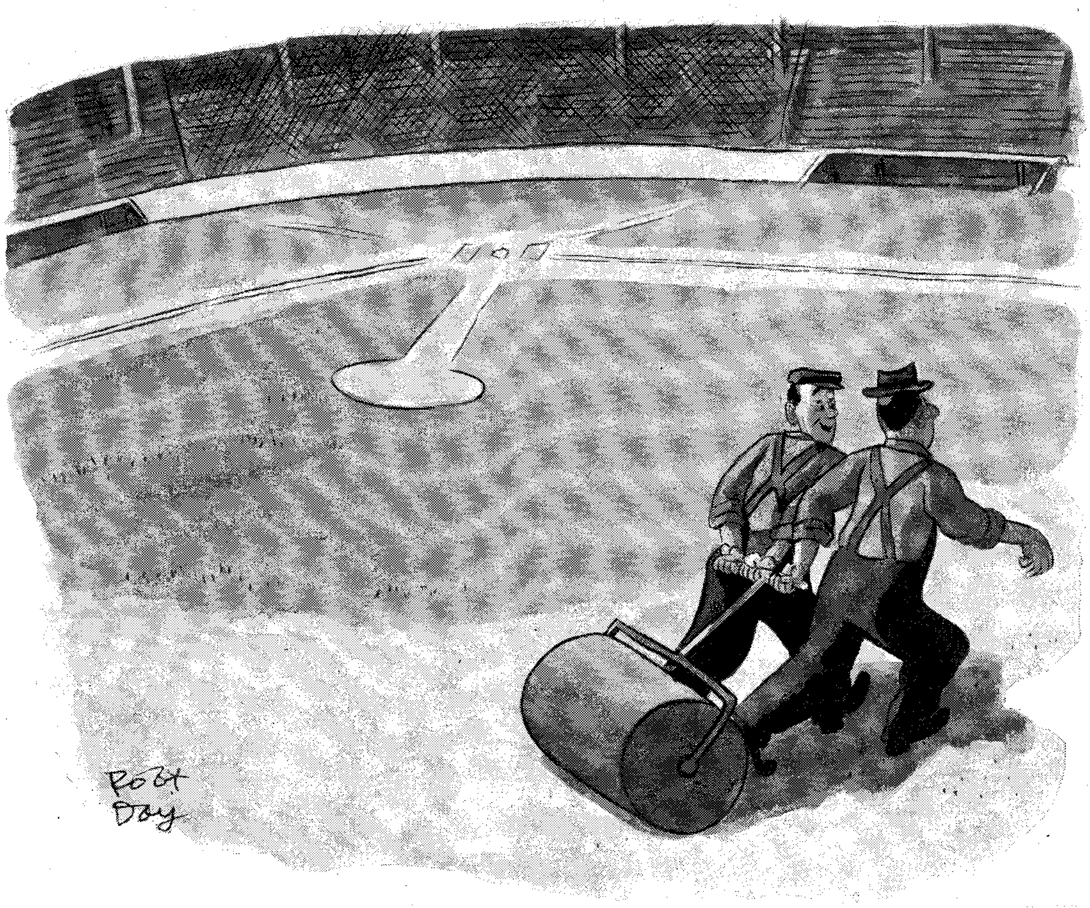
WITHOUT any doubt the most brilliant publishing idea that has come along is the forthcoming magazine called *American Culture*. This magazine will contain nothing but advertising, will cost the subscriber one hundred and eighty dollars a year, and will arrive by Western Union messenger, the United States mails having finally met their match. Everything seems auspicious about the new venture. The name *American Culture* is just right, culture being the strongest of all American obsessions and as active as the puddler in a washing machine. The contents, also, are just right, advertising being by far the most exciting kind of reading matter nowadays, suggesting as it does the enjoyment of products that don't exist and a gracious future that the day's news fails to support. What tickles us especially about *American Culture* is that it boldly states the ideal which *Harper's Bazaar* and *Mademoiselle* have been merely groping toward without knowing it. The latest issue of the *Bazaar* weighs two pounds seven ounces, yet it still clings to the dusty old tradition that every magazine ought to contain a few pages of non-paying matter, even if it starts on page 121 and is virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the material. *American Culture*, when it appears next September, will make a clean break—a magazine that has at last shaken itself free from the stultifying grip, the costly monkeyshines, and the embarrassing opinions of artists, writers, and editors.

THERE is one pitfall we should warn *American Culture* about: the possibility that advertising writers, turned loose inside a magazine, might feel the wine of creative letters. You can never quite be sure that an advertising writer won't suddenly abandon the promotional life, break out in Thought, and try to write something unbiassed or perceptive. *American Culture* should be ever on the alert against this. Let a writer stop plugging his client's wares and he might easily turn out something as uninteresting to the reader as any first-class short story or satirical poem.



WE recently paid a neighborly interborough call on another remarkable publication, the *Brooklyn Blue Book*, and there talked to Mr. Guy Pierrepont, also known as the Blue Blood Boswell of Brooklyn Heights and, occasionally, as Mr. James Stuart Gillespie, Jr., his real name. Mr. Pierrepont's office is on Montague Street, on the premises of Osborn & West, Hats & Gowns, just this side of the sewing room. We had to stare straight ahead as we approached his desk to avoid the gaze of a Brooklyn miss, in disarray, who was being pinned up by an elderly lady in an open-fronted fitting nook abeam of our course. Mr. Pierrepont was attired in a light blue suit, blue-and-red tie, and bright red cotton socks ringed with green. After we had introduced ourself, he handed us a copy of the *Brooklyn Blue Book*, a slim volume (blue), and informed us that he has been the publisher of it since 1940. "The *Brooklyn Blue Book*, of course, goes back to 1858," he said, "and is much older than the *Social Register*. [This statement would seem to contain the elements of a controversy. According to the Long Island Historical Society, the *B.B.B.* was started in 1895, nine years after the birth of the *New York Social Register*.] It had to be discontinued in 1929," Mr. Pierrepont said. "Too many names." He lifted his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders delicately, and pointed to a thick blue volume on his desk. "Twenty thousand families," he said. "*Anyone* could get in. My book last year listed fourteen hundred and six families. Not one gets in unless it passes a board. I selected the board myself. No one knows who they are except me. They don't even know each other. All very socially prominent." Pierrepont's families must be nominated by two people already in the *Blue Book*, then approved by a majority of his board, whose members are canvassed by mail. "As you can imagine, there's quite a dither when my notices go out concerning who's selected," he said.

Mr. Gillespie was born in Noroton, Connecticut; attended Duke University; and in 1938 and 1939 worked for the late Maury Paul. He then repaired to Brooklyn, which he felt was being neglected socially; took his present name, that of an old Brooklyn family to which the late J. Pierpont Morgan was related; and began to issue a two-



"Had any feelers from that Mexican League yet?"

cent potpourri of gossip and hints on etiquette called *Guy Pierrepont's Weekly Society Bulletin*, a periodical that is no longer published. Brooklyn's society, he told us, is unlike Manhattan's in that it's homey. "People here visit each other. Just because you have money doesn't guarantee your being accepted *here*." We hung our head in regional shame, and Mr. Pierrepont said that social acceptability in Brooklyn is predicated largely on membership in Miss Hepburn's Assemblies and Mrs. Fields' Literary Club. He obtained his original list chiefly from these groups and his secret arbiters. "You might be interested to know that Borough President Cashmore is not listed," he said, laughing lightly.

The lady who had been fitting the Osborn & West customer joined us and was introduced as Miss Anna Juliette Osborn. "We certainly missed the *Blue Book* in those years when it wasn't published," she said in a high, wandering voice, after removing some pins from her mouth. "Not that it was any good anyway. Still, I don't know how we ever lived without it." Mr. Pierrepont told us that Miss Osborn got the *Blue Book* out from 1942 until he was released from the Navy last year. She bowed and returned to her fitting nook. "The *Brooklyn Blue Book* differs in many ways from the *Social Register*," its publisher went on. "It costs three dollars less, and we list *all* the children—not just misses from twelve to seventeen and misters from fourteen to twenty. We also list engagements, and I plan to include an article on the Brooklyn War Memorial in the next edition." "How do you like your black lace waist, Mrs. Weston?" we heard Miss Osborn say in the next room. "Oh, Miss Osborn," Mr. Pierrepont called, "name some famous Brooklyn people." Miss Osborn named the late Justice Harlan Stone, Charles Evans Hughes, Edward Bok, and Henry Ward Beecher, and we jotted these names down trustingly. "I don't know if they were ever listed, of course," she said, through pins. Mr. Pierrepont looked along his eyelashes in our direction. "The first Mrs. John Jacob Astor was a Brooklyn girl," he said. "So is the wife of John Jacob Astor the Third. You may be interested to know that Mayor O'Dwyer is not listed."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Public Library has given "How Heroes of Fiction Propose and How Heroines Reply" the class mark "NAY."

There's a sign on a building on East Forty-fifth Street that reads:

DIVINE PROVIDENCE
Temporary Shelter

The China Doll, a night club on West Fifty-first Street, is operated by the Forbidden City Catering Corporation.

Clue

AN elderly professor of English in one of our local colleges startled a group of students one day recently by informing them that he'd just been to see a motion picture. It was the first picture he'd seen in years, he said, and he remarked that he'd found it spicy and stimulating in the extreme. His students insisted eagerly on knowing its name, but the professor shook his head with regret and said he couldn't tell them that. All he remembered about the title, he said, was that it was an abstract noun.

Time Marches On

THE time has come, we believe, to outline briefly the history of the U-shaped brownstone building—the huge old structure with the enormous courtyard—facing the rear of St. Patrick's and occupying the east side of Madison Avenue between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, which is often mistaken for a single private house. Henry Villard, the railroad magnate, bought the site in 1880 from St. Patrick's. Three years later he commissioned McKim, Mead & White to design and build what you see there now. His idea was to have a town house for himself and five contiguous residences that he could sell or lease to friends so congenial that their children could play together in the courtyard, which was also to serve as a carriage entrance. McKim, Mead & White sent Villard a bill for over $800,000. The house Villard intended for himself, No. 451, which is at the corner of Fiftieth and faces north on the courtyard, was scarcely finished and the others scarcely begun when Villard's railroad companies got shaky, but in 1883 he moved into his new home anyway. Five months later he moved out, to cut expenses. In 1886, he sold the house to Whitelaw Reid for $450,000. Nos. 453 and 455, two smaller houses with entrances on the east side of the courtyard, he sold, respectively, to Artemas H. Holmes, a well-known lawyer, and Edward Dean Adams, an even better-known banker. The Holmes house was eventually sold to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and is now owned by her son Ogden. It has been rented to various well-heeled persons, including Barclay Warburton, but is currently vacant, except for temporary office space occupied by the New York City Cancer Committee. The Adams house was sold in 1923 to Mrs. John Hubbard (*cf. infra*); was long inhabited by her son-in-law, Clarence G. Michalis, president of the Seamen's Bank for Savings; and is now occupied by the Michalis caretaker, Casey. In a 1930 movie called "Holiday," Ann Harding was shown driving up to its door with an escort, who said, as he gazed about, transfixed, "It looks like Penn Station."

Working our way north, we come to Fahnestock territory. The house called No. 457, which faces south on the courtyard, together with a smaller house just east of it, which used to have its front door at 22 East Fifty-first, was bought from Villard by the late Harris C. Fahnestock, Mrs. Hubbard's father and a noted banker. Several years after his death in 1914, his son, the late William Fahnestock, made the two houses into one. The consolidated structure was bought from Fahnestock heirs in 1944 by Joseph P. Kennedy, who early this year sold it to the publishing firm of Random House, which is now about to move in. This leaves us one mansion to go, and here, at 24 East Fifty-first, we find Mrs. Hubbard, the only residential person left in any of the houses. Her family, from whom she inherited it, bought the house from the heirs of Roswell Smith, founder of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*, who had bought it from Villard. It has a bank of windows on the court. Early in the war, when the Women's Military Services Club, then occupying the original Villard (later Reid) house, placed a flagpole in the center of the courtyard, Mrs. Hubbard set up a howl. Any change in the court must be approved by all the owners of the houses, and the pole was about to be removed when an erudite reporter reminded Mrs. Hubbard that her *geboren* name, Fahnestock, was German for "flagpole" and she good-naturedly withdrew her objection.

This is no time for gracious living, and the old Villard house is now occupied only by a caretaker. Its Stanford White décor, marble staircases and mantels, white-and-gold ceiling mosaics, carved gold panelling, and medallions are still there. Its last dinner party was given by the Ogden Reids in 1931, for the King and Queen of Siam. The courtyard occupies 5,915 square feet and is gazed at meditatively by an average of 3.76 real-estate men every weekday.

Shrinking World

T.W.A. recently began a plane service between New York and Cairo, via Ireland, which was regarded as fine by a New Yorker in Cairo who wanted to get to the British Isles for a brief stay and then return home. When he went to book passage, however, he found the T.W.A. agent dubious. "We're not organized to handle local passengers yet," the T.W.A. man said. The traveller got a stopover, but it took a special dispensation.

Intercepts

THE Office of Censorship, which got under way twelve days after Pearl Harbor and functioned through August 15th last, had at its peak 14,462 employees, of whom not one was engaged in public-relations work, Byron

AMBULANCE
Richter

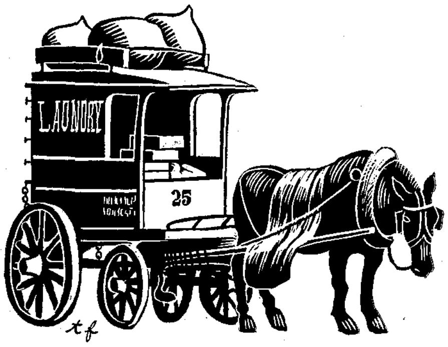
Price, its director, having assumed that it would be impossible to make censorship popular with the public. Price is a former Associated Press executive news editor, and it wasn't popular with him, either. "You've got to be unspeakably profane on the subject of censorship or you've no right to be a censor at all," he said to us in a recent uncensored interview, punctuated by many a damn. "I had the right." Price's outfit, which operated in New York, Miami, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chicago, San Juan (Puerto Rico), Balboa (C.Z.), and Honolulu, imposed self-censorship on the press, the radio, and the movies, and watched all civilian-to-civilian mail leaving or entering the country. This last averaged a million letters a day and was read, in part, by ten thousand censors. They opened letters on a percentage basis, the percentage varying widely according to source and destination; anything from or to Lisbon was almost *sure* to be opened. There was also a "watch list," and anything written on what appeared to be the stationery of anyone on it got the works, which included chemical treatment to bring out invisible ink. Interesting passages, visible or invisible, were labelled "intercept" and relayed to the appropriate war agencies. Censorship intercepts helped put the bite on a couple of traitorous babies whom you may recall—Ernest Frederick Lehmitz, the Staten Island boarding-house keeper who specialized in Navy boarders, and Velvalee Dickinson, the Madison Avenue doll lady who kept writing to a Buenos Aires friend about dolls, meaning ships. Intercepts also provided the R.A.F. with enough engineering details of the Ruhr dams to facilitate their disposal when the time came.

Correspondence of business firms here and abroad was a censorship gold mine. Coming across letters indicating that a large quantity of quinine had been sold by Ecuador to a European country at a time when we had contracted with Ecuador for its entire quinine output, Price's men forwarded them, through channels, to the Navy. The Navy dispatched a destroyer, through channels, and the cargo was seized at sea. Other supplies useful to us and intercepted through censorship tips included galoshes, dragline dredges, cattle hair, cocoa, textiles, zinc, and tungsten, to a total value of thirty million dollars. On one occasion, it was revealed that an American firm was about to ship to Mexico two hundred and ninety thousand metres of tungsten wire, although our radar researchers were frantic for tungsten wire. Spanish businessmen yowling about a nitrogen shortage got nowhere when the censors produced letters showing that Spain had been stocking up on South American nitrogen. Intercepted missives helped nab many black-market shippers dealing in brass ingots, sausage casings, castor beans, and industrial diamonds. One shipper of drills to Sweden advised his customer to dip them in acid; a suspicious censor's report of this led to the revelation that acid dissolved bronze plugs in the drill shafts—and out popped diamonds.

During the war there were no weather reports, no reports of international chess games (the symbols might be a code), no man-in-the-street radio programs (too easy for an enemy agent to talk into the microphone), and, after the spring of 1943, no reference to atomic experiments or uranium, or at any rate no more than a few inadvertent ones. Director Price was in a sad state of split personality during the period preceding July 16, 1945, the day of the New Mexico tryout. "Been a newspaperman all my life," he said, "and the only thing I could do about the greatest story of the age, or any age, was pray nobody would print it." Nobody did. Price is now with the Hays, or Eric Johnston, Office. "I'm vice-president in charge of Hollywood," he told us with unconcealed pride. "Understand I'm to get passes to practically everything and may even meet Lana Turner in the flesh."

Blow

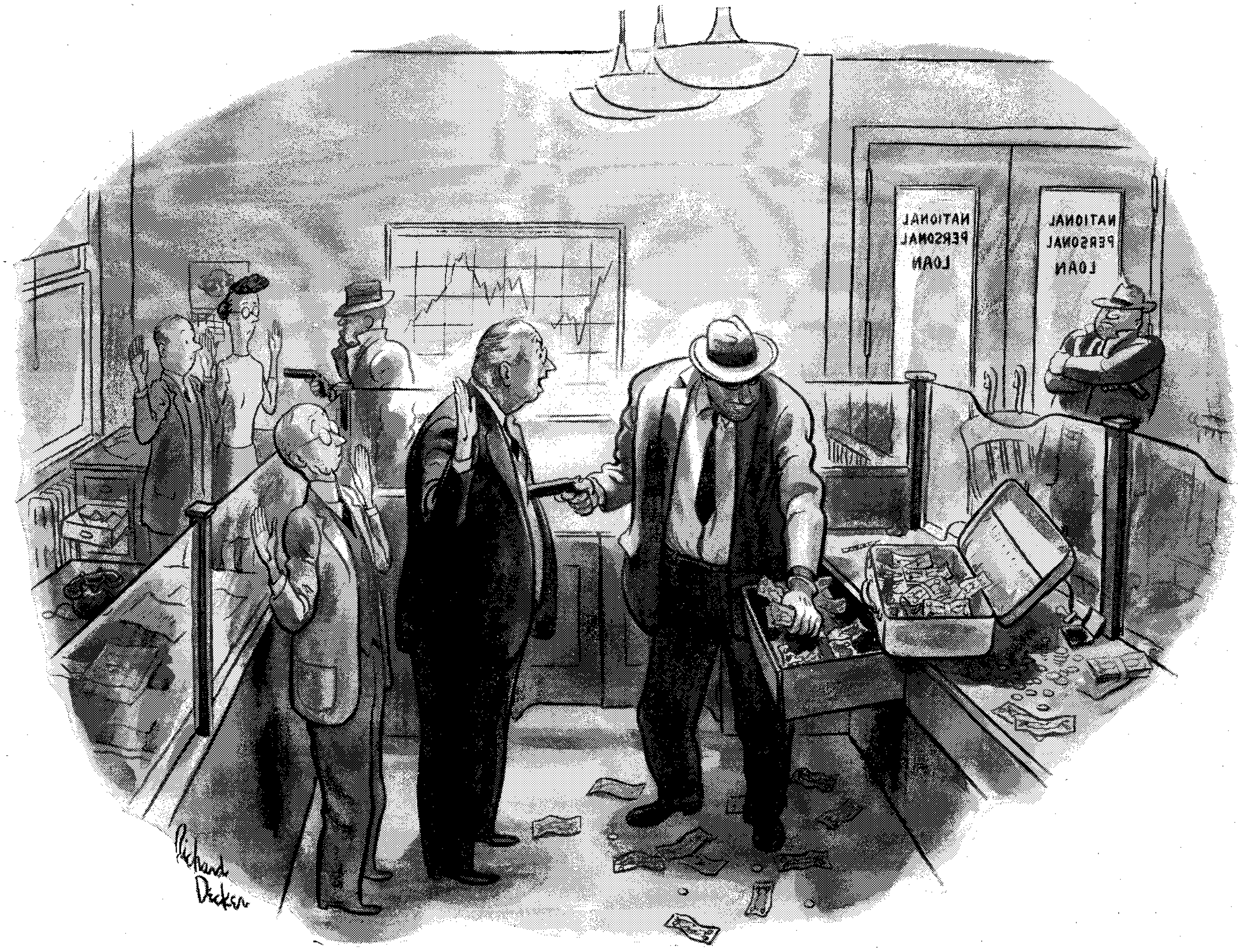
A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD lad we know went up to Hunter at four-thirty the other morning to make sure of being among the forty-five members of the public admitted to the proceedings of the Security Council. It was not too dark for him to perceive that the grounds were being patrolled by armed Marine sentries. Through the years, our young friend has yielded to no one in his admiration for the Marines, and it is easy to conceive of his distress when, as dawn came, he discovered that the Marine officer of the day was checking up on the sentries in a taxi.



No Heels

A YEAR or so ago, we had a pleasant chat with Bernard Rudofsky, a Viennese architect lately in local residence, who at the time was holding an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art called "Are Clothes Modern?" (His answer was an emphatic no.) We recalled this incident when we met Mr. Rudofsky again last week, the occasion being a party at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of Bernardo sandals, a line of footwear which Rudofsky recently designed. While fashion writers, squirming in pinched pumps with spiky heels, consumed cocktails and canapés, a stream of barelegged models flowed flat-footed down a spotlighted stairway. Some were dressed for the beach and some for the bistro, but all were wearing perfectly flat sandals—a mere slab of leather equipped with attachments to hold it on the foot. One sandal was held on by a leather ring curled around the big toe, another by a thong that was clasped between two toes and topped by a large gold button, and others by straps weaving about among the toes like macaroni. Mr. Rudofsky was wearing shiny black store shoes. He yields to them, he told us, only in public, in weak deference to convention. "Why," he said to a lady guest, "some people I know go home at night and keep their shoes on till one in the morning! I think it's awful to wear shoes at home." This we considered an understatement, recalling that in our previous talk with him he had said that he and his wife never wear any clothes at all at home.

Mr. Rudofsky believes that shoes are the most uncomfortable items of apparel. "Ninety-six million Americans have ill feet," he said. "All but the youngest children." He then told us that he regards women's sandals as only a beginning. Next fall he plans to introduce men's sandals, and he expects ultimately to run the gamut of the wardrobe of both sexes. He has not yet decided whether he will work from the bottom up, from the top down, or on a hit-or-miss anatomical basis. He is gloomily reconciled to the possibility that a great many potential customers will find that they are unable to wear sandals because their feet have already been so horribly blighted by the common



"Believe me, young man, you are jeopardizing your future. Money obtained in this way can only bring you unhappiness. Why not take out one of our friendly personal loans at five per cent?"

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shoe. "I wrote an entire publicity release saying why most women couldn't wear sandals, but my press agent threw it out," he told us. The press agent, who was nearby, smiled feebly. A department-store buyer asked Mr. Rudofsky whether, in arranging the show, he had had much trouble lining up models with proper feet. "We specified beautiful feet," he replied, "but the agency misunderstood us and sent over beautiful legs. Some of them have claws instead of feet." A model swayed past, each and every toe, we thought, an excellent specimen.

Mr. Rudofsky spent a good deal of his time at the party demolishing objections to sandals. One lady reporter muttered that women aspire to look tall and willowy, and want heels. "Heels have nothing to do with height," said Rudofsky. "Heels are purely for sexual attraction. I have a book coming out with a nice long chapter on that." The reporter made a note of the book's title—"Are Clothes Modern?," logically enough. Another lady said she feared her feet would get awfully dirty if she wore nothing but sandals around New York. "Sandals absorb no more dirt than sheer stockings and open-toed shoes," said Rudofsky. "Anyway, why should our streets be dirty? That's something the architects ought to take care of. Go to Rio and see how clean the streets are there." The lady made a note to go to Rio. His final inquisitor wanted to know if she'd always have to go barelegged when sandalled. Mr. Rudofsky said cheerfully that he hopes to persuade hosiery manufacturers to produce stockings with split toes, *à la* Japanese. "Modern stockings are terrible, too," he added. "By the end of the nineteenth century, men had sense enough to start making right- and left-footed shoes, but stockings have never yet been made to fit the feet. Silk stockings aren't so bad, but those nylons! They're as hard on the feet as shoes."

Preview

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, who at seventy-two describes himself as "a very old party" and goes to bed early, is in town, en route from Hollywood to Cap Ferrat, where he will have his villa fixed up. He was interviewed the other day by a man from the *Herald Tribune* and at the conclusion of their talk gave the reporter a message to take back to his editor. Maugham said to tell the editor that he had got hold of and read the obituary notice the *Tribune* has prepared and set in type for use at the time of his death (he didn't say how he had got it out of the *Tribune's* morgue, and he wouldn't say) and that he found it not at all to his satisfaction. "Tell your editor I regard it as very cool," said Maugham. "Very cool indeed."

THE NIGHTINGALES SING

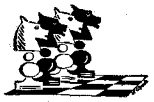
THROUGH the fog the car went up the hill, whining in second gear, up the sandy road that ran between the highest and broadest stone walls that Joanna had ever seen. There were no trees at all, only the bright green, cattle-cropped pastures sometimes visible above the walls, and sweetfern and juniper bushes, all dim in the opaque air and the wan light of a May evening. Phil, driving the creaking station wagon with dexterous recklessness, said to her, "I hope it's the right road. Nothing looks familiar in this fog and I've only been here once before."

"It was nice of him to ask us—me, especially," said Joanna, who was young and shy and grateful for favors.

"Oh, he loves company," Phil said. "I wish we could have got away sooner, to be here to help him unload the horses, though. Still, Chris will be there."

"Is Chris the girl who got thrown today?" Joanna asked, remembering the slight figure in the black coat going down in a spectacular fall with a big bay horse. Phil nodded and brought the car so smartly around a bend that the two tack boxes in the back of it skidded across the floor. Then he stopped, at last on the level, at a five-barred gate that suddenly appeared out of the mist.

"I'll do the gate," Joanna said, and jumped out. It opened easily and she swung it back against the fence and held it while Phil drove through; then the engine stalled, and in the silence she stood for a moment, her head raised, sniffing the damp, clean air. There was no sound—not the sound of a bird, or a lamb, or the running of water over stones, or wind in leaves; there was only a great stillness, and a sense of height and strangeness, and the smell of grass and dried dung. This was the top of the world, this lost hillside, green and bare, ruled across by enormous old walls—the work, so it seemed, of giants. In the air there was a faint movement as of a great wind far away, breathing through the fog. Joanna pulled the gate shut and got in again with Phil, and they drove on along the smooth crest of the hill, the windshield wipers swinging slowly to and fro and Phil's sharp, redheaded profile drawn clearly against the gray background. She was grateful to him for taking her to the horse show that afternoon, but she was timid about the invitation to supper that it had led to. Still, there was no getting out of it now. Phil was the elder brother of a school friend of hers, Carol Watson; he was so old he might as well have been of another generation, and there was about him, still incredibly unmarried at the age of thirty-one, the mysterious aura that bachelor elder brothers always possess. Carol was supposed to have come with them, but she had developed chicken pox the day before. However, Phil had kindly offered to take Joanna just the same, since he had had to ride, and he had kept a fatherly eye on her whenever he could. Then a friend of his named Sandy Sheldon, a breeder of polo ponies, had asked him to stop at his farm for supper on the way home. Phil had asked Joanna if she wanted to go, and she had said yes, knowing that he wanted to.



Being a good child, she had telephoned her family to tell them she would not be home until late, because she was going to Sandy Sheldon's place with Phil.

"*Whose* place?" her mother's faraway voice had asked, doubtfully. "Well, don't be too late, will you, dear. And call me up when you're leaving, won't you. It's a miserable night to be driving."

"I can't call you," Joanna had said. "There's no telephone."

"Couldn't you call up from somewhere after you've left?" the faint voice had said. "You know how Father worries, and Phil's such a fast driver."

"I'll try to." Exasperation had made Joanna's voice stiff. What earthly good was *telephoning?* She hung up the receiver with a bang, showing a temper she would not have dared display in the presence of her parents.

Now suddenly out of the fog great buildings loomed close, and they drove through an open gate into a farmyard with gray wooden barns on two sides of it and stone walls on the other two sides. A few white hens rushed away across the dusty ground, and a gray cat sitting on the pole of a blue dump cart stared coldly at the car as Phil stopped it beside a battered horse van. The instant he stopped, a springer ran barking out of one of the barn doors and a man appeared behind him and came quickly out to them, up to Joanna's side of the car, where he put both hands on the door and bent his head a little to look in at them.

"Sandy, this is Joanna Gibbs," Phil said.

Sandy looked at her without smiling but not at all with unfriendliness, only with calm consideration. "Hello, Joanna," he said, and opened the door for her.

"Hello," she said, and forgot to be shy, for, instead of uttering the kind of asinine, polite remark she was accustomed to hearing from strangers, he did not treat her as a stranger at all, but said immediately, "You're just in time to help put the horses away. Chris keeled over the minute we got here and I had to send her to bed, and Jake's gone after one of the cows that's strayed off." He spoke in a light, slow, Western voice. He was a small man about Phil's age, with a flat, freckled face, light brown, intelligent eyes, and faded brown hair cut short all over his round head. He looked very sturdy and stocky, walking toward the van beside Phil's thin, New England elegance, and he had a self-confidence that seemed to spring simply from his own good nature.

"Quite a fog you greet us with," Phil said, taking off his coat and hanging it on the latch of the open door of the van. Inside, in the gloom, four long, shining heads were turned toward them, and one of the horses gave a gentle, anxious whinny.

"Yes, we get them once in a while," said Sandy. "I like 'em."

"So do I," Joanna said.

He turned to her and said, "Look, there's really no need in your staying out here. Run in the house, where it's warm, and see if the invalid's all right. You go through that gate." He pointed to a small, sagging gate in one wall.

"All right, I will," she answered, and she started off across the yard toward the end gable of a house she could see rising dimly above some apple trees, the spaniel with her.

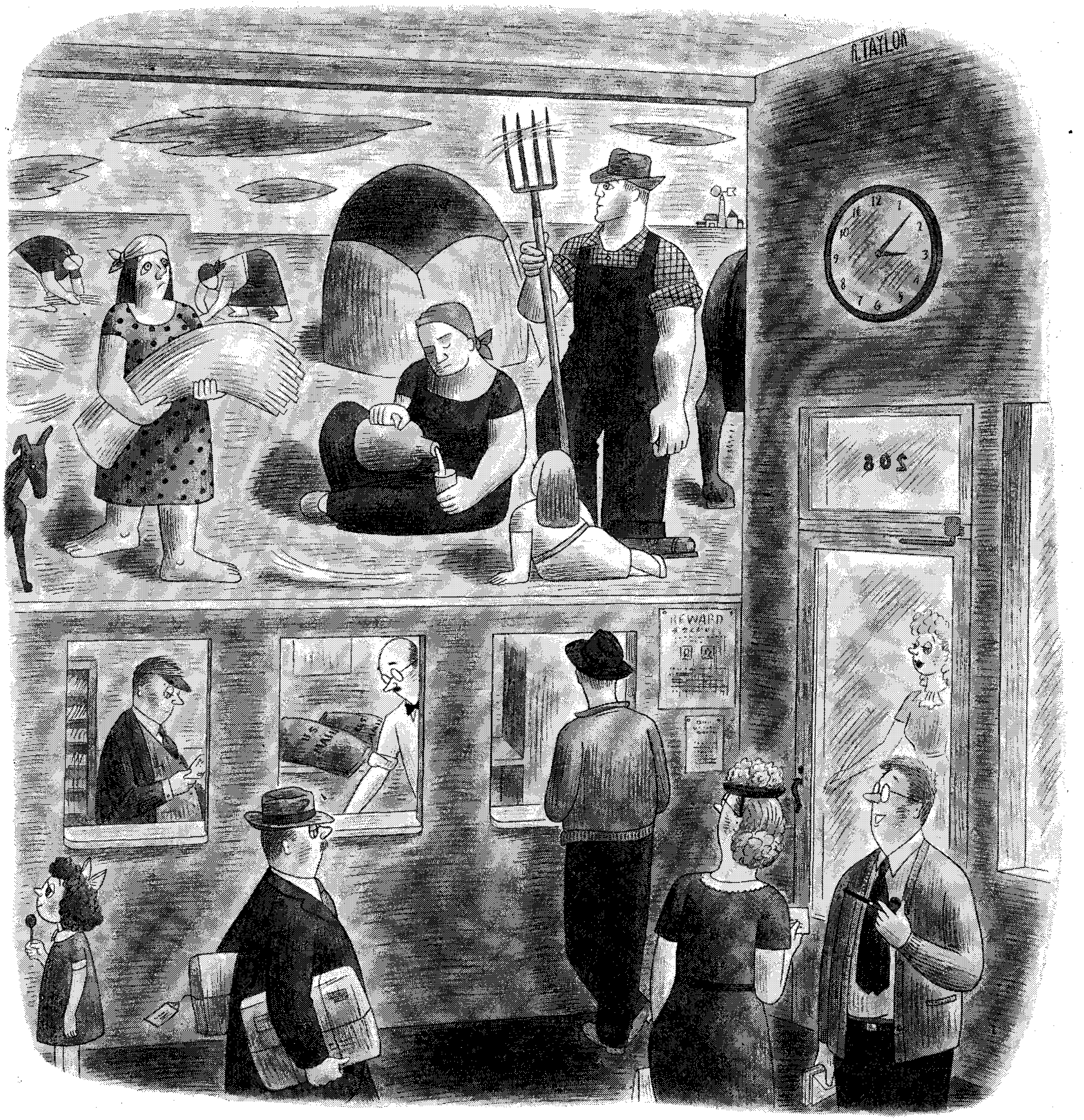
"Joanna!" Sandy called after her, just as she reached the gate.

"Yes?" She turned back. The two men were standing by the runway of the van. They both looked at her, seeing a tall young girl in a blue dress and sweater, with her hair drawn straight back over her head and tied at the back of her neck in a chignon with a black bow, and made more beautiful and airy than she actually was by the watery air.

"Put some wood on the kitchen fire as you go in, will you?" Sandy shouted to her. "The woodbox is right by the stove."

"All right," she answered again, and she and the spaniel went through the little gate in the wall.

A PATH led from the gate under the apple trees, where the grass was cut short and neat, to a door in the ell of the house. The house itself was big and old and plain, almost square, with a great chimney settled firmly across the ridgepole, and presumably it



"It's over there, Madam—right under the woman with the big feet."

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faced down the hill toward the sea. It was conventional and unimposing, with white-painted trim and covered with gray old shingles. There was a lilac bush by the front door and a bed of unbudded red lilies around one of the apple trees, but except for these there was neither shrubbery nor flowers. It looked austere and pleasing to Joanna, and she went in through the door in the ell and saw the woodbox beside the black stove. As she poked some pieces of birchwood down into the snapping fire, a girl's voice called from upstairs, "Sandy?"

Joanna put the lid on the stove and went through a tiny hallway into a living room. An enclosed staircase went up out of one corner, and she went to it and called up it, "Sandy's in the barn. Are you all right?"

"Oh, I'm fine," the voice answered, hard and clear. "Just a little shaky when I move around. Come on up."

Immediately at the top of the stairs was a big, square bedroom, papered in a beautiful, faded paper with scrolls and wheat sheaves. On a four-posted bed lay a girl not many years older than Joanna, covered to the chin with a dark patchwork quilt. Her short black hair stood out against the pillow, and her face was colorless and expressionless and at the same time likable and amusing. She did not sit up when Joanna came in; she clasped her hands behind her head and looked at her with blue eyes under lowered black lashes.

"You came with Phil, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes," Joanna said, moving hesitantly up to the bed and leaning against one of the footposts. "They're putting the horses away and they thought I'd better come in and see how you were."

"Oh, I'm fine," Chris said again. "I'll

be O.K. in a few minutes. I lit on my head, I guess, by the way it feels, but I don't remember a thing."

Joanna remembered. It had not seemed possible that that black figure could emerge, apparently from directly underneath the bay horse, and, after sitting a minute on the grass with hanging head, get up and walk grimly away, ignoring the animal that had made such a clumsy error and was being led out by an attendant in a long tan coat.

Joanna also remembered that when people were ill or in pain you brought them weak tea and aspirin and hot-water bottles, and that they were usually in bed, wishing to suffer behind partly lowered shades, not just lying under a quilt with the fog pressing against darkening windows. But there was something here that did not belong in the land of tea and hot-water bottles—a land that, indeed, now seemed on another planet. Joanna made no suggestions but just stood there, looking with shy politeness around the room. It was a cold, sparsely furnished place, and it looked very bare to Joanna, most of whose life so far had been spent in comfortable, chintz-warmed interiors, with carpets that went from wall to wall. In this room, so obviously untouched for the past hundred years or more, was only the bed, a tall chest of drawers, a washstand with a gold-and-white bowl and pitcher, two plain, painted chairs, and a threadbare, oval, braided rug beside the bed. There were no curtains or shades at the four windows, and practically no paint left on the uneven old floor. There was dust over everything. The fireplace was black and damp-smelling and filled with ashes and charred paper that rose high about the feet of the andirons. Joanna could not make out whether it was a guest room or whose room it was; here and there were scattered possessions that might have been male or female—a bootjack, some framed snapshots, a comb, a dirty towel, some socks, a magazine on the floor. Chris's black coat was lying on a chair, and her bowler stood on the bureau. It was a blank room, bleak in the failing light.

Chris watched her from under her half-closed lids, waiting for her to speak, and presently Joanna said, "That was really an awful spill you had."

Chris moved her head on the pillow and said, "He's a brute of a horse. He'll never be fit to ride. I've schooled him for Mrs. Whittaker for a year now and ridden him in three shows and I thought he was pretty well over his troubles." She shrugged and wrapped herself tighter in the quilt. "She's sunk so much money in him it's a crime, but he's just a brute and I don't think I can do anything more with him. Of course, if she wants to go on paying me to ride him, O.K., and her other horses are tops, so I haven't any kick, really. You can't have them all perfect."

"What does she bother with him for?" Joanna asked.

"Well, she's cracked, like most horse-show people," Chris said. "They can't resist being spectacular—exhibitionists, or whatever they call it. Got to have something startling, and then more startling, and so on. And I must say this horse is something to see. He's beautiful." Her somewhat bored little voice died away.

Joanna contemplated all this seriously. It seemed to her an arduous yet dramatic way of earning one's living; she did not notice that there was nothing in the least dramatic about the girl on the bed beside her. Chris, for her part, was speculating more directly about Joanna, watching her, appreciating her looks, wondering what she was doing with Phil. Then, because she was not unkind and sensed that Joanna was at loose ends in the strange house, she said to her, suddenly leaving the world of horses for the domestic scene where women cozily collaborate over the comforts of their men, "Is there a fire in the living room? I was too queasy to notice when I came in. If there isn't one, why don't you light it, so it'll be warm when they come in?"

"I'll look," said Joanna. "I didn't notice, either. Can I get you anything?"

"No, I'll be down pretty soon," Chris said. "I've got to start supper."

Joanna went back down the little stairs. There was no fire in the living room, but a broken basket beside the fireplace was half full of logs, and she carefully laid these on the andirons and stuffed in some twigs and old comics and lit them. In a few minutes the tall flames sprang up into the black chimney, shiny with creosote. Joanna sat on the floor and looked around the room. It was the same size as the bedroom above it, but it was comfortable and snug, with plain gray walls and white woodwork. A fat sofa, covered with dirty, flowered linen, stood in front of the fire. There were some big wicker chairs and four little carved Victorian chairs and a round table with big, bowed legs, covered with a red tablecloth. A high, handsome secretary stood against the long wall opposite the fire; its veneer was peeling, and it was filled with tarnished silver cups and ribbon rosettes. A guitar lay on a chair. There were dog hairs on the sofa, and the floor was dirty, and outside the windows there was nothingness. Joanna got up to look at the kitchen fire, put more wood on it, and returned to the living room. Overhead she heard Chris moving around quietly, and she pictured her walking about the barren, dusty bedroom, combing her short black hair, tying her necktie, folding up the quilt, looking in the gloom for a lipstick; and suddenly a dreadful, lonely sadness and longing came over her. The living room was growing dark, too, and she would have lit the big nickel lamp standing on the table but she did not know how to, so she sat there dreaming in the hot, golden firelight. Presently she heard the men's voices outside, and they came into the kitchen and stopped there to talk. Joanna heard the stove lids being rattled. Sandy came to the door and, seeing her, said, "Is Chris all right?"

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"Yes, I think so," Joanna said. "She said she was, anyway."

"Guess I'll just see," he said, and went running up the stairs. The spaniel came in from the kitchen to be near the fire. Joanna stroked his back. His wavy coat was damp with fog, and he smelled very strongly of dog; he sat down on the hearth facing the fire, raised his muzzle, and closed his eyes and gave a great sigh of comfort. Then all of a sudden he trotted away and went leaping up the stairs to the bedroom, and Joanna could hear his feet overhead.

Phil came in next, his hair sticking to his forehead. He hung his coat on a chair back and said to Joanna, "How do you like it here?"

"It's wonderful," she said earnestly.

"It seems to me a queer place," he said, lifting the white, fluted china shade off the lamp and striking a match. "Very queer—so far off. We're marooned. I don't feel there's any other place anywhere, do you?"

Joanna shook her head and watched him touch the match to the wick and stoop to settle the chimney on its base. When he put on the shade, the soft yellow light caught becomingly on his red head and his narrow face, with the sharp cheekbones and the small, deep-set blue eyes. Joanna had known him for years, but she realized, looking at him in the yellow light, that she knew almost nothing about him. Before this, he had been Carol's elder brother, but here, in the unfamiliar surroundings, he was somebody real. She looked away from his lighted face, surprised and wondering. He took his pipe out of his coat pocket and came to the sofa and sat down with a sigh of comfort exactly like the dog's, sticking his long, thin, booted feet out to the fire, banishing the dark, making the fog retreat.

Sandy came down the stairs and went toward the kitchen, and Phil called after him, "Chris O. K.?"

"Yes," Sandy said, going out.

"She's a little crazy," Phil said. "Too much courage and no sense. But she's young. She'll settle down, maybe."

"Are she and Sandy engaged?" Joanna asked.

"Well, no," said Phil. "Sandy's got a wife. She stays in Texas." He paused to light his pipe, and then he said, "That's where he raises his horses, you know; this place is only sort of a salesroom. But he and Chris know each other pretty well."

This seemed obvious to Joanna, who said, "Yes, I know." Phil smoked in silence.

"Doesn't his wife *ever* come here?" Joanna asked after a moment.

"I don't think so," Phil answered.

They could hear Sandy in the kitchen, whistling, and occasionally rattling pans. They heard the pump squeak as he worked the handle, and the water splashed down into the black iron sink. Then he, too, came in to the fire and said to Joanna, smiling down at her, "Are you comfy, and all?"

"Oh *yes*," she said, and flushed with pleasure. "I love your house," she managed to say.

"I'm glad you do. It's kind of a barn of a place, but fine for the little I'm in it." He walked away, pulled the flowered curtains across the windows, and came back to stand before the fire. He looked very solid, small, and cheerful, with his shirtsleeves rolled up, his collar unbuttoned, and his gay, printed tie loosened. He seemed so snug and kind to Joanna, so somehow sympathetic, that she could have leaned forward and hugged him around the knees. But at the idea of doing any such thing she blushed again, and bent to pat the dog.

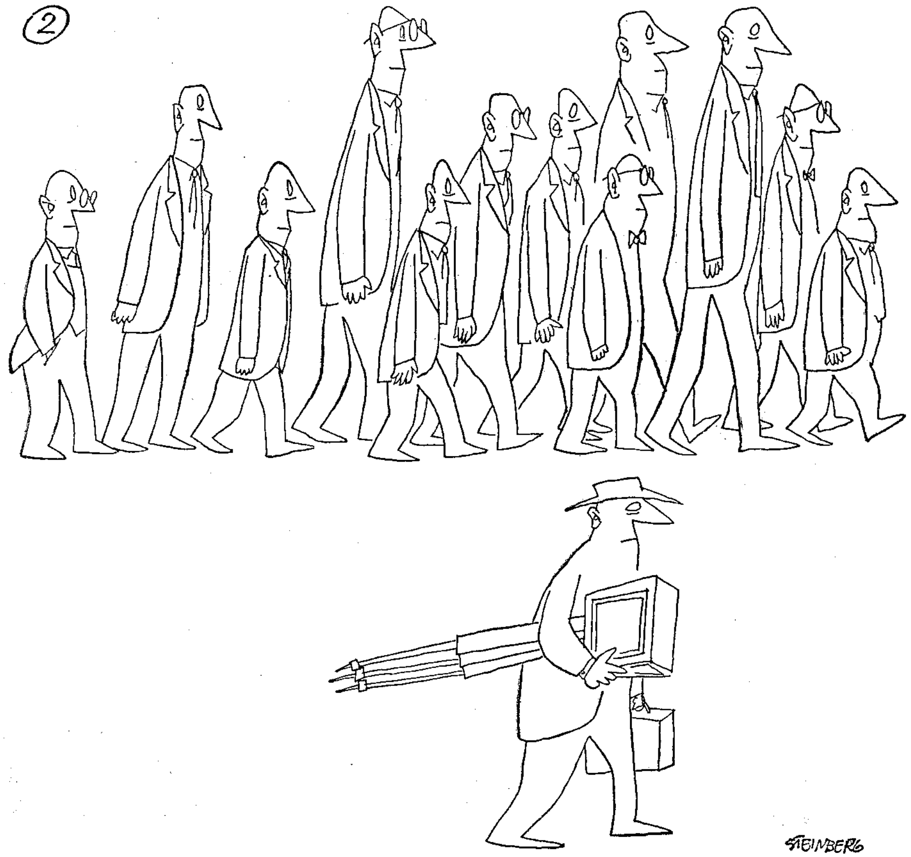
Sandy took up the guitar and tuned it. He began playing absent-mindedly, his stubby fingers straying across the strings as he stared into the fire. Chris came down the stairs. Instead of her long black boots she had on a pair of dilapidated Indian moccasins with a few beads remaining on the toes, and between these and the ends of her breeches' legs were gay blue socks. The breeches were fawn-colored, and she had on a fresh white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Her curly hair, cropped nearly as short as a boy's, was brushed and shining, and her hard, sallow little face was carefully made up and completely blank. Whether she was happy or disturbed, well or ill, Joanna could see no stranger would be able to tell.

"What about supper?" she asked Sandy.

"Calm yourself," he said. "I'm cook tonight. It's all started." He took her hand to draw her down on the sofa, but she moved away and pulled a cushion off a chair and lay down on the floor, her feet toward the fire and her hands folded, like a child's, on her stomach. Phil had gone into the kitchen, and now he came back carrying a lighted lamp; it dipped wildly in his hand as he set it on the round table beside the other one. The room shone in the low, beneficent light. Sandy, leaning his head against the high, carved back of the sofa, humming and strumming, now sang aloud in a light, sweet voice:

"For I'd rather hear your fiddle
And the tone of one string,
Than watch the waters a-gliding,
Hear the nightingales sing."

The soft strumming went on, and the soft voice, accompanied by Chris's gentle crooning. The fire snapped. Phil handed around some glasses and then



THE PROGRESS OF FAUST

He was born in Deutschland, as you would suspect,
And graduated in magic from Cracow
In 1505. His portraits show a brow
Heightened by science. The eye is indirect,
As of bent light upon a crooked soul,
And that he bargained with the Prince of Shame
For pleasures intellectually foul
Is known by every court that lists his name.

His frequent disappearances are put down
To visits in the regions of the damned
And to the periodic deaths he shammed,
But, unregenerate and in Doctor's gown,
He would turn up to lecture at the fair
And do a minor miracle for a fee.
Many a life he whispered up the stair
To teach the black art of anatomy.

He was as deaf to angels as an oak
When, in the fall of 1594,
He went to London and crashed through the floor
In mock damnation of the playgoing folk.
Weekending with the scientific crowd,
He met Sir Francis Bacon and helped draft
"Colours of Good and Evil" and read aloud
An obscene sermon at which no one laughed.

He toured the Continent for a hundred years
And subsidized among the peasantry
The puppet play, his tragic history;
With a white glove he boxed the devil's ears
And with a black his own. Tired of this,
He published penny poems about his sins,
In which he placed the heavy emphasis
On the white glove which, for a penny, wins.

Some time before the hemorrhage of the Kings
Of France, he turned respectable and taught;
Quite suddenly everything that he had thought
Seemed to grow scholars' beards and angels' wings.
It was the Overthrow. On Reason's throne
He sat with the fair Phrygian on his knees
And called all universities his own,
As plausible a figure as you please.

Then back to Germany as the sages' sage
To preach comparative science to the young
Who came from every land in a great throng
And knew they heard the master of the age.
When for a secret formula he paid
The Devil another fragment of his soul,
His scholars wept, and several even prayed
That Satan would restore him to them whole.

Backwardly tolerant, Faustus was expelled
From the Third Reich in 1939.
His exit caused the breaching of the Rhine,
Except for which the frontier might have held.
Five years unknown to enemy and friend
He hid, appearing on the sixth to pose
In an American desert at war's end
Where, at his back, a dome of atoms rose.

—Karl Shapiro

• •

went around with a bottle of whiskey he found in the kitchen. He paused at Joanna's glass, smiled at her, and poured her a very small portion.

"If I ever return,
It will be in the spring
To watch the waters a-gliding,
Hear the nightingales sing."

The old air died on a trailing chord.

"That's a lovely song," Joanna said, and then shrank at her sentimentality.

Sandy said, "Yes, it's nice. My mother used to sing it. She knew an awful lot of old songs." He picked out the last bars again on the guitar. Joanna, sitting beside him on the floor, was swept with warmth and comfort.

"My God, the peas!" Sandy said suddenly, in horror, as a loud sound of hissing came from the kitchen. Throwing the guitar down on the sofa, he rushed to rescue the supper.

JOANNA and Chris picked their way toward the privy that adjoined the end of the barn nearer the house. They moved in a little circle of light from the kerosene lantern that Chris carried, the batteries of Sandy's big flashlight having turned out to be dead. They were both very full of food, and sleepy, and just a little tipsy. Chris had taken off her socks and moccasins and Joanna her leather sandals, and the soaking grass was cold to their feet, which had so lately been stretched out to the fire. Joanna had never been in a privy in her life, and when Chris opened the door she was astonished at the four neatly covered holes, two large and—on a lower level—two small. Everything was whitewashed; there were pegs to hang things on, and a very strong smell of disinfectant. A few flies woke up and buzzed. Chris set the lantern down on the path and partly closed the door behind them.

There was something cozy about the privy, and they were in no particular hurry to go back to the house. Chris lit a cigarette, and they sat there comfortably in the semidarkness, and Chris talked. She told Joanna about her two years in college, to which she had been made to go by her family. But Chris's love was horses, not gaining an education, and finally she had left and begun to support herself as a professional rider.

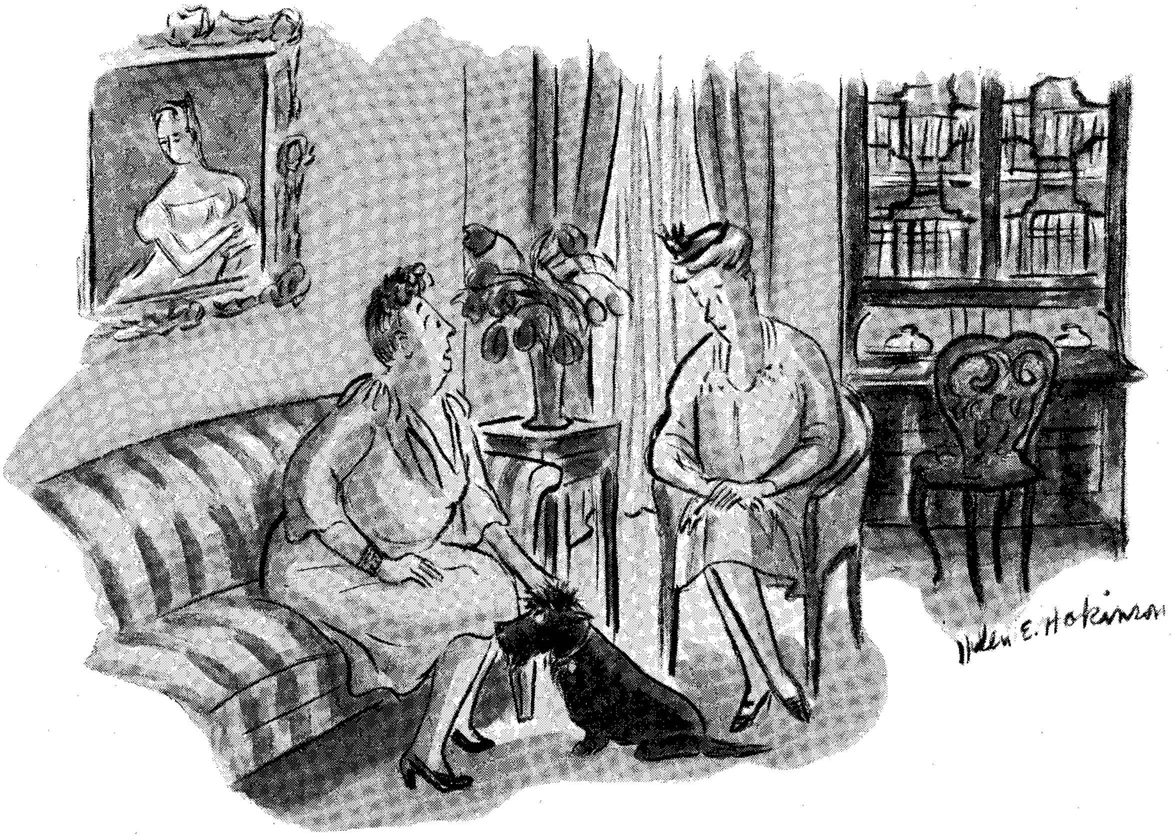
"I'd known Sandy ever since I was little," she said. "I used to hang around him when I was a kid, and he let me ride his horses and everything, and when I left college he got me jobs and sort of looked after me."

"He's a darling, isn't he?" Joanna said dreamily, watching the dim slice of light from the open door, and the mist that drifted past it.

"Well, sometimes he is," Chris said. "And sometimes I wish I'd never seen him."

"Oh, *no!*" cried Joanna. "Why?"

"Because he's got so he takes charge too much of the time—you know?" Chris said. "At first I was so crazy about him I didn't care, but now it's gone on so long I'm beginning to see



"His mother came from the Bide-A-Wee Home, but only a few friends of the family know it."

• •

I'm handicapped, in a way. Or that's what I think, anyway. Everybody just assumes I'm his girl. And he's got a wife, you know, and he won't leave her, ever. And then he's not here a lot of the time. But the worst of all is that he's spoiled me; everybody else seems kind of tame and young. So you see it's a mixed pleasure."

Joanna pondered, a little fuzzily. She was not at all sure what it was that Chris was telling her, but she felt she was being talked to as by one worldly soul to another. Now Chris was saying, "He said that would happen, and I didn't care then. He said, 'I'm too *old* for you, Chris, even if I was single, and this way it's hopeless for you.' But I didn't care. I didn't want anybody or anything else and I just plain chased him. And now I don't want anything else, either. So it *is* hopeless. . . . I hope you don't ever love anybody more than he loves you."

"I've never really been in love," Joanna said bravely.

"Well, you will be," Chris said, lighting a second cigarette. The little white interior and their two young, drowsy faces shone for a second in the flash of the match. "First I thought you were coming here because you were Phil's girl, but I soon saw you weren't."

"Oh, *no!*" cried Joanna again. "He's just the brother of a friend of mine, that's all."

"Yes," said Chris. "He always picks racier types than you."

Racy, thought Joanna. I wish *I* was racy, but I'm too scared.

"I've seen some of his girls, and not one of them was as good-looking as you are," Chris went on. "But they were all very dizzy. He has to have that, I guess—he's so sort of restrained himself, with that family and all. I went to a cocktail party at his house once, and it was terrible. Jeepers!" She began to laugh.

Vulgarity is what he likes, then, said Joanna to herself. Perhaps I like it myself, though I don't know that I know what it is. Perhaps my mother would say Chris and Sandy were vulgar, but they don't seem vulgar to me, though I'm glad Mother isn't here to hear their language and some of Sandy's songs.

She gave it up as Chris said, with a yawn, "We'd better go back."

As they went toward the house, it loomed up above them, twice its size, the kitchen windows throwing low beams of light out into the fog. Still there was no wind. In the heavy night air nothing was real, not even Chris and the lantern and the corner of the great wall near the house. Joanna was disembodied, moving through a dream on her bare, numb feet to a house of no substance.

"Let's walk around to the front," she said. "I love the fog."

"O.K.," said Chris, and they went around the corner and stopped by the lilac bushes to listen to the stillness.

But suddenly the dampness reached their bones, and they shivered and screeched and ran back to the back door, with the bobbing lantern smoking and smelling in Chris's hand.

When they came in, Phil looked at them fondly. "Dear little Joanna," he said. "She's all dripping and watery and vaporous, like Undine. What in God's name have you girls been doing?"

"Oh, talking," said Chris.

"Pull up to the fire," Sandy said. "What did you talk about? Us?"

"Yes, dear," said Chris. "We talked about you every single second."

"Joanna's very subdued," remarked Phil. "Did you talk her into a stupor, or what?"

"Joanna doesn't have to talk if she doesn't want to," said Sandy. "I like a quiet woman, myself."

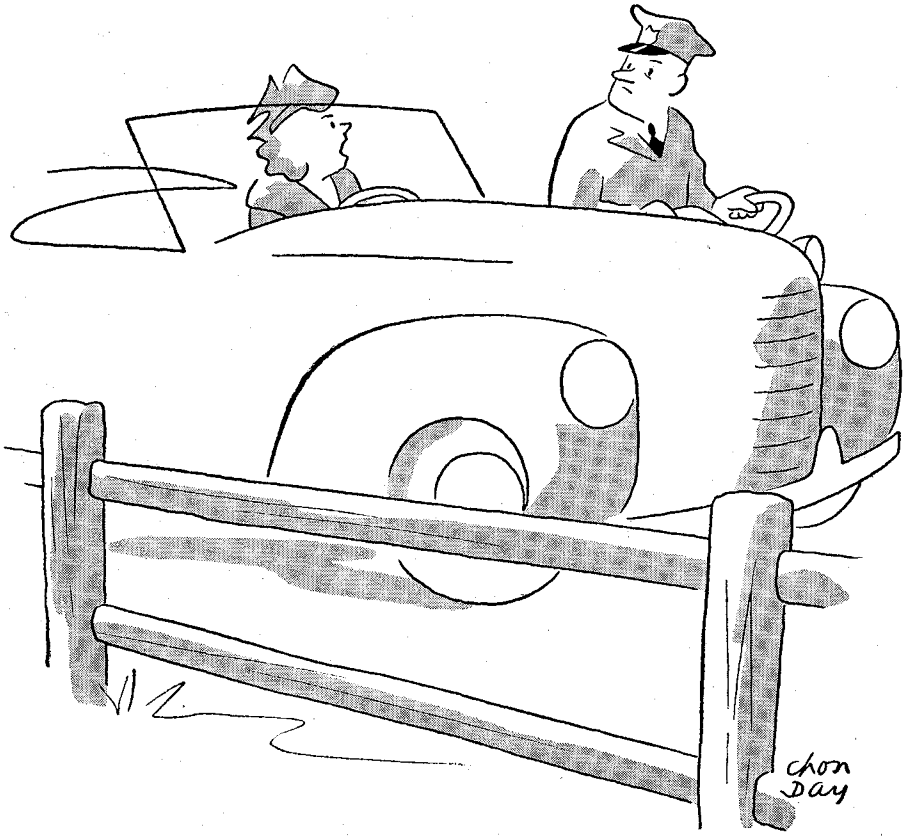
"Do you, now?" said Phil, laughing at Chris, who made a face at him and sat down beside Sandy and gave him a violent hug.

Joanna, blinking, sat on the floor with her wet feet tucked under her, and listened vaguely to the talk that ran to and fro above her. Her head was swimming, and she felt sleepy and wise in the warm lamplight and with the sound of the banter in which she did not have to join unless she wanted to. Suddenly she heard Phil saying, "You know, Joanna, we've got to start along. It seems to me you made a rash promise to your family that you wouldn't be too late getting home, and it's nearly ten now and we've got thirty miles to go." He yawned, stretched, and bent to knock out his pipe on the side of the fireplace.

"I don't want to go," Joanna said.

"Then stay," said Sandy. "There's plenty of room."

But Phil said, getting up, "No, we've got to go. They'd have the police out



"But you were going faster than I was."

if we didn't come soon. Joanna's very carefully raised, you know."

"I *love* Joanna," said Chris, hugging Sandy again until he grunted. "I don't care how carefully she was raised, I love her."

"We all love her," Sandy said. "You haven't got a monopoly on her. Come again and stay longer, will you, Joanna? We love you, and you look so nice here in this horrible old house."

They really do like me, Joanna thought, pulling on her sandals. But not as much as I like them. They have a lot of fun all the time, so it doesn't mean as much to them to find somebody they like. But I'll remember this evening as long as I live.

Sadly she went out with them to the station wagon, following the lantern, and climbed in and sat on the clammy leather seat beside Phil. Calling back, and being called to, they drove away, bumping slowly over the little road, and in a second Chris and Sandy and the lantern were gone in the fog.

JOANNA let herself in the front door and turned to wave to Phil, who waved back and drove off down the leafy street, misty in the midnight silence. Inland, the fog was not so bad as it had been near the sea, but the trees dripped with the wetness and the sidewalk shone under the street light. She listened to the faraway, sucking sound of Phil's tires die away; then she sighed and closed the door and moved sleepily into the still house, dropping her key into the brass bowl on the hall table. The house was cool, and dark downstairs except for the hall light, and it smelled of the earth in her mother's little conservatory.

Joanna started up the stairs, slowly unfastening the belt of the old trench coat she had borrowed from Phil. The drive back had been a meaningless interval swinging in the night, with nothing to remember but the glow of the headlights so blanketed by the fog that they had had to creep around the curves and down the hills, peering out until their eyes ached. Soon after they had left the farm, they had stopped in a small town while Joanna telephoned her family. Through the open door of the phone booth she had watched Phil sitting on a spindly stool at the little marble counter next to the shelves full of Westerns, drinking a coke. She had a coke herself and she sipped it as the telephone rang far away in her parents' house, while back of the counter a radio played dance music. And twice after that Phil had pulled off the road, once to light his pipe, and once for Joanna to put on his coat. But now, moving up the shallow, carpeted stairs, she was back in the great, cold, dusty house with the sound of Sandy's guitar and the smell of the oil lamps, and the night, the real night, wide and black and empty, only a step away outside.

Upstairs, there was a light in her own room and one in her mother's dressing room. It was a family custom that when she came in late she should put out her mother's light, so now she went into the small, bright room. With her hand on the light chain, she looked around her, at the chintz-covered chaise longue, the chintz-skirted dressing table with family snapshots, both old and recent, arranged under its glass top, the polished furniture, the long mirror, the agreeable clutter of many years of satisfactory married life. On the walls were more family pictures, covering quite a long period of time—enlargements of picnic photographs, of boats, of a few pets. There was Joanna at the age of twelve on a cow pony in Wyoming; her father and uncle in snow goggles and climbing boots on the lower slopes of Mont Blanc, heaven knows how long ago; her sister and brother-in-law looking very young and carefree with their bicycles outside Salisbury Cathedral sometime in the early thirties, judging by her sister's clothes. In all of them the sun shone, and everyone was happy in the world of the pictures, which was as fresh and good and simple as a May morning. She stared at the familiar little scenes on the walls with love—and with a sympathy for them she had never felt before—and then she put out the light and went back along the hall.

In her own room she kicked off her sandals and dropped Phil's coat on a chair. A drawn window shade moved inward and fell back again in the night breeze that rustled the thick, wet trees close outside. Her pajamas lay on the turned-down bed with its tall, fluted posts. Joanna did not stop to brush her teeth or braid her hair; she was in bed in less than two minutes.

In the darkness she heard the wind rising around Sandy's house, breathing over the open hill, whistling softly in the wet, rusted window screens, stirring in the apple trees. She heard the last burning log in the fireplace tumble apart, and a horse kick at his stall out in the barn. If I'd stayed all night, she thought, in the morning when the fog burned off I'd have known how far you could see from the top of the hill.

For in the morning the hot sun would shine from a mild blue sky, the roofs would steam, the horses would gallop and squeal in the pastures between the great walls, and all the nightingales would rise singing out of the short, tough grass. —ELIZABETH PARSONS

SCENE

SHE opened the closet door to hang up her coat. "That was a good picture," she said, and it struck her that that was the first thing either of them had said since they left the theatre. She heard no answer and, looking into the living room, saw that he had sat down there and lighted a cigarette. "Didn't you think?"

He murmured agreement, dropping his ashes into the ashtray from a height, with an abstracted air.

She yawned. "Well, what do you say we get to bed?"

He took a puff of his cigarette and blew the smoke thoughtfully at the glowing end. "Have you ever noticed anything funny about our marriage?"

She came to the doorway. "What do you mean, funny?"

"Well, we never seem to talk about it, or go into the thing," he said. "We never analyze it. I don't know."

"Analyze what? Because I'm tired."

"Why, what we mean to each other," he said, crossing his legs. "You know very well what I mean. The way Tracy and Hepburn did in that bar tonight. The way Powell and Loretta Young did in the resort cottage last week. The way everybody does." He reached for the bourbon which she now saw he had poured himself and took a swallow. "Going into the whole thing, to work things out and see what they've got and what they want from each other. But we go along from day to day—twenty-two years now—and never once try to figure out what we've got, how it's working out, and what we're heading for."

"But what is there to head for?"

"We've never, from the very beginning, analyzed ours. As though," he concluded, looking at his glass as he held it out at arm's length, "there's nothing *to* analyze."

She came in. "Well, if you want," she said, and glanced at her wristwatch. "We can analyze it a while." She sat down. "What would you like to go into?"

"Oh, well, you know what I mean," he said, uncrossing his legs and putting his feet on the ottoman. He punched out his cigarette and immediately lit another.

"They analyze it because they run into complications," she said.

"And why do they run into complications? Because the thing is alive. It's a *love affair*. You get trouble when there's two people vibrating on each other, is when you get trouble. You can't have a crisis where nothing's going on. All right. They have a misunderstanding. Then they separate, and finally come together again with a richer, deeper understanding. Right?"

"Yes." She nodded slowly. "That seems to be the way it usually goes."

"But we never argue about any part of it, or even have a quarrel, let alone a misunderstanding you could get anything out of. Maybe," he said, looking through the doorway into the dark vestibule, "we were never meant for each other."

They were silent, and she stared soberly at her lap for some time. Then she looked up hopefully. "Maybe we're analyzing it now."

He shook his head. "I doubt it," he said, getting up, "but we might start any minute."

She watched him walk around the room a few moments, then asked, "How long have you been thinking along this line?"

"It started when Spencer Tracy took

The New York Times
Sparkies
Whitney Darrow, jr

the swizzle stick out of Hepburn's hand and said, 'Just what is it you want of me, how do I fit into your life?,' and she answered, 'Why, I don't know.'" He looked at her sharply. "Supposing I was to ask you that—what would you say?"

"Why, I don't know," she said. "I never gave it any thought."

"That," he said ominously, "is what Hepburn said, sending Tracy back to the Pacific Northwest to think things through."

She thought about this. "Well, what do you want me to say?"

He walked to the window, and as he stood there with his back turned, there was something familiar in his stance, something she had seen a thousand times, though not precisely on the premises. "I don't know," he said, looking out. "I don't know what we know or what we want to know. I don't know whether you've ever been married to the real me, or whether I've been married to the real you, and neither do you. Twenty-two years and nobody knows who's been married to who." He gave a soft, bitter laugh.

"Are we doing it now? Is this what you mean?" she asked hopefully.

"Twenty-two years of taking everything for granted."

"How else is there to take it?"

He turned around abruptly. "Just what do you want out of marriage?"

"Want? Well, I never gave it a thought. What is there to want? I want a home, I guess, a husband—"

"What do you want a husband *for?* What do I mean to you? *What* am I? *Who* am I? Have you got the slightest idea?"

"Can't we talk about this in the morning? I'm perfectly willing to analyze our—"

"You think of me as a pretty simple person, don't you? But after twenty-two years of taking everything for granted, have you ever asked yourself whether I'm finding myself in this whole thing?"

"How do you mean, finding yourself?"

He looked down at her. "That," he said, "is what Joan Bennett said in the small hotel, and by evening Raft was on the train on his way back to the other woman." He regarded her a moment. "How do you know," he said, his eyes narrowing, "I'm not complicated?"

"Well, I never gave it a thought. I just go on from one day to the next trying to make a home, be a decent wife, cooking your meals, ironing your—"

"Tchah!" He emptied the glass, and then turned it slowly in his fingers. "Never wondering, never questioning, never asking what is this thing all about and where will it lead." He walked to the table, and, pouring out some more bourbon, turned to glance at her. "Have you got any idea what I'm talking about?"

"Well, sure, I guess so. But I keep thinking maybe we're not the type who—"

"Maybe what we've got is perfect—in everybody's opinion—smooth and even, because it's dead." He ran his eyes skeptically over the furniture. "Maybe what we've got," he said, "is a glass grape." He fired a jet of soda into his tumbler from the seltzer bottle he had recently bought.

"How can we find out?"

He sat down again. "I'm glad we started this. It'll prove to have been a good thing. Brings it all out in the open, clears the air." He studied his glass a moment. "The whole thing will, of course, be straightened out when I come back."

"Are you going away?"

"What else is there to do? I've got to go away and think things through."

"Where would you go?"

"I think Albuquerque. It's all desert around there."

"Why Albuquerque? It's way in New Mexico and would be pretty expensive. I don't know whether we can afford to do it on that scale."

"Albuquerque is far away and nobody knows me there."

"There's plenty places closer by where nobody knows you," she said. "Look, why don't you run up to Poughkeepsie for a few days? You could stay at the Nelson House, where we stopped on our way to Hank and Betty's and that you liked so much. Remember? I'd like to go along, but I suppose that would throw the whole thing off."

He got out of the chair. "Poughkeepsie! Sometimes I don't know whether you're trying to make a fool of yourself or me, or whether you know what I'm talking about half the time. Who would ever go to Poughkeepsie to think things through? It would be ridiculous. People would laugh in your face if it ever got around: It would all fall down in a heap."

"Why?"

"Because there's nothing *to* going to Poughkeepsie. It has no body."

"Well, when would you leave?"

"Couple days. I've got three weeks' vacation piled up that I can take whenever I want now."

They were both silent, thinking it over. Then she said, "I read somewhere that separate vacations sometimes can be a very good thing." Before he could speak, or the exasperation even appear on his face, she went on, "How long will it take you, do you figure—the whole three weeks?"

He shrugged. "You can see things in a new perspective, sometimes, in no time at all. But I'll probably stay the whole three weeks."

She got up, tugging her skirt into place. "That's settled, then. I'll run down to my sister's and stay with her. She needs some help now with the new baby and all, so it works out fine. Of course, I'll say you're going for your sinus. We've never had anybody go away to think things through in our family, that I know of, and I wouldn't want it to get around. You hear?"

"O.K., O.K."

She yawned. "So I think I'll hit the hay. You coming?"

"I'm going to sit here a while."

"Well, don't stay up too long. It's late."

He listened to her footsteps go along the hall and the bedroom door close. He settled down in the chair, holding the drink between his hands and swirling it slowly. —PETER DE VRIES

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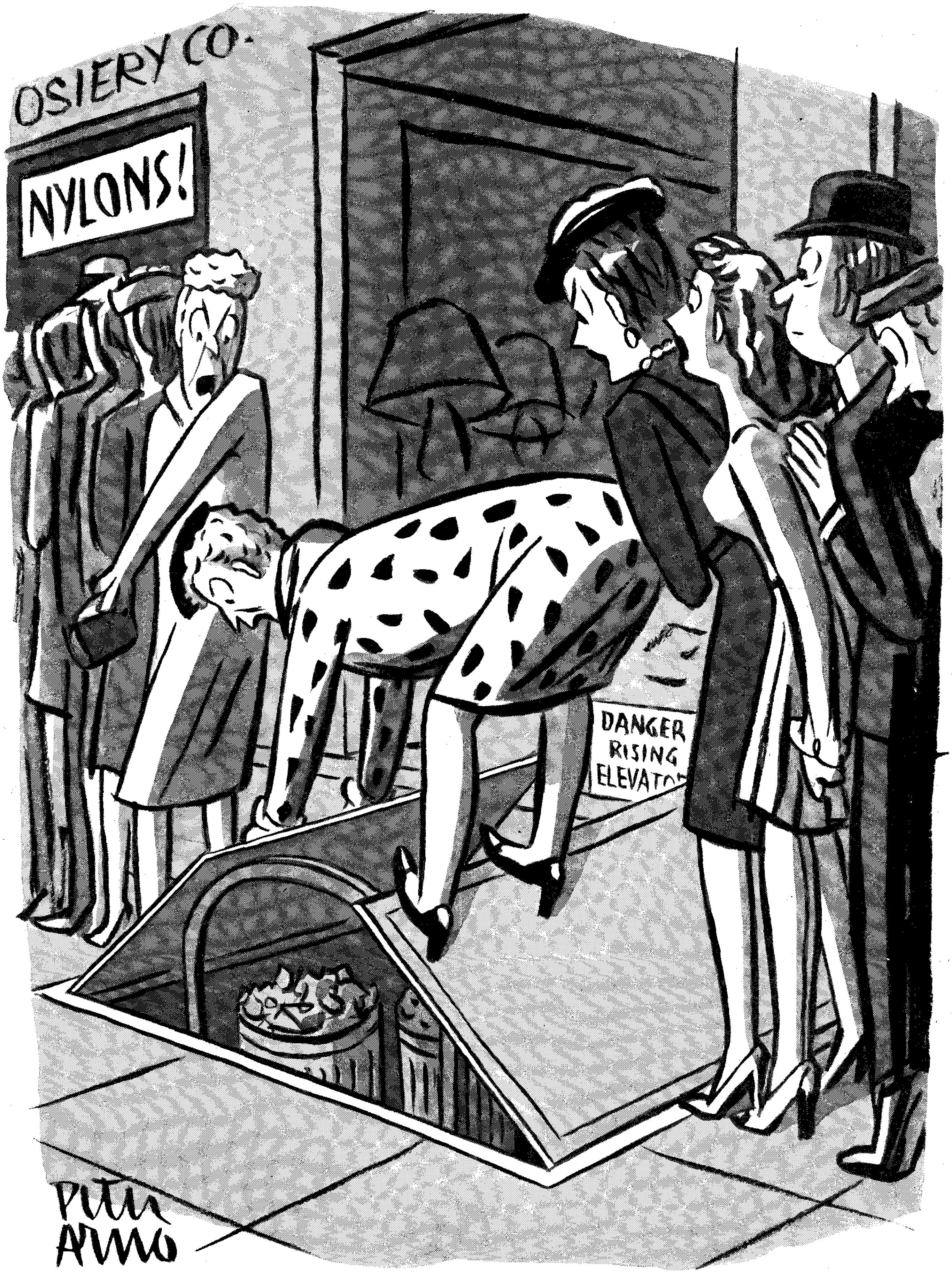
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Montreal Gazette*]

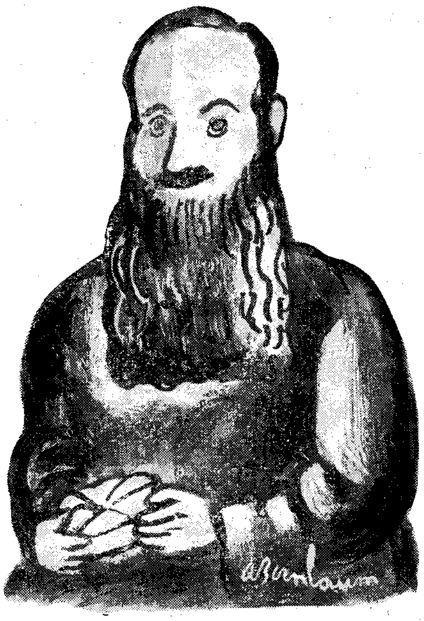
With car-sirens wailing, detectives and radio patrolmen raced to Marie Anne street east, near City Hall avenue, to handle a murder call late last night, but found nothing doing.

Homicide squad sleuths, among others, visited several houses along the street when the first address given produced nothing out of the way, yet the only trouble which developed was a gathering of curious attracted by the activity of the police.

One man queried told night patrol detectives "It was supposed to be at my place, but it isn't." His suggestion that "it may be further down the street" proved of no help either.


OSIERY CO.
NYLONS!
DANGER
RISING
ELEVATO
Peter
Arno

"Hang on, Sarah! Keep your place!"



PROFILES

THE HAPPY, HAPPY BEGGAR

THE first time I saw Father Walter P. Morse, he was walking up the path of his mission compound in the town of Ichang, reading my calling card over and over, out loud. I had gone there to talk with him, and his gateman had run out into the streets to find him. He made quite a sight as he came swinging up the path. He is of medium height, and his natural roundness of figure was reinforced, I supposed, by a number of layers of clothing, for the late afternoon was chilly. The outermost layer of his outfit was a humble black cotton Chinese coolie gown. A white woollen skullcap rode the top of his head with a jauntiness that was as much in contrast to his coolie coat in mood as the cap was in color. His beard was at least nine inches long, full, virile, cut off square, and all glossy from washings and combings which, I later decided, were the business of a fastidious, rather than a vain, man. He had a mustache, too, which was evenly clipped to within a quarter of an inch of his upper lip. He was reading my card through horn-rimmed glasses balanced on the end of his nose. As he came closer and looked up, I saw a face of benignity, gentleness, humor, and calmness, with round cheeks, a large nose, and tremendous blue eyes; a face flushed a bit by his haste and, in any case, somewhat reddened by a life spent mostly in the open air. "Hello! Hello!" he said, as if we were old friends long parted, though in fact he had never seen me before. I had just arrived, for a longish stay, in Ichang—which is at the dead center of China, near the mouth of the Yangtze Gorges, the point of extreme penetration of Japanese forces during the war—and I had inquired of a few people whether there were any foreigners in town. I had been told, then, about Father Walter, whom everyone seemed to know, and I had been directed to the Episcopal Mission compound. "Come in to my place," he said. "I'm sorry it's such a poor hovel." And he read the card out loud again. "Well, well, well," he said. "It's nice to have a visitor."

He turned off the main path, which led up to some pretentious-looking buildings at the top of the compound hill, onto a side path. At the junction, there was a sign, neatly lettered in Chinese and English. The English legend said, "To Father Walter P. Morse's Residence." The building thus indicated, though not a hovel, was only a tiny house. Long ago it had been painted white. Beside the path were a number of bamboo trees. The front door was locked, so Father Walter led me around to the back door. On the way we passed a very short and very cheerful-looking Chinese workman. Seeing me, he said to Father Walter, in Chinese, "A guest!" Father Walter answered, "A guest!" We went inside, through a tiny back hallway—evidently used as a combination entrance, washroom, laundry, kitchen, pantry, and storeroom—to the room which served as Father Walter's living and sleeping quarters. This contained a round table, a straight-backed davenport, a couple of chairs, a charcoal brazier, two small end tables, an old upright piano, an iron bedstead, a small piece of furniture that had apparently been a child's dressing table and that now had a few books on it, and a square table, against one wall, for a desk. Over the piano there were two pictures of Christ and one of the Virgin Mary. On the wall above the desk a large square of Chinese reed matting had been hung, and to the matting were pinned, in pyramidal symmetry, a Chinese calendar, a photograph of the Boston Common, and pictures of pheasants, quail, thrushes, and wrens cut from magazines and pasted on squares of corrugated cardboard. There was a crucifix on the desk. The room looked very plain and yet it had an air of comfort and warmth. "Well, well, well," Father Walter said. He motioned me to the davenport and sat in one of the chairs. As he settled himself, he lifted his beard away from his chest, then patted it down again. "Tell me about yourself," he said. Then, quickly, he added, "I'm sorry I have nothing to set before you."

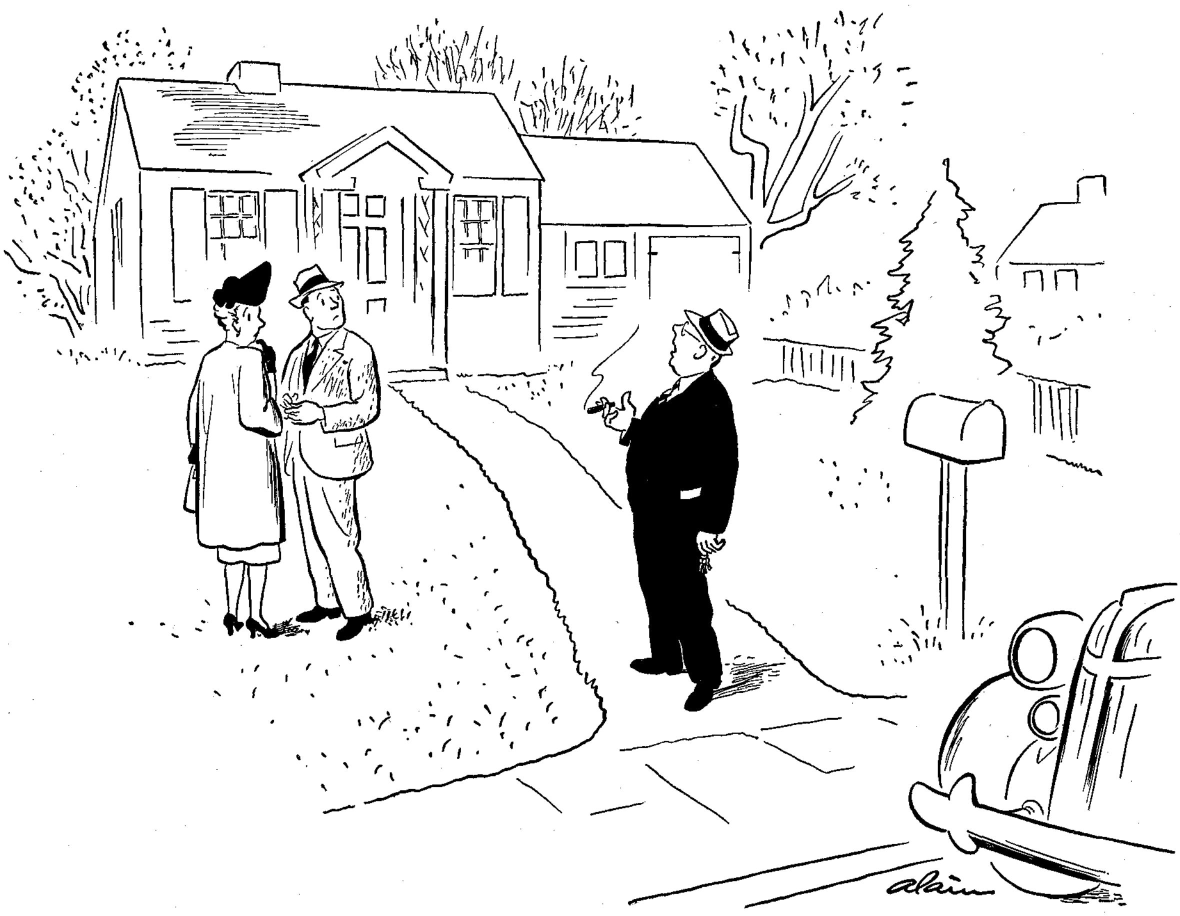
We talked about one thing and another, and gradually, diffidently, he told me about his work. He had a way of rolling his eyes up and half-closing them in mid-sentence, so that only slits of white showed at moments of emphasis or punctuation. Dusk fell as we talked, and Father Walter lit a candle. In the dim light his bearded face was deep-lined, broad, and powerful—too round for an El Greco, too saintly-strong for a Hogarth, but somewhere between the two. He talked of the Chinese, of the war, of mankind. From the very first, I had the impression that he was a man of extraordinary tranquillity. As I came to know him better, that evening and later on, I was obliged to decide that although he was a strange man in some respects, he was the happiest adult I had ever known. I thought, too, he realized how lucky he was. Once he said, after a long silence and apropos of nothing that had preceded, almost as if talking to himself, "Oh, yes, I'm a happy, happy man." I have wondered many times since I left Ichang about the basis of Father Walter's happiness; I have gone back over what I know about him, and I'm still not sure what his secret is.

WALTER MORSE was born fifty-four years ago in Milwaukee. His father was a coal dealer, a prosperous and worldly man. His mother was a strong, active, religious woman, and for her Walter developed an attachment which has evidently affected his whole life. "Mother was church," he told me once. "She and I went to services together. My father wasn't much of anything in a religious way; he wasn't baptized until just before he died." Mrs. Morse was a generator of good works, and she had the energy always to be "keeping something going." From her example, Walter got his compulsion to help others. His father had ambitions for him which did not suit him, but he tried hard to grow up in his father's likeness, because that was what his mother seemed to want. He attended high school in Milwaukee and was graduated from Racine College, in Racine, Wisconsin. He worked for three miserable years in a bank in Milwaukee. Then, for the first time, he broke away from home; he went to New York and took a job in a brokerage firm, Orvis Brothers. He began by running the stock board in the customers' room and later became a clerk. Far from getting a few pegs up on a fortune, he just managed to scrimp along. "I learned poverty in Wall Street," he told me. The first year he earned five dollars a week, the second he earned six. All through his time on the edge of the moneypots of lower and the fleshpots of upper Manhattan, he remained a devout, abstemious, rigid young man.

In 1917, when he was twenty-five, he decided to become a religious. He underwent, he says, no emotional crisis that led him to take monastic orders, unless, perhaps, it was the separation from his mother. "It was just like an amateur becoming a professional," he says. He made up his mind to be a Cowley Father—a member, that is, of the Society of Mission Priests of St. John the Evangelist. The order, which is devoted to missionary work, was founded under the Church of England in 1865, in a suburb of Oxford called Cowley. An Episcopal branch of the Society was formed in the United States seventy-three years ago, with headquarters in Boston. Cowley Fathers are rare: there are only twenty-five in America and only about a hundred the world over. Joining the order was quite a step for a man of twenty-five, for he was obliged to take irrevocable vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. This meant that he could never again call anything his own except the clothes on his back, that he could never indulge in venery, and that for the rest of his life he must adhere to the laws of the Society and the precepts of the Bible. There is no such thing as resigning from the Society of St. John the Evangelist: once a Cowley Father, always one, until death. Walter's parents were not especially upset when he announced his intention of taking orders; his father, he says, "had always been afraid I would go that way." The Society requires a novitiate period and does not accept members as full Fathers until they have reached their thirtieth year. When the United States entered the first World War, Walter was given leave of absence from the Society and for a year he served in the Army. He was a noncombatant and did not go overseas. After the war he attended Nashotah Seminary, near Milwaukee, and when he was thirty he became a Father.

Soon afterward, Father Walter was sent to his first missionary post, which was in Korea. He spent ten years there. "I thrive on solitude," he told me one Sunday afternoon when I asked if he wasn't lonely in Ichang. "In Korea there were times when I was by myself for days and there were stretches when I didn't hear a voice speak English for six months on end." In Korea, Father Walter learned to read and talk Chinese. Then he spent five years in Japan. In 1937, when the war in China began, he went to Shanghai to help organize shelter, food, and protection for Chinese who had been made homeless by the fighting there. Refugee aid got fairly well organized in Shanghai, so, when the Japs showed signs of starting a drive inland, Father Walter made his way out through their lines and went by boat up the Yangtze ahead of the invaders to the city of Wuhu, about two hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai. He stayed there while the Japanese stormed the city, and then he rounded up as many as he could of the homeless and provided relief for them. Then he broke through the Japanese lines again and moved upriver to Hankow, where once more he received the Japanese and succored the population.

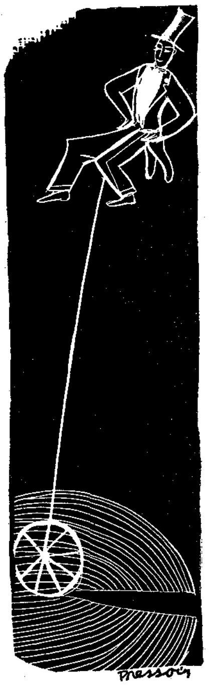
When, later, he slipped out of Hankow, he found that travelling farther inland by boat on the Yangtze was impossible, so, with a timorous Chinese guide, he started to walk a hundred and twenty-five miles overland to the cotton center of Shasi. All the way, the Chinese guide warned Father Walter of perils ahead, but such a jolly apparition as Father Walter seemed to soften the hearts of the Chinese thieves and murderers who were roaming the



"You don't have to decide right away. Talk it over and let me know in five minutes or so."

panic-stricken countryside. At a ferry station on a lake, the guide learned that frequently travellers using the ferry were robbed and killed; he refused at first to go aboard the ferry. But Father Walter calmed him, and the pair crossed the water unmolested. As they got near Shasi, they approached a town notorious for its bandits. The guide again protested, but Father Walter, magnificent in his beard, ambled into town and the bandits received him as an honored guest. "Do you want to look at my things?" Father Walter asked the head bandit. "I have some very nice things." He had, as a matter of fact, only a bundle of clothes, a little cutlery, some toilet articles, and a watch and a pen. He had no money; people gave him food along the way. "Oh, we wouldn't touch *your* things," the head bandit said. The next day the bandits sent Father Walter and the quaking guide on their way, on horseback. "You'd never find people so helpful in Korea or Japan," Father Walter told me.

Father Walter went by boat from Shasi to Ichang, and there he settled down in the Episcopal Mission compound to wait for the Japanese. The Episcopal Mission was in the strong and worthy hands of another American, a Deaconess Riebe. Father Walter instructed her in all the tricks of handling relief work during the investment of a city, for by now he was a veteran. In this instance, as it turned out, he had plenty of time to prepare; it took the Japanese nearly a year to get into Ichang. In the interval, Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe laid in a big stock of rice. Finally, the Japanese attacked. The assault lasted five days, during which the city was reduced from a Yangtze trans-shipment port of a hundred and ten thousand people to a burned-out collection of shattered houses and a population of no more than fifteen thousand, five thousand of whom sought asylum in the five-acre Episcopal Mission compound. It was summer, and they slept on the ground. Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe cooked for them and fed them. In the compound, there was, fortunately, an excellent well that supplied enough water for all. And after the battle was over, the Chinese were able to sneak out of the compound and pick up odds and ends of food and pieces of matting to build some sort of shelter.



Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe entertained their five thousand guests for the next two years. For all of that time, one of the pair was always on duty at the gate of the compound. As Father Walter stood guard, he read Dickens; he had found a complete set in the Custom House library, and he read every word of it at least once. Whenever Japanese soldiers tried to come through the gate, he rebuked them with dignity and just the right amount of heat. They always went away. Sometimes, though, they would climb the wall at some distance from the gate. Father Walter, who despite his girth was in excellent physical shape, always ran down the trespassers, took them by the collar, and persuaded them, with Christian firmness and in their own language, which he had learned during his stay in their fatherland, to climb out of the compound right where they had come over the wall. The day after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese rounded up all the other foreigners in town—about thirty of them, mostly British working for trading firms, and Belgian and French Catholic missionaries—and interned them on the grounds of an old Lutheran mission in town. Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe, however, told the Japanese commandant that they intended to stay on in their compound to take care of the refugees. The commandant acquiesced.

Five months later, the Japanese said that an exchange of Japanese and American civilian prisoners was being arranged and that they were prepared to send Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe out of China; leaving was "voluntary." Father Walter and Deaconess Riebe thanked the Japanese but said they thought they'd stay on in Ichang, where they were needed. A few days afterward, the Japanese came back and said that the exchange was now a "military measure" and that the two were to prepare at once to go down the river and get aboard the Gripsholm, the repatriation ship. Father Walter hated to go, but in a way the order to depart was a relief. Life had developed a sameness; he was getting well into his second round of the complete works of Dickens.

Father Walter left Ichang in May, 1942. He had then spent, altogether, nearly five years in China doing refugee relief work. He had come to like the Chinese better than any other people he had ever known, better even than his own. A poor man, he had lived at close quarters with poor Chinese, and he had learned what the Chinese needed most. It was medical care. War was, he knew, ephemeral. Disease was most certainly not. In his five years in China, he had seen thousands of horrible tropical ulcers (the kind that is so common in China, years old, inches in diameter, so deep that bone shows at the core), he had seen the sores of scabies and syphilis, scalps whitened with fungus infections, noses and cheeks half eaten with leprosy. In the compound at Ichang, he had felt foreheads scorched by typhoid, typhus, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria, malaria, smallpox, scarlet fever, undulant fever, pneumonia, and fevers for which he did not even know the names. On the way home on the Gripsholm, Father Walter, now fifty years old, conceived a noble and rather fantastic idea.

UPON arriving in the States, Father Walter went to Boston. For a few months, dressed in the cassock of his order, he lectured before women's clubs, library associations, town meetings, and school assemblies. Each group paid him a small fee. He hoarded this money. This thriftiness was compatible with his vow of poverty because the money, in his eyes, did not belong to him. He was delighted with America. He thought that the war had made most Americans better people. "It always used to be very hard going around looking so strange," he said to me one day. "But during the war the whole attitude was changed. It was actually pleasant. People really tried to be nice." When he had saved more than a thousand dollars, he asked his acquaintances what they thought was the best hospital in Boston. They recommended the Massachusetts General. Like most hospitals during the war, it was desperately short of help and was issuing appeals for volunteers. He went around and offered his services as an orderly. Father Walter did not particularly like the atmosphere at the hospital. "That's just about the snootiest place, I should think, in the country," he remarked. The personnel interviewer who talked to him said, "We'll let you know." Some time later the hospital sent word, in a roundabout way, that it was terribly sorry but Father Walter's appearance—the beard and cassock—was

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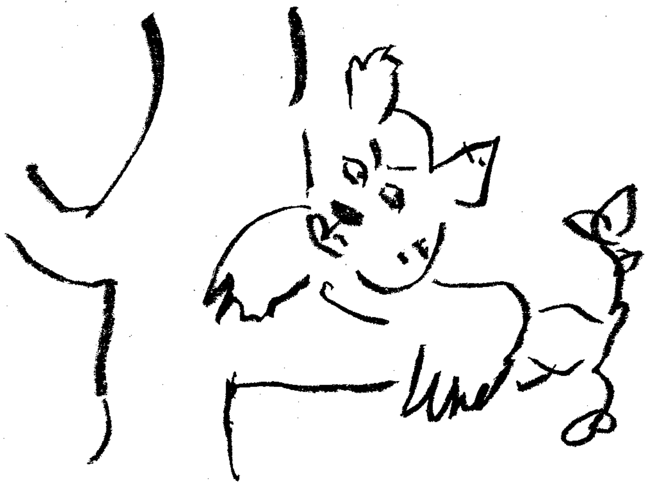
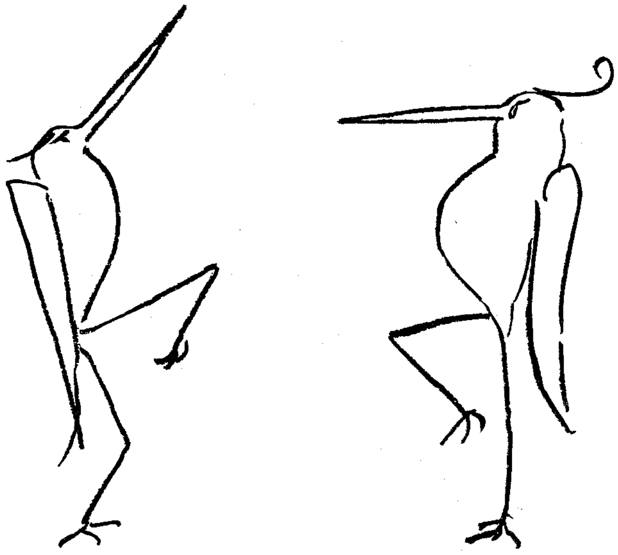
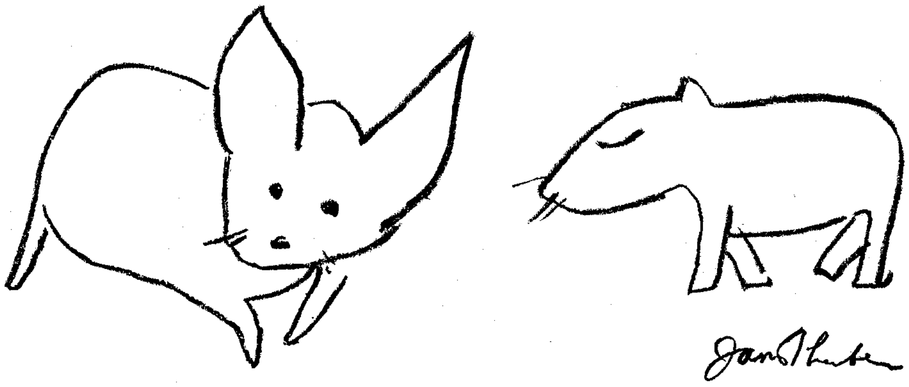


The Tantamount



A pair of Martinets



The Bodkin (left) and the Chintz

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"too uncouth." He went to the Boston City Hospital, a predominantly Irish Roman Catholic institution, and there he found the people more to his liking. He talked a while with a nurse in the Voluntary Employment Bureau. She took him to Dr. James W. Manary, the head of the whole hospital. Dr. Manary laughed about the Massachusetts General. Then Father Walter told Dr. Manary what he wanted to do. He said he would like to be an orderly, so that in time he could learn all there was to know about every ailment that a layman could relieve without doing a patient any injury. Then he would return to China and heal whomever he could among the poor. Dr. Manary said that he would not think of letting Father Walter waste his time as an orderly. Father Walter would be given the freedom of the hospital to study. Dr. Manary told him to drop in any day and every day, visit any department he wished, ask any doctor any question he wanted, use any book he needed, and learn whatever else he could by acting as an assistant to a nurse. For six months, Father Walter went to Boston City Hospital every day except Sunday. He learned a lot.

In the summer of 1943, the State Department announced that a few missionaries would be allowed to enter Free China. Father Walter asked permission to go and hurried to New York to equip himself. First, he studied the catalogues of all the big drug concerns in the city to find out which specialized in what medicines. Then he began calling at their offices. He would simply go in cold, present himself to the receptionist, tell her what he was after, and ask to see the president of the company. In most cases the receptionist, out of either amazement or sympathy, called the president and Father Walter was ushered in. "After the presidents took one look at me," he told me, "I didn't have to do much explaining. I look so strange they knew something was in the wind. I would just say, 'I'm going out to China to heal people. I want some of those nice medicines of yours. I want you to give them to me free.' " Almost all the presidents—or vice-presidents, in some cases—came through handsomely. He went to Lederle, Winthrop, Squibb, Upjohn, Lilly, Merck, American Pharmaceutical, Parke, Davis, and Schieffelin, and if a company did not give him what he asked for outright, it gave him part and sold him the rest at wholesale prices. He continued until he had used up his thousand dollars. Lederle and Winthrop were especially generous. Dr. F. J. Stockman, a vice-president of Winthrop, slipped Father Walter a five-dollar bill at the end of their interview. "I was so touched," Father Walter recalled. "He was the nicest person." At American Pharmaceutical, Benjamin J. Wallach, the advertising manager, said to him, "You just relax, Mister. You let us make up a little list of things we think you'll need in China, and we'll send the stuff around to you." "And they did," Father Walter said. "They sent me aspirin, cascara, bicarbonate of soda, zinc oxide, boric-acid ointment—a great big five-pound jar of it—oh, all sorts of nice things, just the kind of things I would have overlooked."

Father Walter is quite proud, in a not sinful way, of getting these big, impersonal firms to give him what he needed. "After all, you know," he says, "I'm a professional beggar." He did his soliciting absolutely on his own. The Episcopal hierarchy seemed, in fact, to feel that Father Walter's endeavors were a bit embarrassing and low-toned. One clergyman intimated to him that if he must go begging, it would be more dignified to ask for money and buy medicine with it "in the normal way." "Some persons," Father Walter remarked to me, "have a motto: 'Let's be respectable or die.' I'd rather die."

BEFORE he knew it, Father Walter had in his first-aid kit fifteen hundred pounds of drugs, powders, plasters, bandages, instruments, pills, potions, and salves. His next job—and a hard one—was getting them and himself out to the heart of China, free. He wheedled passage and a seventy-five-pound baggage allowance on a British freighter, the Diomed, a Blue Funnel ship, Captain Hey master, which was sailing soon for Bombay. Father Walter took a chance on the British skipper's generosity and showed up at the dock with a truck carrying all fifteen hundred pounds of his medicines. Sure enough, Captain Hey took it aboard. The ship sailed on September 15th. In mid-Atlantic, the Diomed received a wireless to change its route and go to Durban, in the Union of South Africa. There the ship began to unload. Captain Hey said to Father Walter, "I've no guarantee, but I think that if you stand by for a few weeks, we'll be going on to Bombay, and I'd be glad to ship you and your medicaments." There was no alternative, so Father Walter stood by. But he did not waste his time. He began to practice his profession of begging in Durban. The drug houses there responded most generously. They gave him an assortment of things that it had been almost impossible to get in the States—such as mercurochrome, and gentian violet, acriflavine (for skin diseases), and other aniline-dye drugs—and a treated elastic adhesive tape called Elastoplast, which proved to be one of the most valuable things in the whole collection. The firms in Durban gave him, in all, five hundred pounds of material. The ship began at last to load for Bombay, and Father Walter said to Captain Hey, "Now I have a ton of things. May I bring all that aboard?" "All you want," said Captain Hey. During the Diomed's layover in Durban, the local customs officials stored Father Walter's packages without making the usual charges. Furthermore, when the time came to put them back aboard, the chief customs inspector pitched in and helped Father Walter mark and repack his goods in such a way that nothing would break and he would know which package each thing was in.

The ship got to Bombay. "In India," Father Walter told me, "I met the same courtesy I had met in the United States and South Africa." There he encountered a Parsee named Captain N. J. Vazifdar, a representative of the Indian Red Cross. Father Walter explained his problem to Captain Vazifdar: he wanted now to get to Calcutta free, with his ton of "hand baggage." Captain Vazifdar said that he could give Father Walter a pass on the railroad and would do so; as for baggage charges, the Indian Red Cross office in Calcutta would gladly pay them if he could get the railroad company to carry the medicines there on credit. Father Walter talked the railroad into accepting this rather tenuous arrangement and got to Calcutta. There he was very much surprised when the Indian Red Cross said that Captain Vazifdar must have been suffering from heatstroke; the Indian Red Cross certainly could not transport the impedimenta of unauthorized persons all over the place. In great distress, Father Walter wrote Captain Vazifdar a letter and sat down to wait. Six weeks later he received from his Parsee friend his own check for two hundred and thirty rupees, and the railroad was paid off.

Now came the hardest part of all—getting from Calcutta over the Hump. For the next six weeks, Father Walter trudged to office after office collecting rebuffs. He began with the United States Army, and although he had pleasant conversations with scores of enlisted men, and occasionally was hospitably received by a lieutenant or a captain, he never succeeded in penetrating the Army's defense-in-depth. "I wasn't allowed to see the General," he told me. "I still wonder, sometimes, what sort of a person I would have found him. Probably a very kind man. But busy." Next he tried the Chinese Army, with no greater success. "What was going on then," Father Walter said, unconsciously lowering his voice, "was this great squeeze of contraband flying over the Hump. No one could make any profit out of carrying my poor pills." At the American Red Cross, someone finally made a helpful suggestion: Father Walter should go to see a Mr. Hsu, of the Chinese National Health Administration. He managed to talk with Mr. Hsu and a representative of the Chinese National Aviation Corporation, which was flying planes over the Hump. They said they would be glad to see that he and the medicines got to Kunming. Then Father Walter broke

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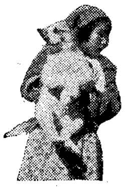

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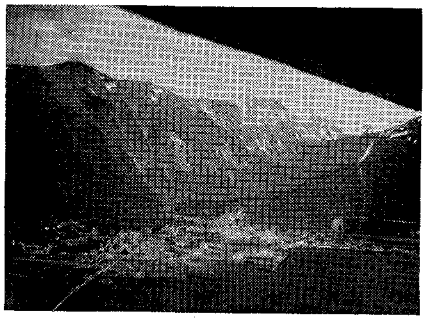

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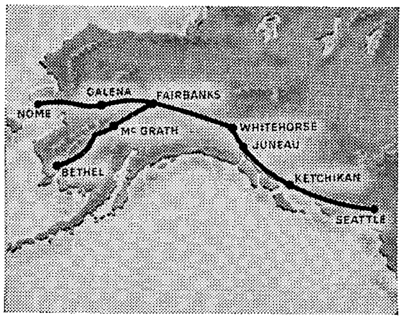

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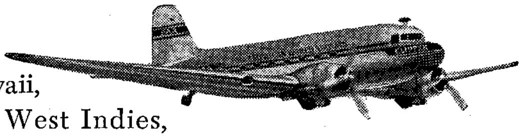

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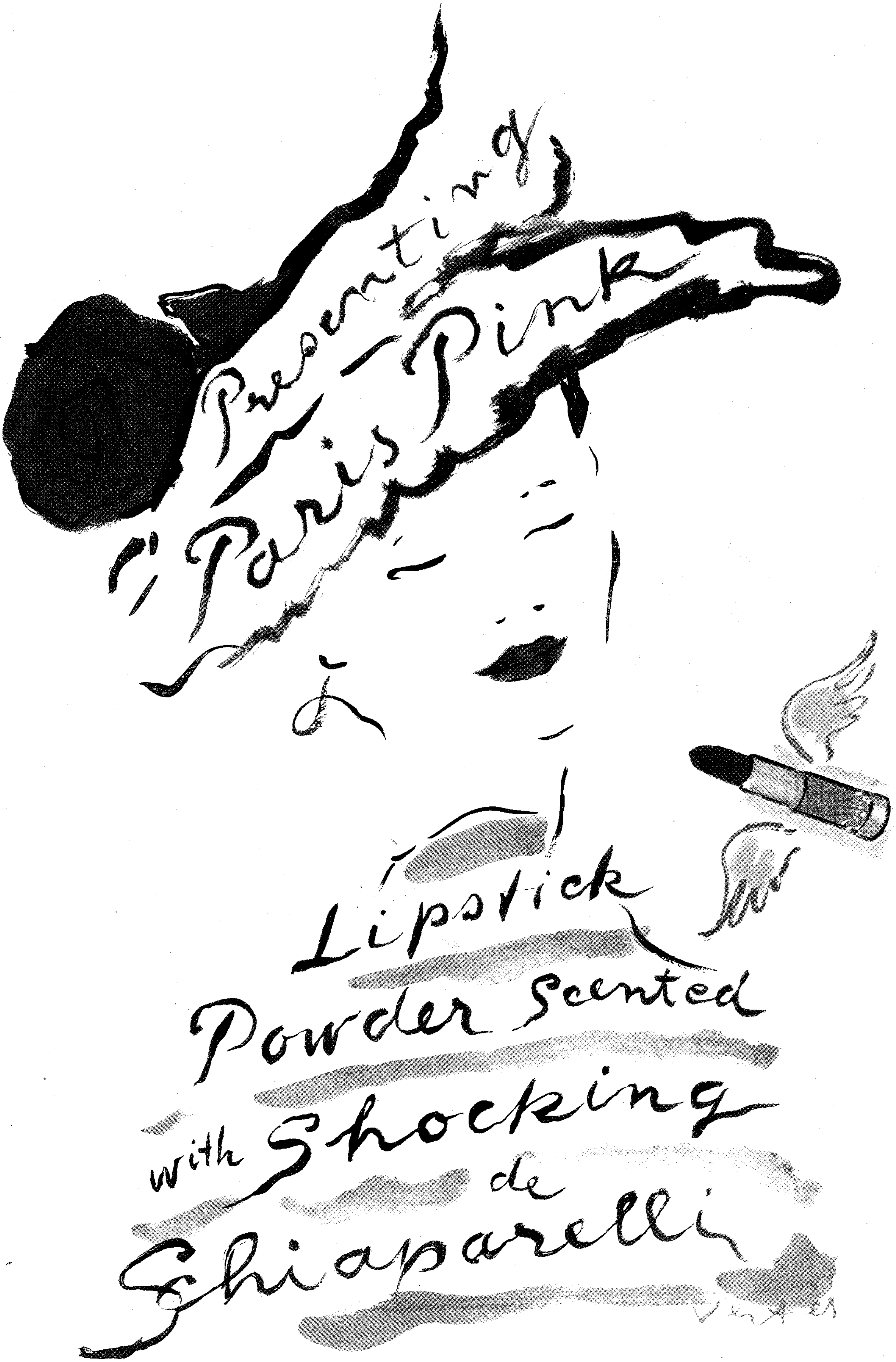
the first rule for a wartime traveller: never get separated from your gear. He flew to Kunming, and there he got a letter from Mr. Hsu. The deal was off; permission, it seemed, had not been granted to transport the medicines; extremely sorry. This cost Father Walter eight months of nightmare. He was, to begin with, far from his precious hoard. Next, he received a letter from the Calcutta customs saying that the ton of parcels was piling up a very handsome demurrage charge. He did not dare to try to go back to Calcutta, for fear he would never get into China again. He started writing letters himself—to soldiers and civilians in both Chungking and Calcutta—and every day he paid influential people of Kunming a few fruitless calls. At last he met a major in the Army Air Forces who said that if he could get his stuff to Dibrugarh, in Assam, the Army would take it over the top. Father Walter wrote Mr. Hsu, who, evidently feeling that he was about to lose face, at once popped the ton over the Hump to Kunming and even persuaded the Calcutta customs to forget the storage charges. When the packages arrived at Kunming, not a bottle had been broken, not a pill had been lost. "That," Father Walter remarked, "says a lot for India and China."

It was now October, 1944. Father Walter had been on the road from New York for more than a year. He was in China, but he was still a long way from Ichang. The Japanese were mounting what appeared to be a heavy attack against southwest China and the American Army was preparing for the evacuation of its forces from the threatened area. "I'd been hoicked up out of China once by the Japs," Father Walter told me, "but I'd come so far this time that I couldn't turn back." Once his luck with the American Army changed, it stayed good. A word to an Army chaplain named McNamara, in Kunming, brought a whole detachment of G.I.s to see Father Walter. They packed his parcels into crates, put them on a truck, drove them all the way to Chungking, and stored them in a dry room at the Army hospital there. Father Walter himself rode another truck to Kweiyang. The Japanese drive on that city was at that moment collapsing, just thirty miles away. If he had had his drugs, Father Walter thinks he might have stayed in Kweiyang, because he saw "a great need" there. The situation being what it was, he went on by truck to Chungking.

To get free passage downriver, toward Ichang, required three more weeks of supplication. "See a different person, try another channel—my, it was wearing!" he recalled. He finally talked the Ming Sen Company, operators of river steamers, into carrying him as far as Patung, fifty miles up along the Gorges from the Japanese front lines, which were still at Ichang. Patung was an advanced Chinese Army supply base, and in the nine months he had to wait there he practiced with his medicines on the Chinese soldiers. As soon as the war ended and traffic began to run all the way down the river, he begged, and was given, transportation to Ichang for himself and baggage.

FATHER WALTER got back to Ichang in September, 1945, just two years after he had left New York. When he reached the city, the grass was growing tall in Second Horse Street, which before the war had been the main shopping avenue. Only four or five thousand of the inhabitants had returned to town from the mountains and from upriver. Among them there were many with the sores and fevers Father Walter wanted to attend to. He went right to work. Since then the population of the city, both healthy and halt, has steadily swelled, and few hours of his life have been idle.

He wakes up now, literally by cock crow, at about four-thirty in the morning. He has each day a certain number of devotions to get through, including a reading of Mass. These he does early, and afterward he sterilizes his instruments, breaks out new bandages, and fills his medicine kit with what he thinks he will need that day. At eight o'clock he walks to his home-made clinic—the bombed-out, roofless anteroom of what was once a mission house in the town. He tucks a clean white apron under his beard and sits down on a wooden stool in the open air, walled in by whitewashed ruins, with a couple of piles of bricks as seats for waiting patients to



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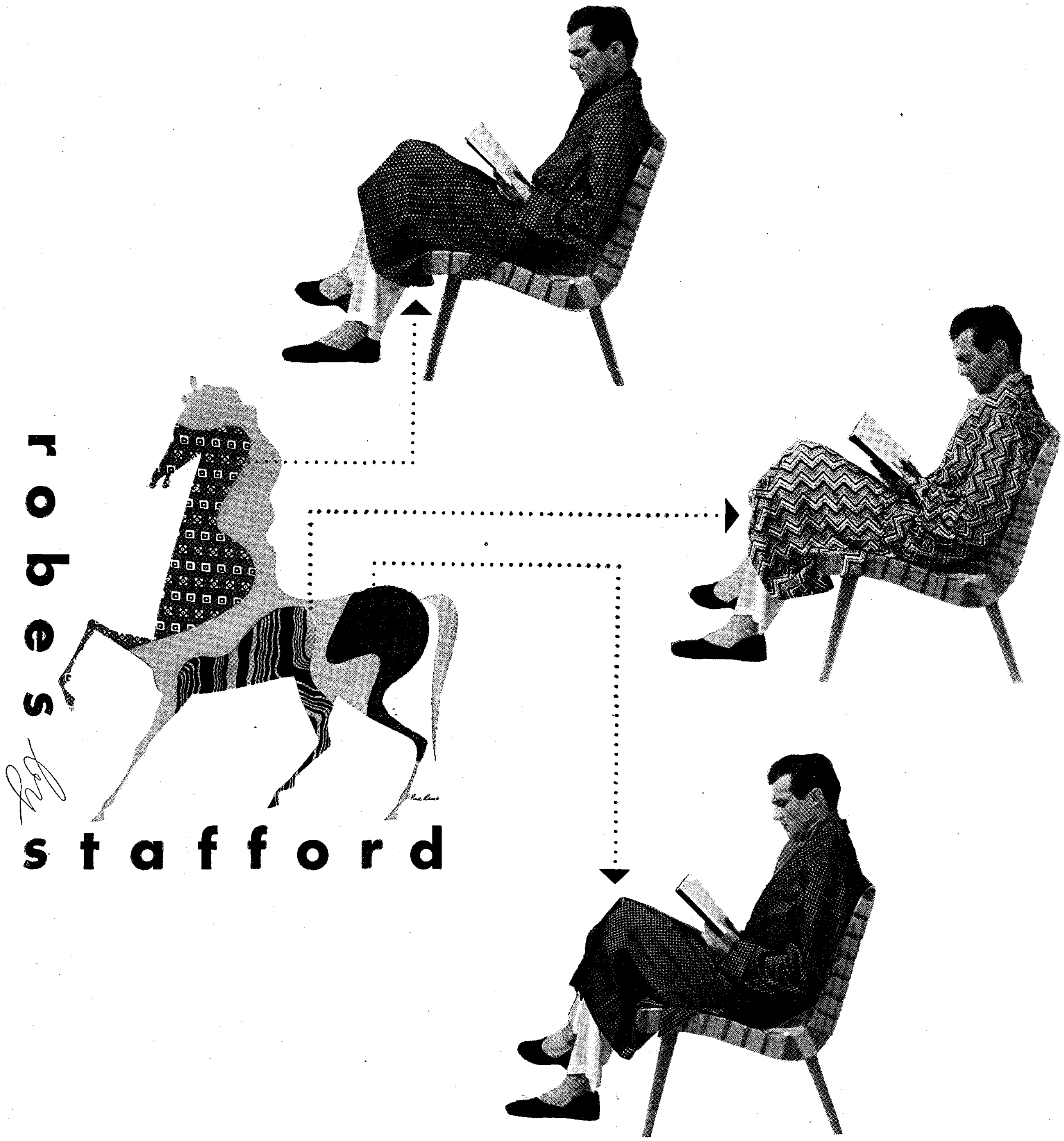

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whom standing is painful, and with his medicine kit, a large tin Gold Flake cigarette container holding what he affectionately calls "my various condiments" open beside him on a table made of rubble.

The patients come in by the dozen off the street, through a beautiful white arch that supports nothing. Father Walter didn't have to hang out a shingle; the news of his work spread quickly through the town. An old water carrier whom he cured of an ulcer has appointed himself his assistant (at a moderate salary), and he crouches beside the Gold Flake box, handing Father Walter bandages and instruments and boiled water or whatever he asks for. The Chinese idea of entertainment is not always ours; the patients crowd around Father Walter and watch with earthy delight as he cleans out a monstrous purple-and-green ulcer on a coolie's leg and covers it with Elastoplast, or probes a deep infection in a small boy's thigh and stuffs it with sulfa powder, or puts copper sulphate under the lids of an old woman's trachomatous eye, or smears the sores of a boatman's scabies with sulphur ointment (which, because of the incidence of the disease, is called, in Chinese, the "universal medicine"). There is no horror in these sights for them; there is only pleasure in watching Father Walter's gentle work and listening to his quaint remarks. His Chinese is the literary language that he learned in Korea, a tongue quite unlike the vernacular. "It is like talking on a different plane," Father Walter says, "as if you used nothing but Platonic ideas." The faces of the waiting patients are fascinating to watch: they are full of the primitive awe of aborigines in the presence of a tribal witch doctor, but, unlike aborigines, they do not fear the medicine man; obviously, they love him. They laugh with him and they believe in him enough so that their belief, as well as his unguents and powders, repairs them. Perhaps in those faces is the clue to Father Walter's secret. There is no doubt that he finds a lot of satisfaction in the work. "Some of the cures have been really remarkable," he told me. He does not mix religion with his healing. "People were too shaken up by the war to bother their heads with doctrine," he says. Yet his example unquestionably serves as a kind of preachment.

His "customers," as he calls the patients, are all indigent. Once in a while a man in a fur-lined gown and a round silk hat comes to him, but Father Walter will not treat people of that type. "You can buy your medicines on the street," he tells them. "My things are only for the very poor." Those who have cash can, as a matter of fact, buy their stuff right across the street, because an opportunistic Chinese merchant, seeing the crowds that Father Walter drew to his clinic in the gateway, set up, directly opposite, an establishment called the Great Asiatic Drug Company. "I hear that they do a very poor business," Father Walter told me with satisfaction. He finds the drugstore a convenience, however. Occasionally he barters with the proprietor—when he needed some ichthyol ointment, he swapped some atabrin for a jar of it—and he takes his syphilitic cases there for neoarsphenamine treatments, which he does not feel qualified to administer and for which he pays with sulfathiazole.

Father Walter has time to treat about sixty patients a day. If he had more time, more patients would come; the customers seem to regulate their attendance in accordance with his capacity to handle them. "The Chinese especially like a quack," he says. "People come to me who wouldn't think of going to a hospital." An Army doctor in Chungking told him that he had a better supply of drugs than any civilian hospital in China, so there may be some soundness in their instinct.

At about one o'clock, Father Walter leaves his gateway clinic and goes on foot to visit patients who are too sick to come to him. Among these are cases of typhoid, typhus, dysentery, malaria, cholera, and meningitis. He has cured many people of meningitis, which had always been a notorious killer around Ichang, by using sulfadiazine. Sometime around three, he gets home to his white cottage. After washing, he prepares and eats his only meal of the day. His diet is healthful but narrow—potatoes, carrots, beans, Chinese cabbage, and pork, in various stews and permutations, and fruits in their season. He never eats rice. Once in a while he buys himself some small cakes or sweets. He lives on six hundred Chinese dollars a day, currently thirty-five American cents. Out of the five hundred and forty gold dollars he receives each year from the Episcopal Mission Board, he pays all his expenses and the salaries of his gateman at the clinic and his factotum at the cottage. This man, whose name is Yang, is an old, thick-tongued farmer. "I've never understood a word he has said," Father Walter told me. Neither, of course, does Yang understand Father Walter's Platonic ideas. But they get along fine.

To judge by Father Walter's cir-

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JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
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SAN FRANCISCO—Geary Theatre
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
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HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • PEGGY FRENCH

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Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER
Book by Arna BONTEMPS & Countee CULLEN
Production Directed by
ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Settings & Costumes by LEMUEL AYERS
with THE NICHOLAS BROS., PEARL BAILEY
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RAY BOLGER
In a New Revue
Three To Make Ready
Sketches & Lyrics by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
ADELPHI THEA., 54th St. East of B'way.
CI. 6-5097. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Moves Mon., May 20 to BROADHURST Thea., W. 44th

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VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with EDDIE FOY, Jr.
Jack Whiting • Odette Myrtil • Dorothy Stone
46th St. Thea., W. of B'way. CI 6-6075
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

cumference, he subsists well enough on his fare. He welcomes deviations, however. Recently he had his first cup of coffee in a year. One evening I took him to a restaurant to give him some Chinese food, and as he ate he unconsciously uttered soft, monosyllabic exclamations of delight. Another time I took him a half-dozen cans of C-rations and vegetable juice a friend had let me have. He at once arranged them in a row on his table and read the labels out loud: " 'Meat and vegetable stew,' hmm. . . . 'Meat and beans,' aah. . . . Let me see—'A refreshing and nourishing combination of vegetable juices from eight kinds of selected garden-fresh vegetables, blended in proper proportions to develop a delicious, pleasing flavor'—oh, my goodness! . . ."

In what remains of daylight after his meal, Father Walter washes the apron he wears when he is at the clinic, boils water for the next day's session, and cleans his cottage. Then he reads for a while. His medical library consists of two books, and in these he browses now and then: "Manson's Tropical Diseases" and a United States Army manual of dermatology. As often as he can, he reads what he calls "shop." At present it is Volume II of Frederic W. Farrar's "Lives of the Fathers"—the biographies of Saints Augustine, Basil, Jerome, Chrysostom, and Gregory of Nyssa. When he tires of reading, he may play the piano. He is quite an expert. Mostly he plays Chopin études and the preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord." He has a tuning key with which he keeps the piano, lent him by the mission, in good pitch.

On pleasant evenings, he just sits in the window of his room and looks out. His yard is a peaceful sight, despite the fact, for which he apologizes to visitors, that "the backhouse is in the foreground." Not far from the cottage there is a garden framed by trees of many sorts—camphor, bamboo, peach, apricot, orange, oak, sycamore, acacia, and long-needled pine. Birds like the ones in the pictures over his desk come there, and sometimes parrots and many small birds whose feathers and songs are both brilliant. Monkeys play around the garden once in a while. Watching them, Father Walter says, is much better than reading newspapers. "News I almost never get until it's two or three months old," he told me. "By that time it doesn't make any difference—things have either succeeded or failed."

On Sundays he sees only those cus-

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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
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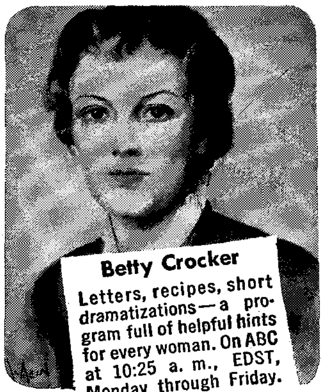

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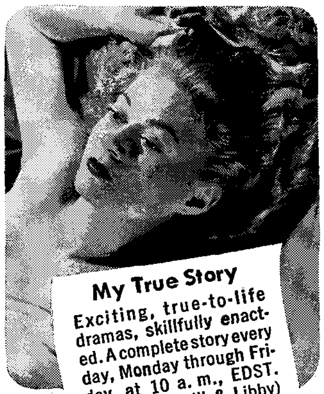

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—Lewis Nichols, Times
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tomers who need him badly. At eight o'clock in the morning he reads Mass in Chinese, at the chapel in the mission compound, for the thirty-odd Christians who have returned to Ichang out of the three hundred who were there before the war. He has, to assist him, a male and a female catechist, both Chinese. The rest of Sunday he writes letters, reads shop, practices the piano, contemplates the garden, and sometimes takes inventory of his medicines. He has already used up about a quarter of his ton. He has never taken a pill himself. He gets lots of exercise simply by walking around, sleeps well (he goes to bed at eight every night), and enjoys excellent health. Even on the Sabbath, his bearing is not the least sanctimonious. Altogether, he scarcely lives up to the common concept of the missionary as a holier-than-thou prig. He has lost the rigidity of his younger days; he is mellow and easy now. He also gives an impression, despite his prim and careful speech, of an exceedingly solid virility.

Father Walter seems, in fact, to be a match for the entire Twenty-sixth Chinese Army, the headquarters of which is encamped in the mission compound. He is trying hard to get the Army out of the compound. "They're just naughty," he says gently, and then thunders, "The *brigands!*" He has written several times to Chungking, and he has warned the soldiers that the Generalissimo and the American Embassy will someday take action against them. "But Chungking is so far away," he says sadly. "They don't seem to care. If these Twenty-sixth Army people had been as active five years ago as they are today in resisting *me*, the Japs would never have got this far." The soldiers have their own medical detachment in the compound, but whenever any of them gets sick, he goes to Father Walter. The other day, Father Walter went to the Army's prison stockade, which seems to be well populated all the time, and treated the sick through the barbed wire. No one stopped him.

Some of the soldiers have given him a bit of trouble. Not long after Father Walter returned to Ichang, one of them, claiming to be the commanding officer's representative, asked to inspect his supply of medicines, on the pretext that he had to make a report. Father Walter said, "That's personal property. That's more valuable to me than money. You wouldn't ask to see my money, would you?" The "representative," having lost face, retired. Later, some of the medicines disappeared. So did Father Walter's pen and watch. He knows who has the watch. He was treating the "representative" and another soldier in his room one day, and while he was busy with the second one, the watch, which was lying on his desk, disappeared. The "representative" gave himself away the next day, before Father Walter had even said anything, by blurting out, "I hear you have lost your watch." A week later, Father Walter saw the soldier on the street. The soldier turned his head away and pretended not to see him. The next time they passed, Father Walter went up to him and said, "You weren't cured of your trouble. You'd better come back." This was the simple truth. The soldier came back for further treatment, and since then the two of them have become good friends. Father Walter has never asked for his watch. "That man knows that I know what he's done to me," he told me, "and he knows that I don't hold it against him."

The soldier often drops in on Father Walter. On a recent Sunday he paid a formal call with his wife and talked sadly of conditions in China. "All that you say may be true," Father Walter replied, "but I still say that the Chinese heart is good. However bad a Chinese man may be on the outside, his heart is good."

"I think so, too," the soldier said.

"Oh, yes, the Chinese has the heart of a child," Father Walter said. He looked the soldier in the eye. "He's willing to be forgiven. That's the last word in humility."

The soldier blinked and said, "If you understand that, you understand us Chinese. We can't afford to be honest; we're too poor."

The conversation turned to the damage the Japanese had done to the mission property. The soldier said, "Why don't you put in claims against the Japanese?"

"That's gone and past," Father Walter said. "They didn't know what they were doing."

The soldier suddenly said, "If everyone in the world were like you, Father Walter, there would be no trouble anywhere."

Father Walter was very gay when he told me this story. He laughed off the soldier's tribute. "I don't know that that's true," he said. All the same, I think he has a sneaking feeling that it is.

—JOHN HERSEY

•

... roomy, casual as a greatcoat, colors as cheery as sunshine. Royal blue, green, greige, black.—*From an adv. in The New Yorker.*

Cheer, through a glass darkly.

THE RACE TRACK

Assault's Derby

IT'S easy to predict that if Assault runs as well in the Preakness as he did in the Kentucky Derby last weekend, the race at Pimlico on Saturday is going to be a one-horse affair, and it's no harder to predict that as Assault's opposition thins out during the season, people may start calling him another Whirlaway. Anyhow, it should be clear by this time that Assault is a good colt. He won the Kentucky Derby in much the same way that he won the Wood Memorial, except that he did it more easily and by a wider margin—eight lengths it was, this time. He got off well in the field of seventeen runners and was never far behind Spy Song and Knockdown, who were the leaders for three-quarters of the distance. Approaching the turn of the backstretch, Warren Mehrtens, his jockey, a pale young man from Brooklyn who occasionally rides with positive brilliance and other times doesn't do so well, got himself boxed in between Knockdown and Dark Jungle. This slight check probably worked to Assault's advantage in that it gave him a breather. After he was clear, and Mehrtens had saved ground at the stretch turn, the colt bounded into the lead in a dozen strides. Spy Song, who didn't sulk as he did in the Derby Trial earlier in the week, held on well to save second place from Hampden, but that's about all you could say for him.

I don't recall racing luck's ever running so badly for a stable as it did for Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's last week. After she lost almost all her expensive and highly prized two-year-olds in a fire at Arlington Park, in Chicago, everybody was hoping that she'd win the Derby. Not one of her entry was even in the money. My own disappointment was Knockdown, who went to pieces after a mile. I expect that he used himself up trying to kill off Spy Song for Lord Boswell, his stablemate, a job he simply wasn't up to. As for Lord Boswell, Arcaro, who rode him, said that the horse didn't like the heavy going. But then, the owners, trainers, and jockeys of all the other horses except the winner said exactly the same thing.

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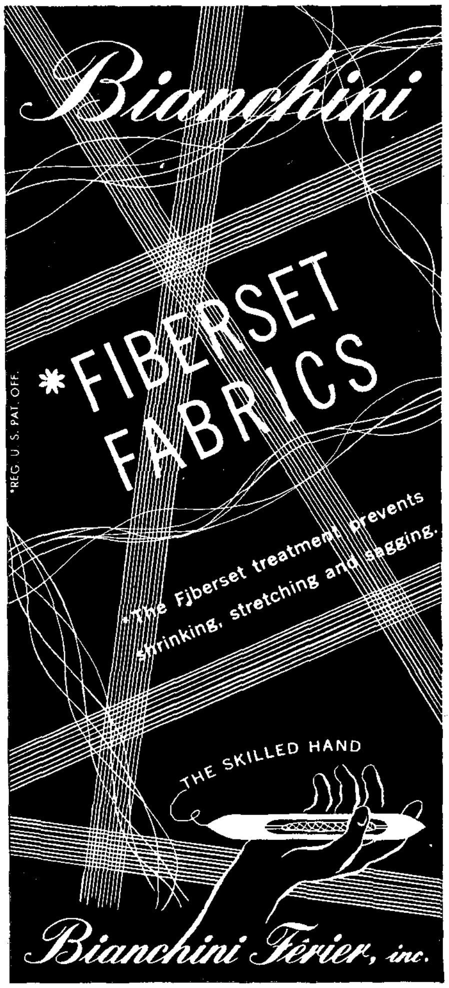

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*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

behaved racer than Assault, who is a medium-sized colt with a smooth way of running. He isn't the handsomest horse you ever saw, and he reminds you a lot of his papa, Bold Venture, who won the Derby for Morton Schwartz ten years ago. Assault is owned by Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., and was foaled on the Klebergs' vast King Ranch in Texas. Incidentally, the device on the stable's racing jacket is the King Ranch's Running W brand. Max Hirsch, Assault's trainer, is also a Texan. He was born in Fredericksburg and has been saddling Derby colts for a long time. His first starter in the big race was Norse King, in 1915, and his first winner was Bold Venture.

The Derby purse reached a new and possibly inflationary level this year; the nomination and starting fees, together with the $100,000 added by the Kentucky Jockey Club, brought the prize money to $124,450. Assault's share was $96,400, Spy Song's was $10,000, Hampden's $5,000, and Lord Boswell's was $2,500. A breeder's award of $2,500 went to the King Ranch, and the Kentucky Jockey Club gave Hirsch $3,000 for being the trainer of the winner.

Whether or not there were a hundred thousand spectators at Churchill Downs last Saturday is one of those questions that don't matter much. It seemed to me that the crowd wasn't so large as some I've been in at the track, notably the one in 1941. Nevertheless, Colonel Matt Winn, the patriarch of the Downs, has one unequivocal record: $1,202,474 was wagered on the Derby, more money than had ever before been bet on a horse race anywhere. Of course, mutuel tickets on the event were on sale from nine o'clock in the morning, when the gates of the Downs were opened, until a quarter past five, when the horses went on the track. The touts seemed to be holding a gathering of the clan in the enclosure, and practically all of them were working the jockey-agent gag, which I must say is pretty old. In the space of ten minutes, three men were pointed out to me as Arcaro's

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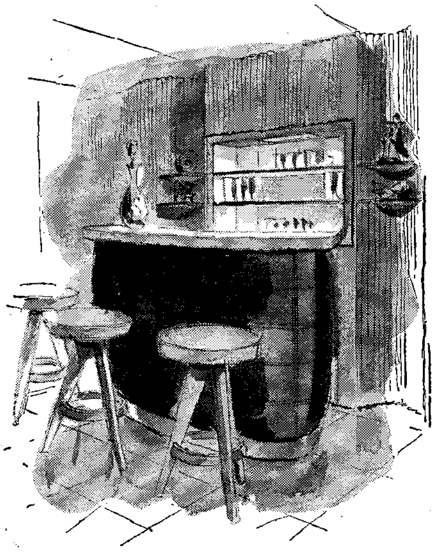

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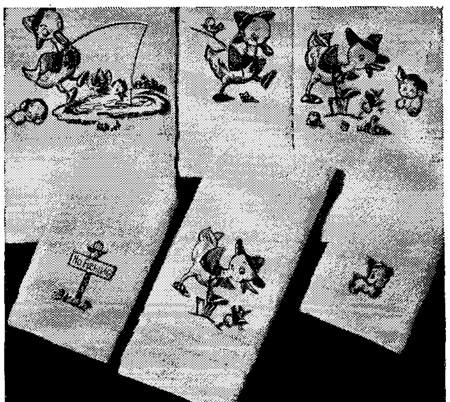

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agent, who, the tipsters assured me, could help me win a big bet.

THERE really isn't much to say about the rest of the racing at Churchill Downs. Just for the record, First Page won the seventy-second running of the Kentucky Oaks the afternoon before the Derby. She led all the way by lengths, beating Athenia (not to be confused with Athene, who was unplaced in the Pimlico Oaks last Saturday), Buzzaround, and eight others. First Page is a sturdy, dark bay filly by Johnstown who was bred by William Woodward and sold as a weanling for $800 to H. G. Jones, an Indianapolis dentist. Mrs. Jones, who christened the horse, says it's her idea to call the next racer her husband buys Second Page, and keep on until they have a small book. It's something for people who worry over horses' names to think about. . . . The best two-year-old I've seen under colors this season is Maine Chance Farm's Jet Pilot, who won the opening race on Derby Day by eight or nine lengths. You might keep him in mind for the next time you see his name in the entries.

SO Snow Boots couldn't beat Stymie after all. From what fragmentary reports I had of Jamaica last weekend, I gathered that there was a lot of rough riding in the Grey Lag Handicap, in which the two horses met. At any rate, Stymie seems to have been the best horse in the race, and I guess there's no use rambling on about tips that have gone wrong.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

Among the other modern works, Satie's "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear" seemed, to this observer, the most richly packed with plums.—*Virgil Thomson in the Herald Tribune.*

Mmm-m, fruit cake!

•

The two cops stepped out from behind the pillar and let go. Farrager fell dead, riddled with bullets.

Farrager dashed by the patrolmen and made his getaway—temporarily—into Amsterdam Av.—*The Post.*

Nice recovery, anyway.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Pleasantville* (N.Y.) *Townsman*]

No April 1 high jinks disturbed the organization of the new village Board Monday evening when newly-elected trustees John Cox and Lewis Marvin assumed their duties for the first time. The evening was devoted to appointments and assignations.

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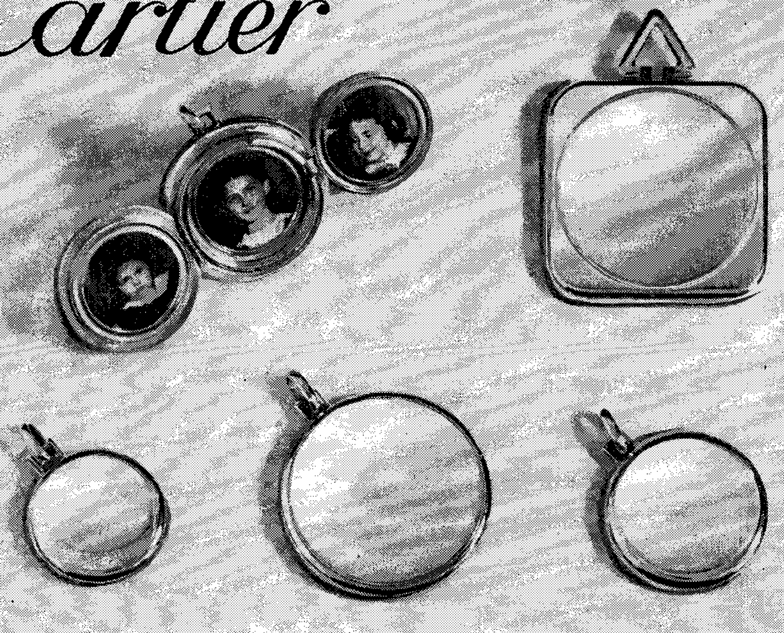

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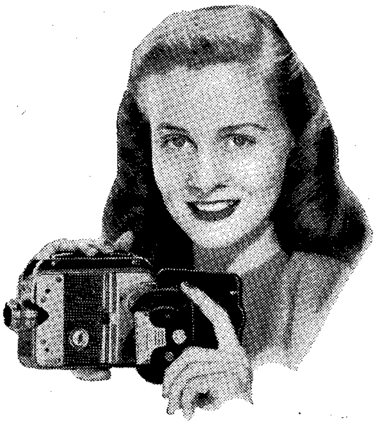

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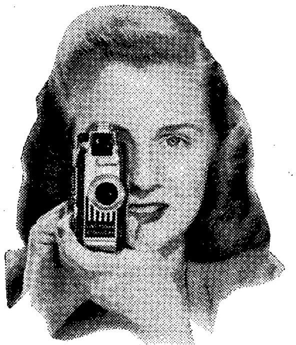

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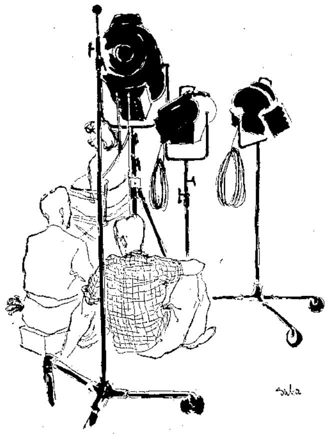
THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING

THE old embarrassment of an honorable purpose defeated by inept execution turned up again last week when "This, Too, Shall Pass" opened at the Belasco, the eighth offering, if my dazed recollection can be trusted, to enter that unhappy playhouse this season. This piece, the work of Don Appell, has to do with intolerance, the victim being a Jewish veteran, as was the case in a far superior drama called "Home of the Brave," a casualty at the same theatre somewhat earlier in the year. The story is comparatively simple. A young soldier brings a comrade, an older boy and obviously his idol, back to visit his family in a Middle Western town. A glowing correspondence has preceded their arrival, and the stranger is received affectionately by his friend's parents and somewhat more than affectionately by a young sister, who has been bewitched by his advance publicity and falls into his arms after a courtship that I timed at eight minutes. Everything, in fact, seems to be working out beautifully when the girl's mother finds out about his faith (everybody else has known about it all along but apparently has seen no reason to tell her) and she refuses to countenance the marriage. In view of the fact that she has been a pillar of local liberalism, an officer, in fact, of the Anti-Discrimination League, nobody has anticipated this attitude and the results are rather overpowering. The girl is miserably unable to defy her mother and lets her suitor go, a tragic decision, it turns out, since her brother is fatally injured when he runs out in an attempt to stop his friend's car. By what struck me as suspiciously easy theatrical magic, his death reunites the lovers and also alienates the older woman from her husband, who comes to see her clearly for the first time. In the end, the boy's father remarks, in effect, that it was better for his son to die than to have to face the idea that bigotry still survives in the nation he fought to save, and while I couldn't help feeling that this was a remarkably detached and philosophic observation under the circumstances, I guess it is acceptable as a general proposition.



Except for its virtuous intentions, however, practically everything in the world seems to be the matter with "This, Too, Shall Pass." It is relentlessly coy throughout, the behavior of the male characters being so excessively arch and playful (they go on a good deal about pillow fights) that it was occasionally hard to remember that anti-Semitism was really the issue at stake; it contains almost every cliché known to the stage, including the one in which a middle-aged husband says tenderly to his wife, "You haven't changed a bit, Martha. You're as lovely as the day I met you;" it is rich in very dubious theatrical devices, the most arresting, perhaps, being the manner in which the mother discovers that her guest is a Jew, a piece of stagecraft that I have no intention of trying to explain; and the five characters in the cast, while all lively, can scarcely be described as lifelike, the doomed son, who at the age of twenty-two still retains his childish enthusiasm for comic magazines, being a fairly accurate sample of the odd backwardness of their minds.

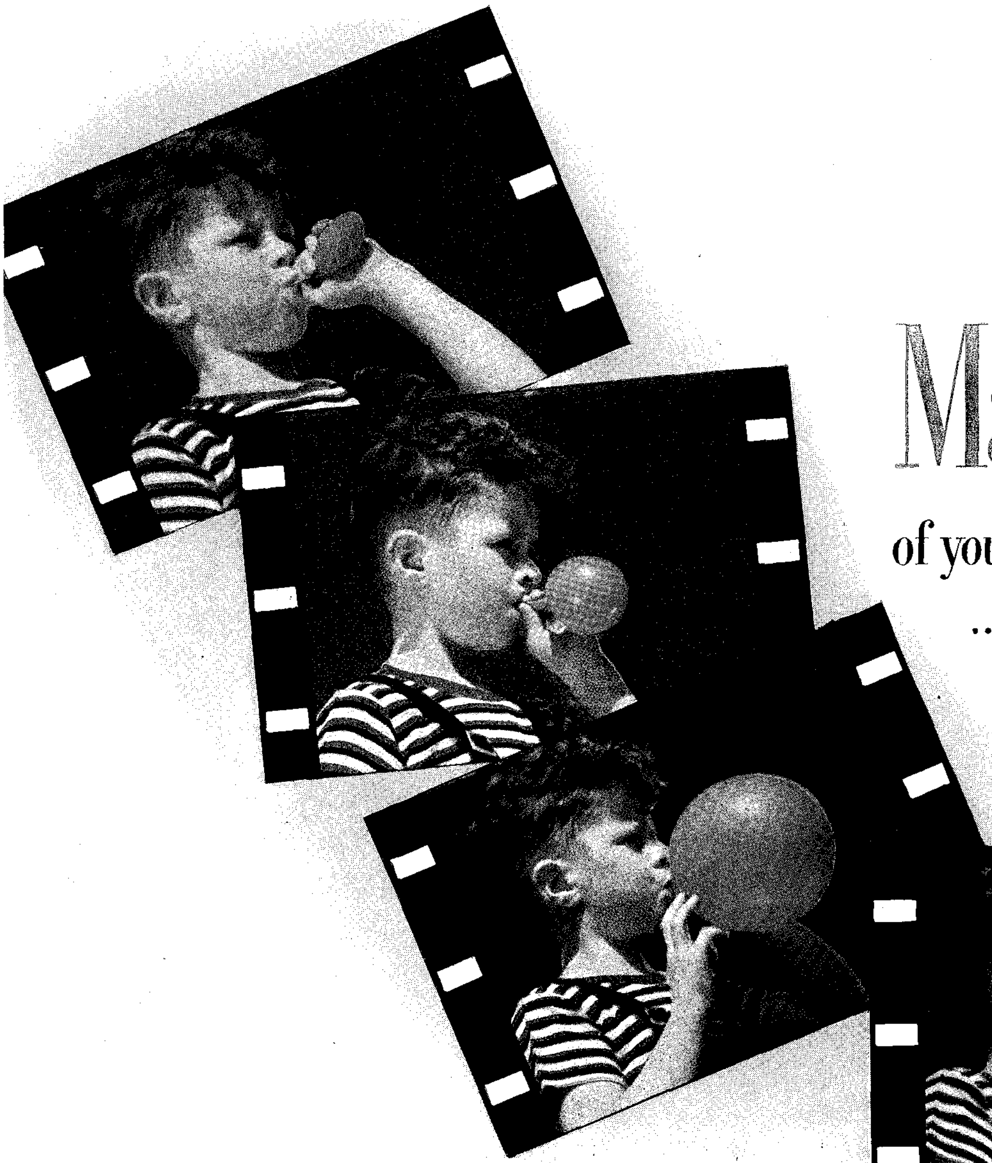
Of the actors employed to represent these highly simplified people, I could really admire only Sam Wanamaker, whose performance as the young Jew was pleasantly modest and natural. The others—Ralph Morgan, Kathryn Givney, Jan Sterling, and Walter Starkey—unquestionably delivered their lines in exactly the spirit the author intended, but somehow I kept wishing they wouldn't.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

LITTLETON, COLO., April 15—A blaze of undetermined origin leveled the Red Comet Fire Extinguishing Company plant tonight.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Spontaneous frustration, probably.



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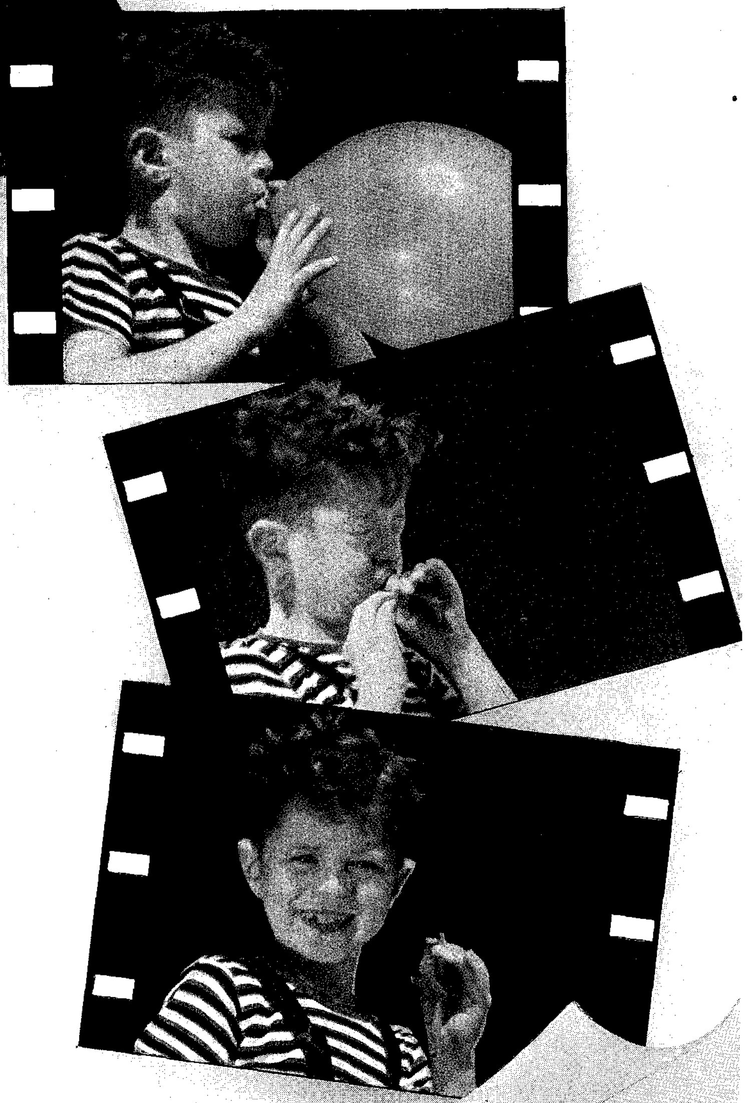

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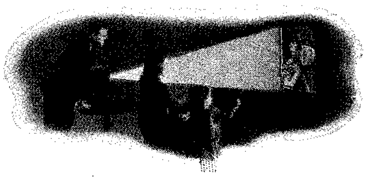

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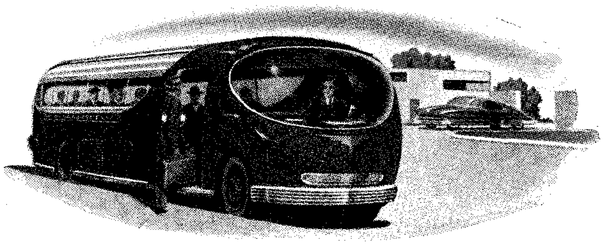

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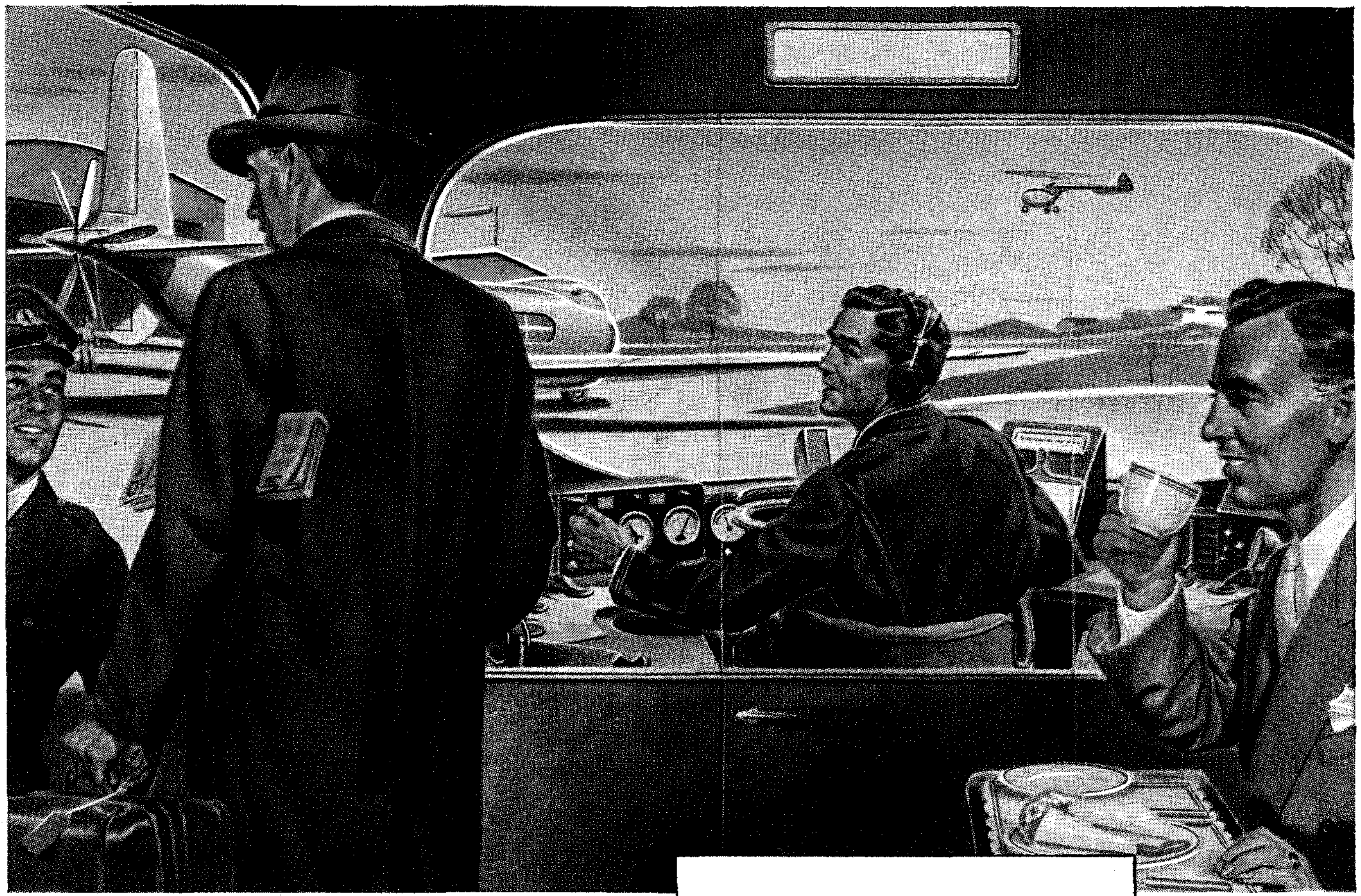

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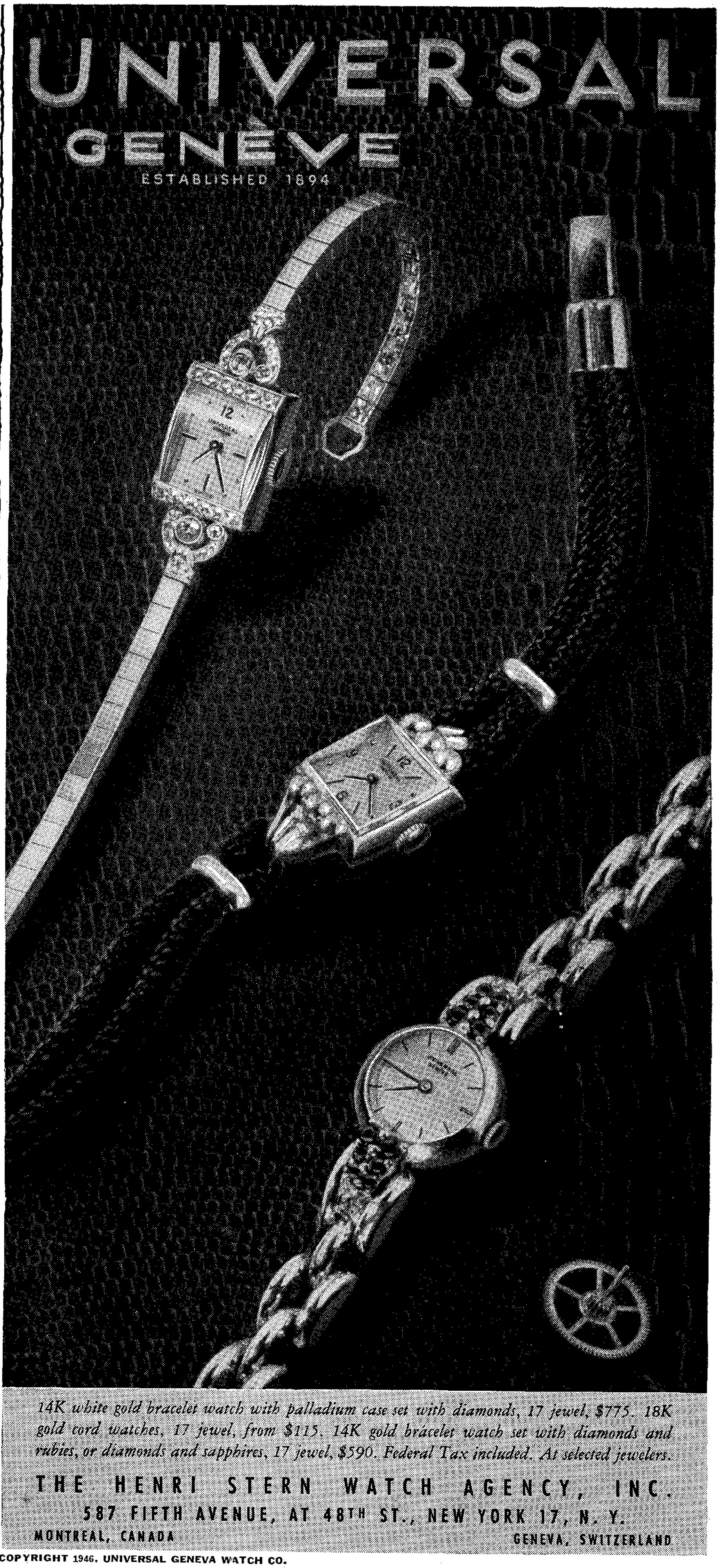
ALONG about midnight, the waiters stole a little more of the dance floor to set up some outsize tables, and presently the beautiful and decorative ladies for whose benefit this was done made their entrance, followed, almost unnoticeably, by their rather less ornate escorts. When it became apparent that the star of the evening was to be more than fashionably late, the orchestra which had assembled to provide an accompaniment for him began idly to vamp until ready, and a generously constructed executive from the Midlands advanced uncertainly upon the musicians and made as if to conduct them. The musicians, sizing up his background and his period at a glance, began very softly to play that merry old piece called "Chicago," and their visitor, recognizing the tenuousness of his position, withdrew quickly, and quite possibly forever, from public life. It was all a cheerful throwback to a very casual era which came to an end a dozen years ago, an era which few, if any, combinations of theatrical talent had up to that moment been able to reproduce with as much verity. It was, to be specific about it, an evening last week at the Embassy, where Charles Trenet is making his American début.

Trenet, it seems, is fond of coming late and he demands the complete attention of his audience, which is reasonable in the circumstances—he is a slight fellow, like Sinatra, a native songbird to whom he has been not too aptly compared, with a slight voice, slight grimaces, and slight mannerisms—but a strain on beautiful and decorative ladies and their escorts, addicted as they are to brasher gaiety. For the remainder of his clientele, which must certainly include that group of linguists who have been feverishly hoarding his records during the war years, he should be quite satisfactory. Trenet's is strictly a night-blooming skill, and there is a contrived air about everything he does, especially when he resorts to *bel canto* (*cf.* once again the little American songbird) with the aid of elaborate orchestrations and a gloomy male choir in the wings, or when he imitates our popular music with something of his



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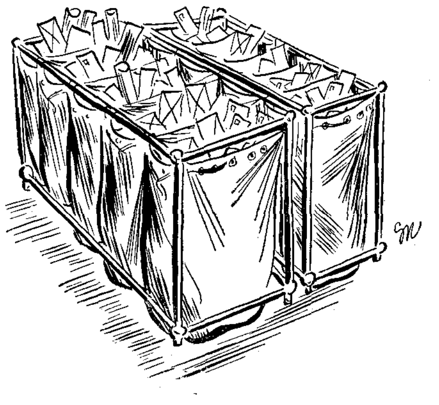
own composition—a piece of carpentry very much like what you would expect young George to bring home from school at the end of his first week in manual training. But on the whole, he is a lighthearted and likable performer, whether he is being a cowhand, a toughie, a village idiot, or just a plain sentimentalist.

Trenet is accompanied in his ventures by the orchestra of Ralph Lane, which seems to me to do a nice job of what is always a trying assignment. There is also a good deal of tense, but kind of wonderful, Latin-American music by Noro Morales' band. That is all there is, and it is all that is needed; the long and foolish revue with which the management used to annoy the customers has disappeared, perhaps because no entrepreneur could hope to round up chorus girls who would do half as well, in either design or décor, as the ladies who now fringe the arena.

ANOTHER fetching bit of ornamentation is Florence Desmond, lately imported from England and now on exhibition at the Blue Angel, done up in an impressive black dress that begins well below the shoulders. Miss Desmond has been here before, and so, presumably, everyone can afford to be matter-of-fact about her and her specialty, which is a cross between impersonation and caricature, but she has arrived in town toward the end of a season in which this ancient art form has been gravely dishonored, and to me she seems sharper, quicker, and funnier than ever before, which is enough to make her wholly admirable. Whether she is lampooning Hepburn or Bankhead or one of the several other actresses who appear to lay themselves open to this sort of thing, the exaggeration is so slight, the words so apt, the intonation so exact that it isn't easy to figure out what's so entertaining about the thing. I liked, too, hearing her say, when a customer asked her for her version of



Hildegarde, "Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I've never seen her," which, judging solely by what I've encountered, puts her one up, ethically, on nearly the whole profession.

In accordance with an old Blue Angel tradition, there is amusement of an excellent grade going on all evening. I recall especially Eddie Mayehoff, who has reconstructed some of his older monologues and thought up a couple of sprightly new ones; Rose Murphy, whose way of picking at, rather than singing, a song is quite entertaining; and Stuart Ross, whose amiable if nostalgic piano is now a Blue Angel hallmark.

MERRIMENT being the scarce commodity it is, you probably should be told that the Victorian Room, which is actually the bar lounge of the Gladstone redecorated with a grand piano, has Sheila Barrett after the theatre. Like a lot of things that go on after hours, Miss Barrett is not for children, and perhaps not even for all adults, but she should do for most of us. She has had a lot of new ideas since I last heard her, the majority of them funny. It is only to be expected, however, that in the end she reverts to the bit for which she will always be fondly remembered—the Southern flirt who goes completely to pieces at a party. The disintegration is rather more rapid than the one lately devised by Ray Milland, but it is nevertheless a convincing though hardly solemn sociological documentary. Miss Barrett is accompanied at the piano by Louis Hawkins, new to me, who plays on his own, now and then, in agreeable if conventional fashion. He also appears earlier in the evening, around the time you are likely to look in for a cocktail or dinner. The Victorian Room, in other words, is another manifestation of that pleasant postwar tendency among the East Side hotels to give their patrons a spot of good-natured entertainment along with their food and drink in premises that aren't too whopping big. That also is a throwback to that era we were speaking about a few minutes ago. —R. E. M. W.

•

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[*Adv. in a Los Angeles paper*]

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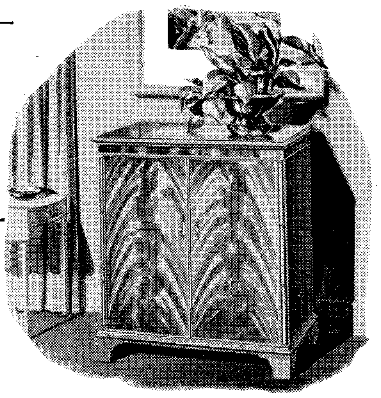

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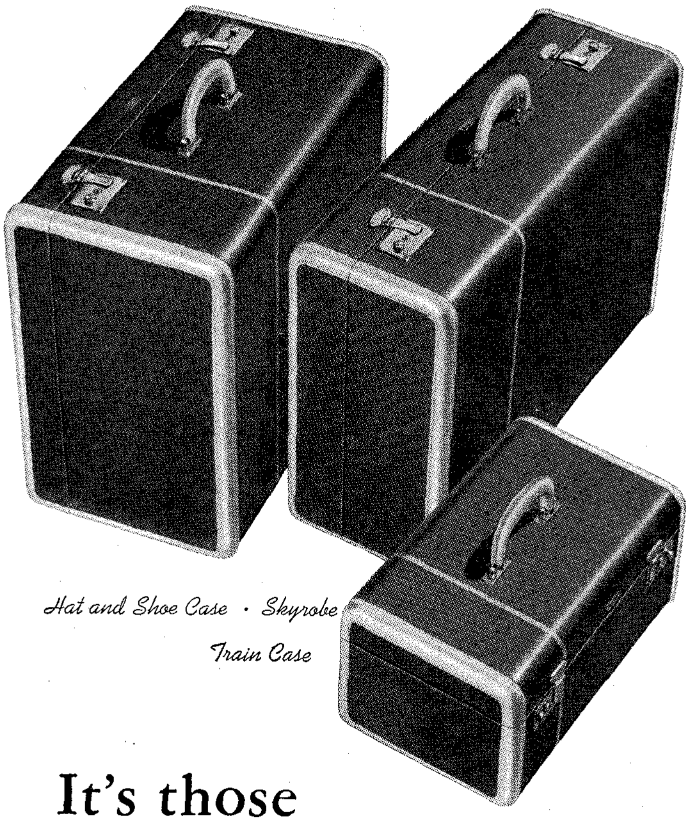

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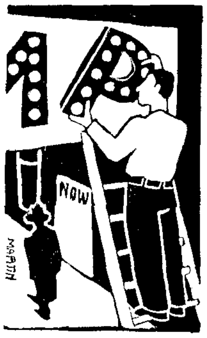

IN "The Postman Always Rings Twice," John Garfield, as the bum who is the hero, murmurs to Lana Turner, the passionate wife of the proprietor of a hamburger joint, "Do you love me, Cora?" She nods tenderly and they swoon into each other's arms. This brings them to the realization that Cora's husband is a terrible nuisance to have around and they decide to bat him over the head with a blunt instrument the first time they find him relaxing in his bathtub. The locale of this affectionate scene is California, a state which James M. Cain, the creator of Cora and her boy friend, has so often populated with people whose conduct would be regarded as unseemly even in a stokehold. Neither Mr. Garfield nor Miss Turner succeeds entirely in summoning up the violence of disposition called for by the leading roles, but then it is quite possible that Gargantua and Toto might appear a little too suave to portray the sort of characters Mr. Cain had in mind when he put together "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

Since the hero and heroine of the film are never dealt with sympathetically, the mating calls that preface their amour are monotonous. But once they get around to murder, things pick up, and I'm confident you'll enjoy the resulting legal byplay that goes on between Hume Cronyn, as Miss Turner's lawyer, and Leon Ames, as the prosecuting attorney. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cronyn and Mr. Ames take most of the acting honors, and there is a decided letdown in the picture after a courtroom clash in which both of them participate with vast enthusiasm. For those who enjoy watching a bit of mayhem now and then, there is a scene in which Mr. Garfield works over a blackmailer with sanguinary brutality while Miss Turner stands by brandishing a revolver, just in case Mr. Garfield should get into difficulty. Even when equipped with sidearms, Miss Turner doesn't look like the homicidal lady she is supposed to be, which is probably a lucky thing for her. I'm

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sure she's happier portraying nice, refined girls.

MYRNA LOY, who has been away entirely too long, is with us once again in "So Goes My Love," but even though she exercises all her comic charm, the film keeps drifting sadly into cuteness when it's striving to be mischievous. Based on H. P. Maxim's reminiscences of his father, Hiram, which were published under the title "A Genius in the Family," the picture describes, with loving nostalgia, the good old days in Brooklyn shortly after the Civil War. As Hiram, the inventor, Don Ameche is a lot more persuasive than he was when he was Mr. Bell, working on the telephone, and in several scenes with a talented nine-year-old named Bobby Driscoll, he is unexpectedly droll. There just isn't enough plot, however, to keep things going for the length of time the film consumes, and I was especially depressed by one excursion into bathos that had Mr. Ameche and the Driscoll boy praying on a front porch while Miss Loy was upstairs in the house, presumably giving birth to a baby. It wasn't so bad to have them praying, but when their dog began to pray, too, I felt old and tired.

"DAYS AND NIGHTS," a Russian adaptation of Konstantin Simonov's novel about the defense of Stalingrad, is rather episodic, but every now and then, in telling about the struggles of a Russian Army captain to hold three apartment houses near the last Russian beachhead on the west bank of the Volga, it is as illuminating as the book from which it derived. Perhaps only a documentary can adequately describe the siege of Stalingrad, but there is enough sound historical material in this fictional version to make it worth your while. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

NOVELTY—Mrs. Ray Dodge is rating plenty of attention with her new hair-do. She coils her pretty blond tresses into a topknot with a circular opening, dead center. In this she wears a tiny tray complete with champagne bottle and glass. The cork is removed and everything is ready.—*Los Angeles Times.*

We're not ready.

•

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OF ALL THINGS

THE D.A.R. has relaxed its rule of allowing only white artists to appear in Constitution Hall and will permit the Tuskegee Choir to sing there. The ladies are receiving congratulations upon their safe arrival in the twentieth century.

•

We are told that senatorial mail is running about four to one in favor of retaining the O.P.A. without damaging amendments. The consumers seem to know which side their bread might again be buttered on.

•

At this writing, there is a widespread demand that the coal miners and operators put an end to their game of freeze-out. They may be enjoying themselves, but 139,000,000 other people are not amused.

•

The Soviet government is selling a large issue of bonds that bear no interest but incorporate a number of the features of a lottery. This form of loan has all the delightful elements of patriotism, parimutuel betting, and bingo.

•

The City has authorized the expenditure of over $2,000,000 to make over part of the old World's Fair grounds into a suitable meeting place for the U.N. The improvements will include forty acres of park, in which offended delegates may go out and take walks.

•

The Security Council has invited its member nations to submit all the charges they wish to make against Franco. We understand that the U.N. Complaint Bureau is the busiest place in our town.

•

A nationwide survey shows that in popularity "Forever Amber" was a close second to the Bible during the first half of 1945. Otherwise, the resemblance between the two books is exceedingly slight.

•

Manhattan Borough President Rogers has asked the police to put a stop to nylon queues because they constitute sidewalk encumbrances, but nothing much has come of the matter. The girls still insist on their right to stand in line for such necessities of life as stockings, sugar, and Sinatra.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

it can be you!

CHARLES OF THE RITZ creates
hair fashions that are individually
designed for you . . . and only you!
Do come in for a consultation . . .
enjoy the relaxing comfort and
personalized attention that
is typical of all of our Salons.

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON
THE RITZ TOWER
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(ALSO WHITE PLAINS
AND EAST ORANGE)

IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, BOSTON
HIMELHOCH'S, DETROIT
I. MAGNIN, LOS ANGELES
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA
T. A. CHAPMAN, MILWAUKEE

Charles of the Ritz

higher... highest!
a.
b.

You're a tall and slender queen-among-women in one of these triple-take platform fashions! Rich, superb suède in navy blue, brown or black emblazoned with gold-color décor.
34.95
For mail order, please add 25c for handling.

French Bootery
22 EAST 57 ST., NEW YORK 22

PROUDLY GIVEN...
HAPPILY RECEIVED

Master Chocolatiers since 1848
Maillard's
FINE CHOCOLATES
AT ALL THE
BETTER STORES

A WOLF IN WHOSE CLOTHING?

WHEN I was a growing lad given to borrowing my sisters' movie magazines while I might better have been absorbing the "Dictionary of American Biography," I often used to wonder, as I leered at the photographs of all the actresses I then adored, how their husbands must feel on seeing them clutched in the accomplished embraces of their leading men. Many years later, through one of those unforeseeable bits of irony that creep into men's lives, I married an actress and thus became able to find out for myself.

Up to a month or so ago, I had never seen my wife act, although I had had frequent occasion to admire the forcefulness with which she read aloud from her section of the morning newspaper while I was trying silently to digest my own. At the time we met, she had temporarily abandoned her profession in favor of the Army. Last November, when we were both separated from the service, I began looking forward eagerly, if perhaps also masochistically, to the moment when I could look on while she, on some remote stage or screen, exchanged tender glances and maybe even a kiss or two with a hired suitor. Some months passed, however, before she decided to have another go at acting.

I became aware of her decision when we were having a drink one day with a casual theatrical acquaintance, who, mainly to make conversation, asked her how old she was. Her answer led me to believe that she must have misunderstood his question, and I began, helpfully, to correct her. I was savagely kicked for my pains. Later, when we were *à deux*, she told me that she had resolved to resume her career, and explained that an actress couldn't hope to get *anywhere* if she disclosed her true age. "Now, you promise not to put your foot in it again," she said. "Next time it might be an agent."

I promised. A couple of days afterward, she called on an agent to inquire about a job. "How old are you?" she later told me he asked her. "Twenty-one," she replied, undoubtedly lowering her eyes demurely. "When were you born?" he murmured after a while. "In 1922," she said promptly, caught flat-footed. (The figures I have given here are not the ones my wife actually used, naturally. I promised.)

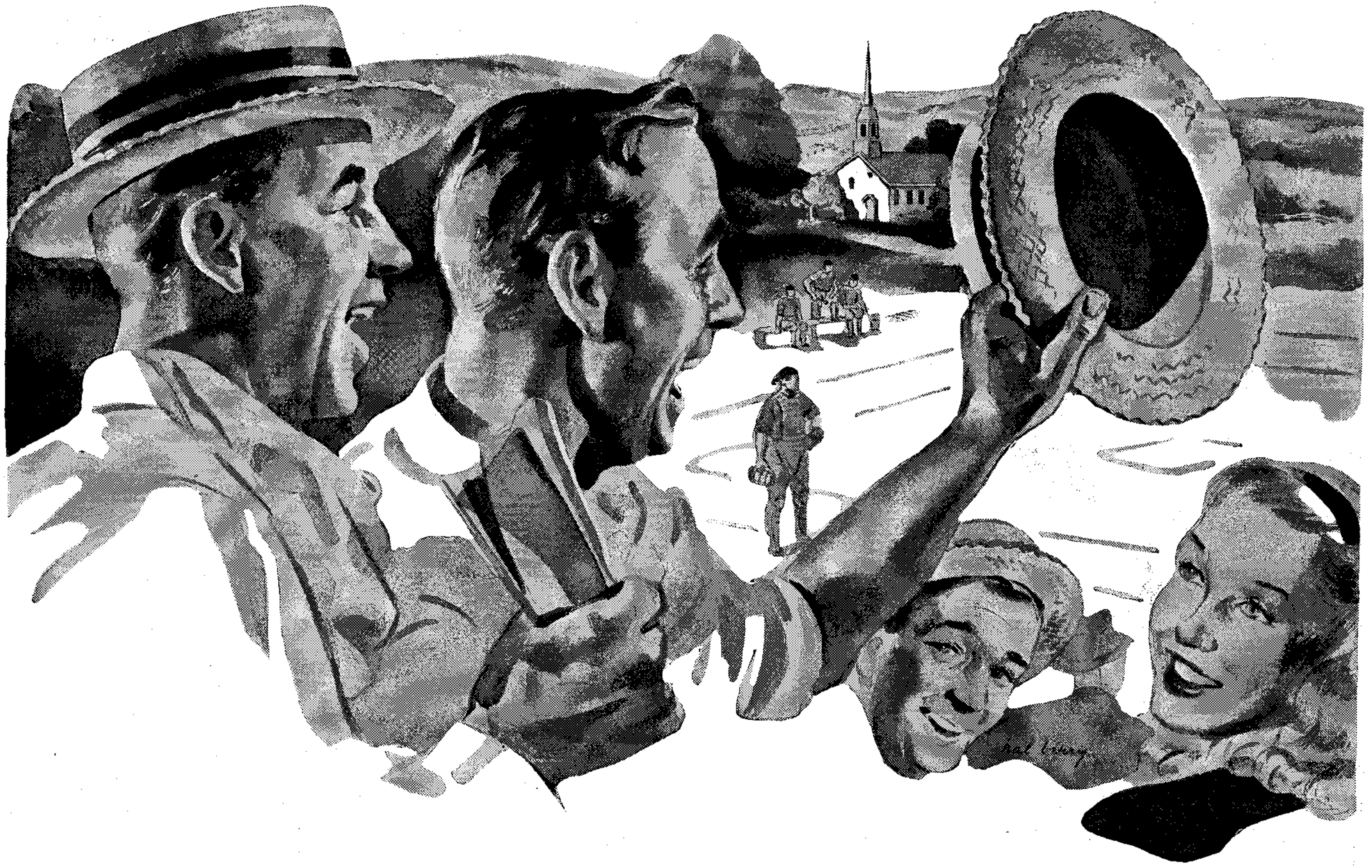
Soon after that unfortunate interview, my wife excitedly informed me that she was going to play a part in a little-theatre-group production which some friends of hers were putting on for a couple of nights in an out-of-the-way theatre. "It will be good experience for me," she said, "after all these months away from the stage." I agreed, and thought to myself that it would be good experience for me, too, especially since she had been assigned the ingénue role, which I knew was bound to entail some lovemaking. The members of the cast, she added, were expected to provide themselves with suitable costumes at no cost to the producer, and accordingly she began at once to make her own.

One day I accompanied her to a rehearsal. She went into one of her early love scenes, and I looked on apprehensively as a young man whom I had never met approached her hungrily. "No, no! Not on the mouth, not on the mouth!" she cried as he tried to kiss her. I was delighted by her restraint, but I realized subsequently that it had been prescribed by the playwright, who, in the next act, threw restraint to the wings and made outrageous osculatory demands upon my wife and her young man. Well, I thought bitterly, wait till the opening night, when she's coated with greasepaint. That leading man of hers will have his jacket smeared from shoulder to shoulder. It'll serve him right.

SIGNS
SIGNS
SIGNS
ICE CREAM
FRUIT CIGARETTES
BARGAIN
Coca-Cola
NEHI
Funk

ON the eve of the first full-blown performance, my wife left our apartment laden with two of our chairs, a set of delicate cocktail glasses, and what seemed to me to be an unnecessarily large bundle of clothing, since, as far as I knew, she was to wear only one costume. I made no mention of this, however, as actresses are inordinately sensitive just before openings and hate to be bothered with explanations of any kind.

When the curtain went up, I thought she looked wonderful, sitting poised and graceful in the handsome gown she had



Can you tell the manager from the machinist?

In thousands of Northern New England towns you could find pictures like this—of employees and management sharing the same healthful, happy leisure activities. Naturally, conditions such as these attract —*and hold*—the best type of labor.

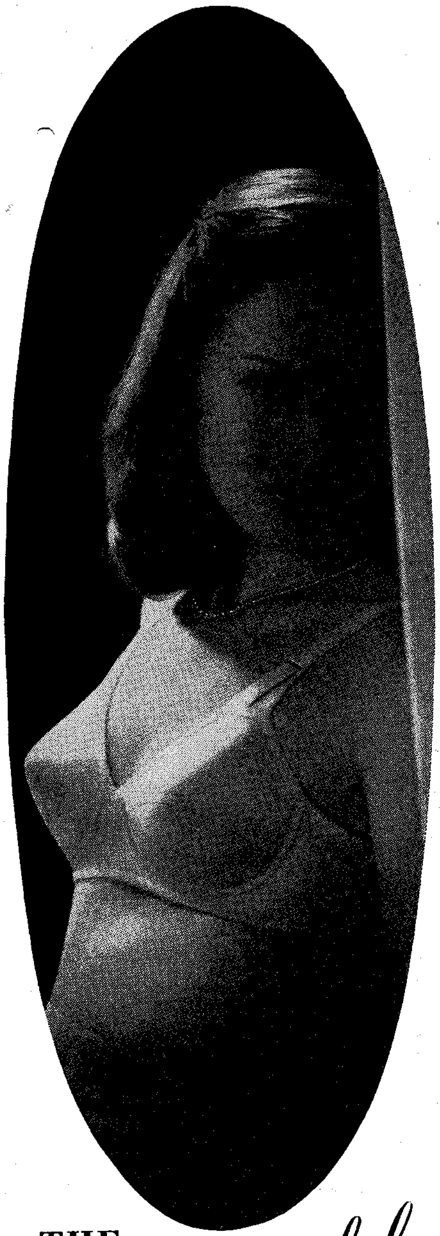
In Nashua, New Hampshire, for instance, Gregg and Son's plant personnel shows continuing family lines — paralleled by management where the fourth generation now directs the organization, one of the country's leading millwork builders. Hundreds of other Northern New England plants reflect this same close relationship between good living conditions and settled labor.

Naturally, location in a famous vacationland is not the *whole* story. Nearness to foreign and domestic markets, excellent power, light and transportation facilities, a steady supply of skilled labor—these count heavily, too, with executives seeking new plant sites. But "a good place to live" is the *extra* ingredient which draws more and more industry to this prosperous region.

For information on choice remaining available sites, write your requirements to: E. F. Reed, Manager, Industrial Department, Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

GREGG & SON
in NEW ENGLAND
VACATION COUNTRY

BOSTON and MAINE
RAILROAD
"MINUTE MAN SERVICE"



THE
Bra Beautiful
by FLEXEES

Ah, there's a bra that once you've tried you'll never forsake. For it's one thing to be beautiful and another thing to be comfortable. And it's wonderful to have lovely lines and feel free as air, too.

Flexaire
BY FLEXEES

FLEXAIRE BRAS 1.00 to 5.00
FLEXEES GIRDLES and COMBINATIONS 5.95 to 25.00

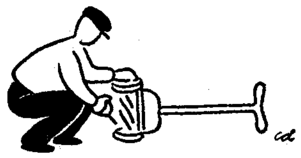
created. I felt so good I even admired the appearance of her leading man, who was decked out in an extremely tight-fitting gabardine suit, not unlike an Easter outfit I had just bought for myself. The play rolled on, and I was enjoying it immensely. "Not on the mouth!" commanded my wife at the appropriate moment, as she gently drew clear of her importunate lover, and I chuckled to myself, knowing what was in store for his suit in the next act. During the first entr'acte, I slipped backstage to compliment her on her performance. Her leading man wandered over, rubbing absent-mindedly at what appeared to be a cigarette burn on his trousers.

"How does the suit look?" he asked me.

I thought that was a peculiar remark, but I let it pass. "Fine," I said. "It's just right for the part. You know, it's like a suit of mine."

"I forgot to tell you," said my wife. "It *is* yours."

The rest of the play, other members of the audience have since told me, went even better than the first act, but I am afraid that I was incapable of looking at it with sufficient objectivity to arrive at any sort of real evaluation. I couldn't take my eyes off the fellow in my suit fondling my wife. It is a light-colored suit, the kind on which a tiny dab of cocktail sauce glares like a beacon. The actor in it, however, did not let material considerations stand in the way of his interpretation. He was playing the part of a vigorous, as well as ardent, youth, and at one point, possibly because of nervousness, he did so acrobatic a whirl that he popped a button on his, or my, coat and then bumped into a table, shattering a cocktail glass that was standing on it. Another time, picking up a pile of dusty books that he could just as well have held at arm's length, he clasped them warmly to him. And he persisted in leaning against the scenery, some of which, my wife had told me, had been hastily painted just before curtain time. Then came the torrid love scenes. I suppose that it was the director who had urged my wife to rub her face against his chest, but whosever idea it was, she was executing it enthusiastically. Finally, her fellow led her by the hand to a flight of steps. They sat down on the steps together and began to neck,

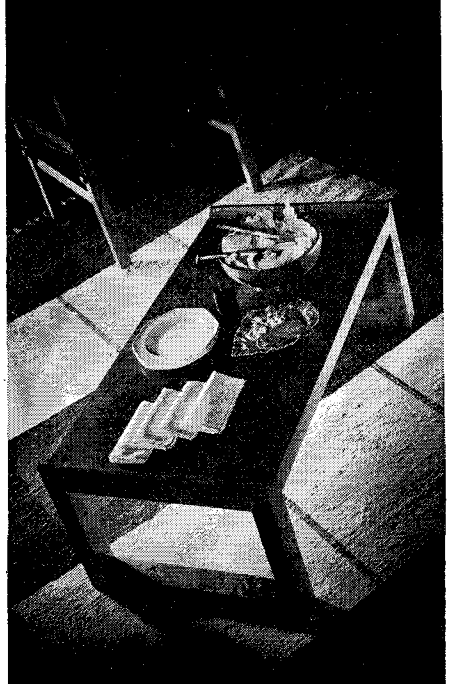


Kathleen Lee

IN and out of TOWN
Tailored Knit, Wool Bouclé
Two-piece, Two-tone
Sizes to 40—Price $45

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

DUNBAR
For MODERN



Soon to be available at better furniture stores, furniture departments or through your decorator.
DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. • BERNE, INDIANA
CHICAGO: 1638 Merchandise Mart. • NEW YORK: 385 Madison Ave.

which obliged them to slide about spiritedly. I gasped; I remembered her saying what those steps would probably do to *her* costume. I didn't regain my composure until, toward the end of the play, the guy picked up a hat, pommelled it once or twice, jammed it roughly on his head, and made his last exit. I was so glad to see him go that it didn't occur to me for quite a while that it was *my* hat.

YOU may have noticed me in the Easter parade, wearing a baggy old tweed and that curiously misshapen hat. My cleaner-and-presser tried to get the gabardine ready for me in time, but he had to announce at the last minute that he had considerably more work to put in on it. "I can't imagine *what* you did to it to get it in this condition," he said when my wife and I dropped in together to check on his progress.

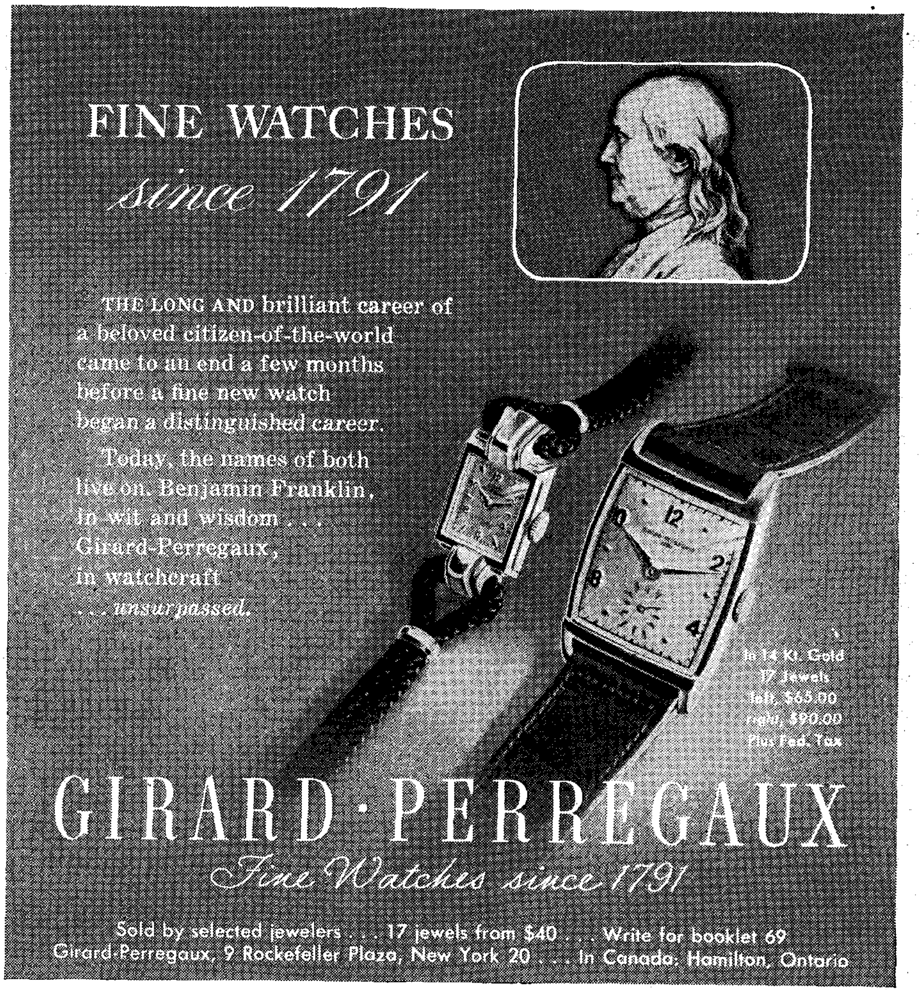
"Oh, you know how men are," she replied lightly. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Well Folks; I am simply too busy to write any advertisement this week. And like Will Rigers all I know anyhow is what I read in the Newspapers and frankly they are mighty dry since the war ended. All their space is practically speaking, taken up in Advertisements and an over quantity of that regretfully devoted to extolling the goodness of Liquor. Never before such intriguing, enticing, convicting and converting appeals for the men, women, boys and girls to drink as is the case now.

A sad depreciation in the morals of the newspapers denoting that unlike their ancestors and forefathers they are willing to besmirch our Christian ideals and sell us down the river for the little filthy lucre that they derive from the space that they sell to the whiskey dealers. And then as if to make bad matters worse they are so contaminated by this sale of their birthright that they are hog tied to make an occasional favorable comment of the whiskey business. Thank God for those Editors in the past that positively refused to accept a booze advertisement.

That is the reason that I say patriotism has degenerated for no man who loves his country is going to pollute his fellow man by advocating the sale of fire water. Obviously we have fallen upon a time when there is no marked distinction between what is right and what is wrong. Somewhere along the line we have missed the bus either in the school, the home or the church. Take the man or the woman who fishes on Sunday they will tell you that there is no harm in that—take the folks who play Golf and Baseball on the holy Sabbbath and they are quick to tell you it is perfectly all right,—take the women who play bridge and cards for prizes and they argue that is no sin,—Dancing, whiskey drinking, cussing and cigarette smoking have all been removed from the ban and merrily we are plunging as a people into the abyss where the groans and cries of



FINE WATCHES
since 1791

THE LONG AND brilliant career of a beloved citizen-of-the-world came to an end a few months before a fine new watch began a distinguished career.

Today, the names of both live on. Benjamin Franklin, in wit and wisdom . . . Girard-Perregaux, in watchcraft . . . *unsurpassed.*

In 14 Kt. Gold
17 Jewels
left, $65.00
right, $90.00
Plus Fed. Tax

GIRARD·PERREGAUX
Fine Watches since 1791

Sold by selected jewelers . . . 17 jewels from $40 . . . Write for booklet 69
Girard-Perregaux, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20 . . . In Canada: Hamilton, Ontario

This is a Doctor—

PERFORMING A DELICATE OPERATION

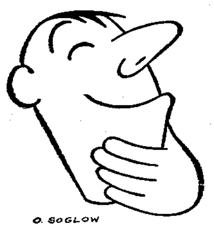
Launching your kid's first yacht is a thrill . . . so is sailing your own . . . either way, the trim, distinctive comfort of a Fisch sport shirt fits the picture to perfection. Obtainable at the nation's finest stores.

TAILORED IN CALIFORNIA
BY Fisch
LOS ANGELES 11

PERSONNAlly Speaking by O. SOGLOW
Famous Cartoonist

1—I'VE drawn cartoons for years. But I always drew a blank when trying to get a good shave.

2—THEN I got a line on Personna Blades. And now I get *slick, quick* shaves that are really artistic.

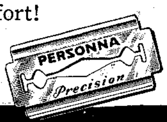


3—IT'S no gag, men...for the *closest smoothest* shaves you ever had, get yourself *Personna*-fied!

4—Why it makes sense to pay 10¢ for this blade:

Sure, Personna costs more. But Personna is worth many times 10¢ in shaving ease, in skin health.

Personna is made of premium steel... hollow-ground for extra keenness... rust-resistant for longer use. Spend a little more to get Personna...and get a lot more shaving comfort!



PERSONNA
Precision Blades
10 FOR $1

the doomed and damned will awaken all the nations of the earth.

Years and years of pecan buying has made us a favorable place for you to cash in on your nuts. We are scraping the bottom of the barrel to get you a satisfying price and there is a generous response on the part of the public with more pecans coming in than heretofore.

We buy and sell Corn Syrup, Peas, Potatoes, Chickens, Eggs etc.

My pottery friend sent me a big lot of pots today and your every need should be supplied now.

Encouragingly the quality of toys that we are receiving are better than those of last year. True to our heritage we run strong on variety and just as fast as we can get them on display happy days will be here again.

Customer asking if we have any salt fish. Yes Sir, boy we have 'em and they eat good—mullet right from the bay.

A coil of Rope has come in and mighty happy to receive it.

Mirrors, 10c up.

Just rolled in today, some cookie jars and only 60c.

Model Planes that the boys are wild over, 25c up.

A few one half and gallon Syrup cans on hand.

Coffee in a variety of the best brands, Maxwell House, Hotel and Restaurant, Bailey's Supreme, White House, Luzianne, etc popular prices.

Now is the time to insure your property against fire. A Continental policy is a safe protection for you. Get it from this Agency. D. A. McPherson.

—*Adv. in the Cuthbert (Ga.) Times*

Some time when you're *not* too busy to write, let us know.

•

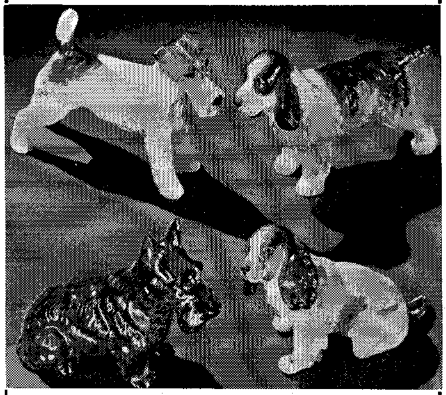
THE WOMEN'S CLUB MEETS

So many things have now been said,
What can be left to recommend?
The pros and cons inside my head
Pursue each other without end.
A point is reached—it often is—
Called *In the last analysis*,
But what has just been analyzed,
If I could grasp it finally,
Might leave me even more surprised
Than I have any right to be.
There is a contest going on;
There's tension even I can see.
Since Caesar crossed the Rubicon
With consequences dark to me,
Such exercises have recurred
And are important, I have heard.
A motion's made. Must it be lost?
(Who made it, anyhow? Was it you?)
Forward and never count the cost!
I second it. Of course I do.

Now someone looks a trifle harried,
But never mind. The motion's carried.

—Genova Charlot

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



English Bone China Dogs

Favorites of dogdom—each pedigreed and a potential bench winner. All beautifully modeled and marked, true to color and breed and each is executed in fine English Bone China.
Top, left—brown-and-white Fox Terrier, height 4½ ins. Each $12.00.
Top, right—standing Cocker Spaniel, black-and-white or tan-and-white, height 4 ins. Each $12.00.
Lower, left—black Scottie, height 4½ ins. Each $12.00.
Lower, right—sitting Cocker Spaniel, black-and-white or tan-and-white, height 4½ ins. Each $12.00.

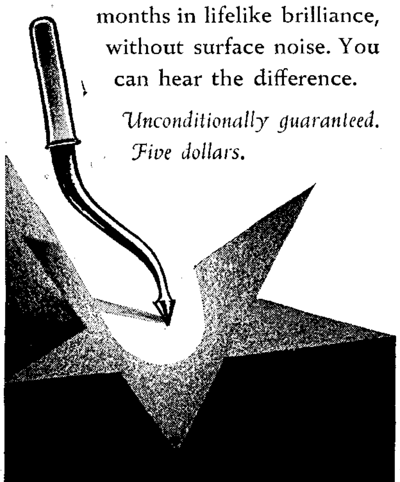
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave. (S.W. Cor. 57th St.) N.Y.C.

THE BRILLIANCE OF A NEW STAR!

The "Star" Sapphire...

The world's finest phonograph needle; tipped with a genuine hand polished sapphire. Reproduces smoothly for many months in lifelike brilliance, without surface noise. You can hear the difference.

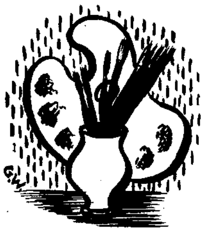
Unconditionally guaranteed. Five dollars.



DUOTONE
DUOTONE COMPANY
799 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

THE ART GALLERIES

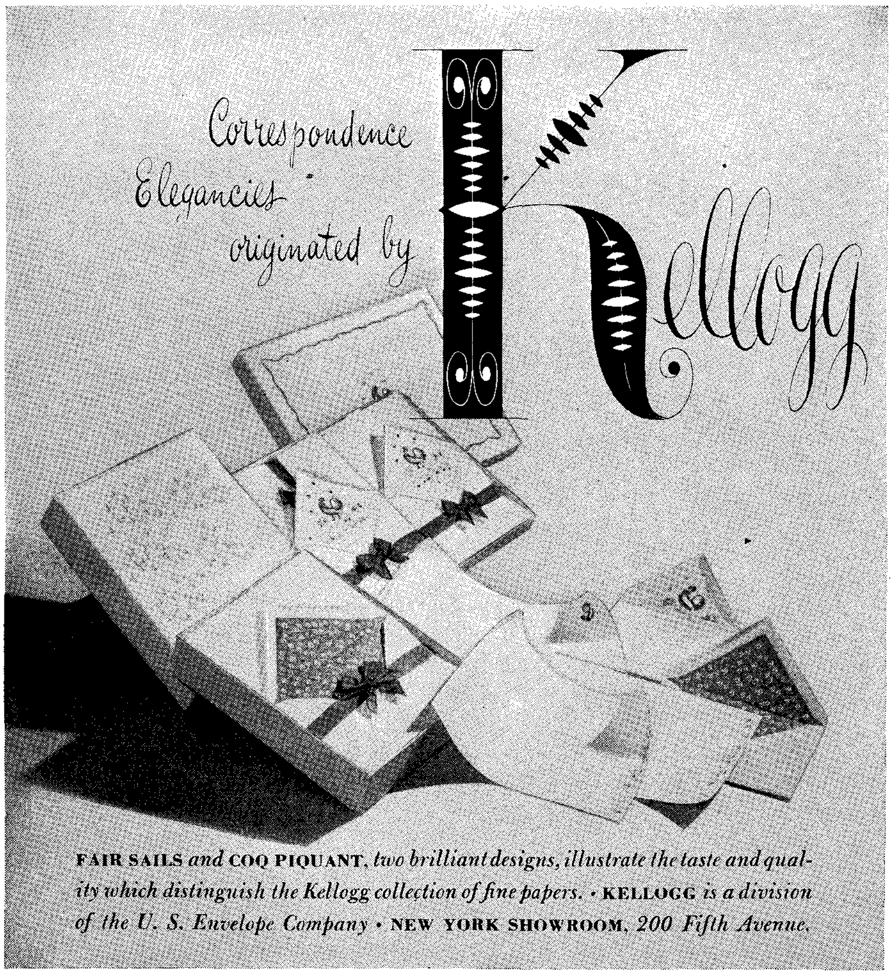
Ancient and Modern



SEVERAL times in the past, when the Museum of Modern Art has strayed from its allotted field of—well—modern art into those of folk art and anthropology, I've remarked that if the Museum of Natural History ever woke up to a realization of the wealth of its own collection, it could get up similar shows and do them better. The Museum of Natural History hasn't quite waked yet, but it is stirring, as is evidenced by a small but choice exhibition of masks and other ceremonial objects it has just put on, presented very much in the style of its downtown rival and designed to dramatize the value of such items, both as art and as instruments of mystery and magic. This, the first of a series of shows the Museum has projected, is called "Masks and Men," and despite some faults it is worth seeing. It may be weak in spots and cursory in treatment, but there is an air of authoritativeness about it that some of the Modern Museum's shows have lacked.

Its faults, I think, are mainly divided purpose and a certain halfheartedness on the part of the Museum. Are masks art? Or are they the outcroppings of racial characteristics, clues to anthropological research? I imagine that the Museum, a ponderous institution, must have deliberated long over this problem, and its indecision is reflected in a certain tentativeness in the show. The masks are grouped roughly according to their geographic or ethnographic origin (Java, Mexico, Africa, Ceylon, New Guinea are among the regions included), and in some cases fairly elaborate presentations have been arranged, involving life-sized wax figures, tropical foliage, and so on, to give an understanding of their uses in native ritual. In the New Guinea grouping, for instance, and in the section devoted to the Iroquois Indians, the masks are mounted on mannequins, complete with costumes, and given ingeniously realistic lighting, and the effect is, to say the least, highly dramatic.

But often the masks thus spotlighted are among the least noteworthy of the collection, and one annoyance for the spectator who looks on the masks as art is that frequently the really interesting pieces are hidden away in the back-



FAIR SAILS *and* **COQ PIQUANT**, *two brilliant designs, illustrate the taste and quality which distinguish the Kellogg collection of fine papers.* • **KELLOGG** *is a division of the U. S. Envelope Company* • **NEW YORK SHOWROOM**, *200 Fifth Avenue.*

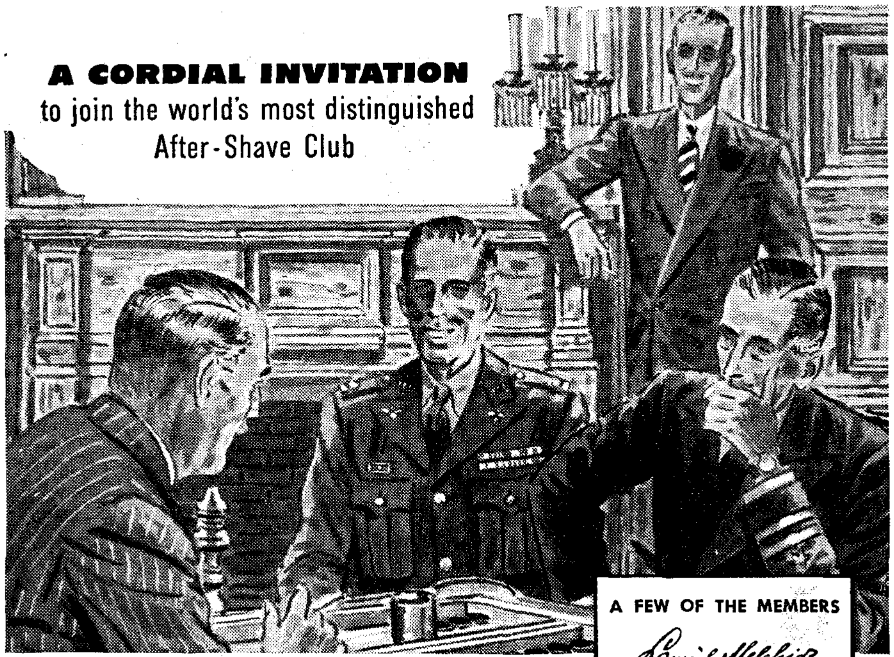
IMPORTED

POMMERY
CHAMPAGNE

"Pommery Preferred"

Just 100 years ago, Pommery pioneered the dry champagnes. Made from the first pressings of the finest selected grapes grown in the limited Champagne District of France, every bottle of Pommery is uniformly delicious and perfect in quality. Your first sip will tell you why, with connoisseurs, it's "Pommery Preferred!"

SOLE U. S. AGENTS MUNSON G. SHAW COMPANY NEW YORK 17, N. Y.


A CORDIAL INVITATION
to join the world's most distinguished After-Shave Club

A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

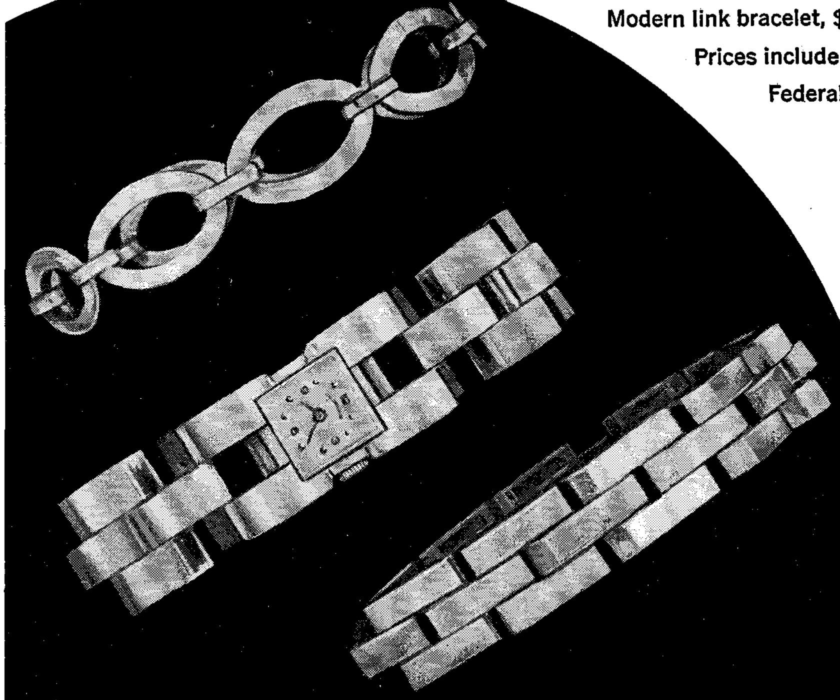
Lauritz Melchior
Ted Husing
Ely Culbertson
Burgess Meredith
John Erskine
Norman Rockwell

★ Join the world-wide company of gentlemen who use Aqua Velva after every shave. Bracing as a forest breeze, Aqua Velva cools and refreshes your face—leaves it feeling softer and smoother, with a clean, pleasant scent.

For a luxurious, stimulating finish to your daily shave, use Aqua Velva. It's the world's most popular after-shave lotion. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

Williams'
Aqua Velva
for
AFTER SHAVING

Bracelet News in 14k gold. Oval links, $62.
Watch with massive bracelet, $530.
Modern link bracelet, $240.
Prices include 20%
Federal Tax.



ESTABLISHED 1810

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48th STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

WHITE PLAINS EAST ORANGE

ground, or otherwise placed so that it is difficult to study them to advantage. Thus, in the New Guinea group, the best pieces, a set of curiously painted and ornamented skull-like concoctions from New Ireland, are strung helter-skelter on a stake in the background—no doubt more or less as the natives do, but unfortunately in such a position that they cannot be properly seen. And one of the prizes of the show, a Bornean rice-planting mask in carved wood, is hung so high on a wall, and so inconspicuously, that it is likely to be overlooked entirely by most visitors.

I have gone into this at such length because the show's main purpose—to bring the wonders of the Museum's huge and slightly unwieldy collection into sharper focus—is an excellent one, and the faults I have mentioned are the result merely of insufficient experience in the technique of showmanship, which can be corrected. There are many beautiful things in the show. (Note, among others, the fine, early stone masks from Mexico, almost Egyptian in their dignity and grace of modelling; the intricately decorated pottery ones from Ceylon; and the unexpectedly naturalistic masks from Tibet.) The show has a further value, too, quite separate from the importance of the individual pieces. The Museum, as I've said, is a ponderous institution, and its outlook is scientific. It has, therefore, a more leisurely sense of time than most such establishments, and so the exhibition has a way of mixing the very new with the very ancient that is refreshing. Perhaps because of this, the most interesting group of masks in the collection is a set of modern ones—so modern, indeed, that its principal component is made of the crown of an old black felt hat—from the Hopi Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The felt-hat one is a weird affair, with two movable black-and-white-painted clay spheres for eyes, and a nose and mouth that are run together to form a strange, toothed protuberance like the snout of a shark. The group contains two others—one a Kleelike contraption of painted leather and the other a half gourd, perforated—which are equally striking in design. Intrinsically, they are probably not very valuable and they have not the rarity of the antiquities elsewhere in the show. But they have value as art, and it took objectivity of a very special sort for the Museum to include them in the show.

AT Paul Rosenberg, there is a set of oils by Georges Braque. These aren't new. Braque, now well into his sixties, is reported to have come through the German occupation quite comfortably and is at the moment living and painting in Paris, but no new things of his have come over yet, and the paintings now on view are all dated from 1925 to 1939. New or not, though, they are all superb—dense and absolutely integrated in design, sure in color. There are two in particular, "Table de Marbre" and "Guéridon," that stand at just about the peak of his production as we know it to date.

THERE is a first one-man show of some promise at the Willard, of oils, gouaches, and drawings by Ezio Martinelli. Martinelli, a Philadelphian, is still under a variety of influences, of which André Masson and Kurt Seligmann are perhaps the most immediate ones, and he has a tendency toward overelaborateness which at times confuses his design. To make up for that, he has an unusual capacity for quick, vivid imagery, and when he gets his techniques under control, he should produce some extremely interesting paintings. Of those in the show, I liked his "Figures on Pedestals," "Simeon Stylites," and the cajolingly cheerful "Inhabitants of the Isle."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(ALL GOOD THINGS COME IN PAIRS DIVISION)

[*From "Sarah Mandrake," by Maggie-Owen Wadelton*]

A brace of eager hounds beside him... —*Page 46.*

I had expected to look up a brace of setters. —*Page 49.*

...the master not of a brace of setters... —*Page 53.*

A brace of constables were awaiting us. —*Page 55.*

A brace of legal chaps dropped out of the blue. —*Page 58.*

...and a brace of constables, flanked by Dr. Vanningham. —*Page 62.*

...a brace of shadowy dogs went leaping up the stairs before me. —*Page 67.*

...meeting the second time the brace of phantom dogs. —*Page 73.*

...a bellyband and a brace of diapers. —*Page 78.*

...the brace of tawny dogs pacing sedately beside him. —*Page 92.*

...if a brace of phantom dogs came racing towards you... —*Page 97.*

...unwittingly felling a brace of constables... —*Page 147.*

...she directed attention to a brace of obscene and extremely dead bats. —*Page 154.*

...gave him a brace of lighted candles, grabbed a second brace myself. —*Page 187.*

...not only...candles at hand, but a brace of brandy bottles as well.—*Page 200.*

LISTEN: MAY 11, 1946

Columbia's round-up broadcast on Europe's grave food emergency made a deep impression on quite a number of people, including the Famine Emergency Committee. It was called *Report on Hunger* and six CBS newsmen touched on the domestic and foreign issues of the problem. From abroad Charles Shaw analyzed conditions in southern Europe, through which he had just traveled, while Howard K. Smith in London spoke of the paramount need in Central and Eastern Europe.

The program was scarcely off the air before the phone rang at WTOP (CBS in Washington). It was the FEC. They asked for a transcription and scripts of the broadcast. They were scheduled for a meeting in the White House and wanted to put it on the agenda and listen to it. They did.

★

In the spring of 1945 a representative group of book publishers, printers and manufacturers commissioned Dr. Henry C. Link of the Psychological Corporation and Dr. Harry A. Hopf of the Hopf Institute of Management to make a study of America's reading and book-buying habits.

Link and Hopf interviewed a carefully balanced sample of 4000 people in 106 cities and discovered a vast amount of useful and important information which has just been released under the title of *People and Books.*

They also found out a number of interesting things about radio. One of their questions was: *About how much time...did you spend yesterday listening to the radio (reading newspapers, magazines, books and going to the movies)?* Here are the answers:

	Time
Listening to the radio	49%
Reading newspapers	21%
Reading magazines	11%
Going to the movies	11%
Reading books	8%

Out of a total of 10,555 hours devoted to these activities in one day by 4000 people, 5,683 hours were spent listening to the radio. The overwhelming share of attention gained by radio emphasizes again the deep sense of public responsibility required of the broadcaster.

★

Bill Leonard finished his regular post-midnight tour of the city's streets during which he gathers the news of a sleeping metropolis for his 9:15 a.m. broadcast on WABC.

At 8:30 a.m., on his way to the station, he dropped into his apartment on 88th Street, twirled the dials of his short-wave *ham* broadcasting station and called up a friend.

"W-3JYG New York calling VE-70C ... Program on the air on WABC at 9:15 a.m. eastern daylight time ... Let me know what you think of it. Roger ... Out."

At 9:45 a.m. Leonard was home after his WABC broadcast, and right back at his *ham* set. A message filtered through.

"VE-70C, Chilliwack, British Columbia calling W-3JYG... Program interesting... Distinctly heard here. Enjoyed *This is New York*...Roger...Out..."

Nice words to come from a small Canadian town 2500 miles away, and quite a tribute to the performance of WABC's powerful transmitter. For VE-70C, of course, heard Leonard's program on an ordinary standard-wave receiver just like yours or mine.

★

The number 1400 on Tucson's radio dials takes you into KTUC, one of the most popular stations in the southwest. It's a CBS affiliate and the loyalty it commands from all of its listeners was recently expressed by one of them who wrote:

"There are six radio sets frequently on at the same time in our house, usually all on 1400. For us older ones CBS has delivered quality reporting and quality entertainment. The younger members hunt for 'danger and excitement', man's natural craving. Civilization strives to give us work and security. CBS has caught the tempo, the art of combining (both) ... If CBS and KTUC can keep their respective feet on the ground, great listening is ahead..."

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

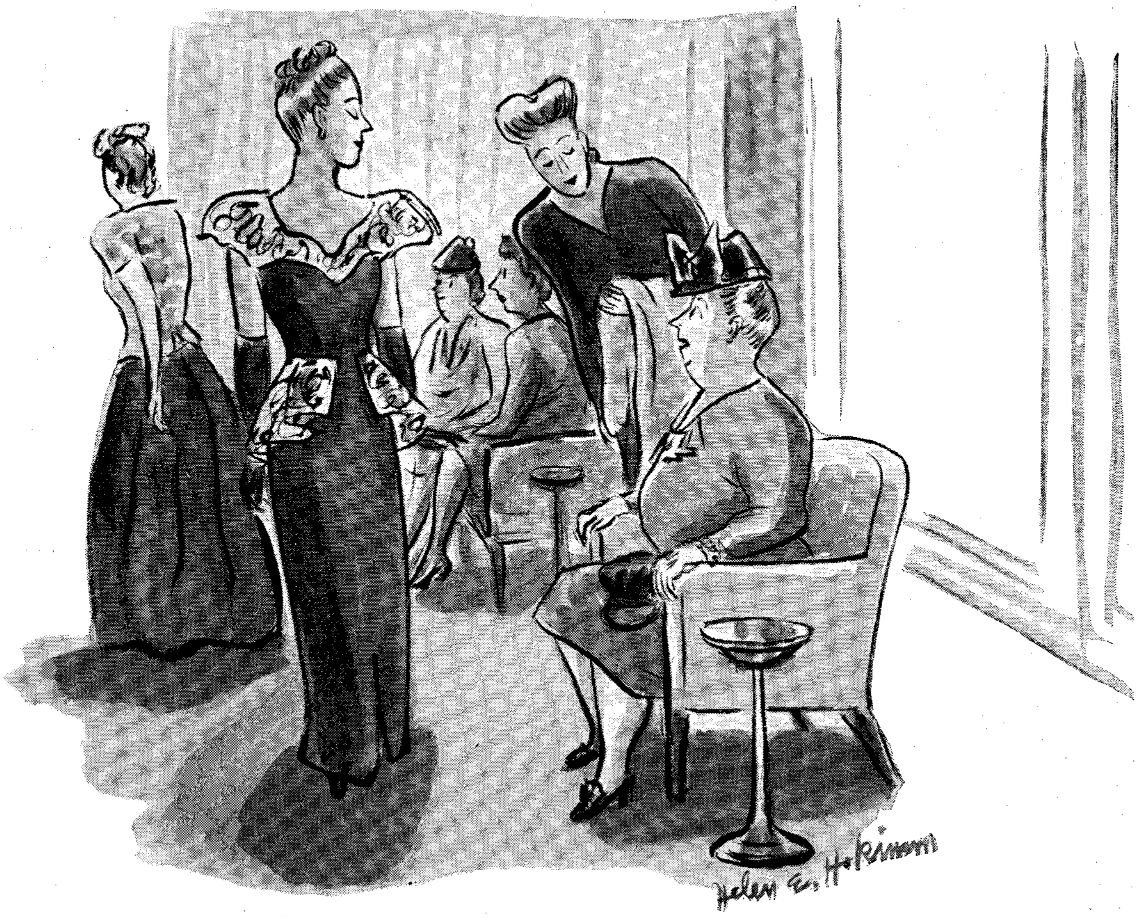
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE periodic agonies of having a repainting job going on in the home are, I suppose, part of every householder's inescapable burden and thoroughly bad, and I have always thought that the insupportable straw is the customary free-for-all between the family and the painters over the matching of colors and the mixing of paints. In eliminating this problem with their Nu-Hue system, the Martin-Senour paint people seem to have performed an act of humanity. The system is in operation now on the fourth floor of W. & J. Sloane, and I must say it seems to be not only ingenious but foolproof. At what is called the Paint Machine Bar there are available a number of big sheets of plastic with discs of color arranged on them in the order of the spectrum. Starting at a reasonable approximation of the shade you want, you keep sliding around your color sample or a swatch of the material you are trying to match until you locate the disc that meets your requirements exactly—there are a thousand discs, all told, so you can be pretty sure of striking it right sooner or later. On the back of each disc is a code number identifying the formula which produces the color. Armed with this formula, you go to the mixing counter, a fascinating place where paints in nine basic colors flow out of faucets like syrups out of a soda fountain's spigots. An attendant runs exactly so much of this one and so much of that one, as required by your prescription and to make up the quantity you need, into a paint can, seals it, and puts it into a machine which shakes it up like a cocktail, and there you are. The mixed paint, by the way, won't look much like your color until it's dry on the wall, and it may cost anywhere from $2.50 a gallon to around $8, depending on your recipe. When I remember my own past tribulations, it seems to me to be worth the money.

THE Gift Shop at Bergdorf Goodman, as everyone must know by this time, is enamored of Lucite—picture frames, magazine racks, wastebaskets, trays, salad bowls, assorted boxes, and who knows what all. Now the shop is even going in for Lucite furniture. Coffee tables are made of thick slabs of the stuff mounted on scrolls ($74 and $76); smoking stands ($25) are of similar construction but lighter, which makes them easy to move around. Tall standing lamps have blond wood shafts on which, at chairside height, are mounted Lucite table ledges ($65 and $73, and that's without the shade). Table lamps with all-Lucite bases—I like them better than ones which combine wood and plastic—are less giddily priced; $15.75 and $27.50, *with* shades. Small hanging shelves of Lucite, for around $30, would look well on a bath or dressing-room wall, or almost any wall, for that matter. And, if this much Lucite doesn't make you light-headed, there's a bed tray with folding legs that the shop will paint with a monogram or decorations to match your china or chintz patterns, all for $25. A nice adjunct is a toast dome big enough to cover not only the toast but the plate it's served on, an idea some physicist has figured is more efficient at keeping toast warm than the small domes which sit on the plate. This costs $6, painted to match the tray.

The shop has a number of new ideas, too, about drink-serving equipment—in wood, this time. What is called a Hanging Bar is an arrangement of staggered shelves for bottles and glasses, with a shallow drawer at the bottom that can be removed and used as a tray. The scheme is to hang the bar on a wall or on the inside of a closet door, at such a height that the drawer, pulled out about halfway, can serve as a work shelf. The bar is of pickled pine ($50) or mahogany ($55), and the shelves are piped with colored leatherette. You'll find the

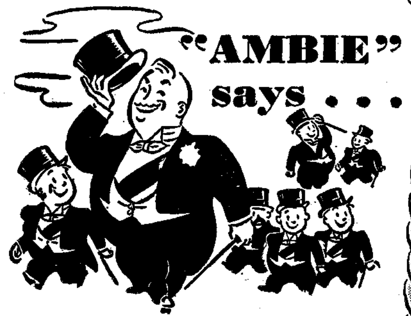


"Wouldn't it make me look too chorus-girly?"

Spring's Bare-brow Bonnets
Demand a Complexion
Clean as a pin—
Fresh as a flower—
Barbara Gould
Special Cleansing Cream

Barbara Gould
SPECIAL
CLEANSING CREAM

Special Cleansing Cream . . . $3.50, $2.00
Cream Pompon *for all skin types* . . . $3.50, $2.00
Skin Freshener *for skin sparkle* . . . $3.00, $1.75, 85c
(All prices plus tax)



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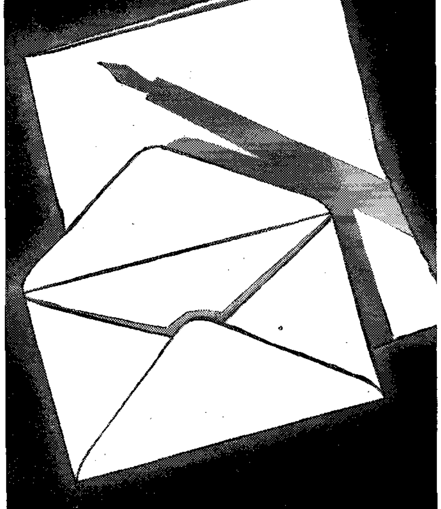

Good paper begins a letter with the impression you wish to leave

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS
AT THE BETTER STORES

same drawer in a pickled-pine or mahogany version of the familiar bar-tray-on-folding-stand ($45 and $49.50). Another folding-stand affair has a tray that is larger than most, paved with Masonite tiles, and fitted with removable bottle racks in the two back corners; a smaller tray, set in the legs of the stand, makes a handy place to park miscellaneous clutter when you have a party in progress. This one is $53, complete.

WHY industry should have chosen this moment to turn its attention to the creation of new bottle openers is something for an economist to ponder. Anyway, such contrivances are cropping up all over town. Hammacher Schlemmer has an item called a Handy-capper, an odd-looking tool which not only lifts the cap off a soda bottle with remarkable ease but puts it back on, sealing in the effervescence; $1 in nickel, for every day, or $2 in gold or silver plate, for Sunday. The several Hoffritz shops around town have a solid-bronze bottle opener called a 4-in-1 Bar Butler which will crush or chip ice, muddle drinks, and, of course, lift caps; $3.85. Edith Chapman, 168 East 33rd Street, has a caplifter that just lifts caps and does nothing else. It's equipped with a long handle and is silver-plated; $3. Or, if what you need is a corkscrew that will look presentable in public, there is an especially good one with a sterling-silver handle at James Robinson, 716 Fifth Avenue (56th). It costs $24 and, despite its source, it's definitely not an antique. —B. B.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From a talk by Dr. Harvey Reid, president of the Canadian Dental Association*]

After a war of a global magnitude scarcely comprehensible by us, when destruction and fury and cruelty reached unequalled heights, when millions of human beings have been rendered homeless and reduced to a mere existence, it is but natural to expect that considerable time will be required for this old world of ours to return to something resembling normalcy. We in Canada have been singularly fortunate in that our lands have not been violated by the thud of a single enemy bomb or a single shell. But if we are prone to think that after such a cataclysmic upheaval, when civilization hovered on the brink of destruction, that things will be just as they were before and that this country of ours will not be influenced by the changes in the world about us, we are I believe due for a rude awakening. Never before was it so important that our National Association be strong, alert to what is going on, and prepared to advise wisely the proper authorities as to how dental services can best be supplied to the people of Canada.

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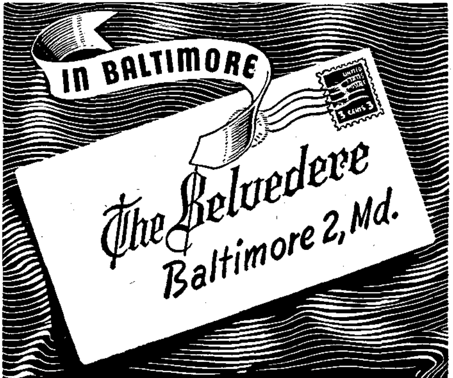

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WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. Wherry. Will the Senator yield further?

Mr. Barkley. Yes.

Mr. Wherry. That is begging the question.

Mr. Barkley. No; that is not begging the question.

Mr. Wherry. Oh, yes; it is begging the question.

Mr. Barkley. The Senator says it is begging the question, but I say it is not.

Mr. Wherry. The Senator speaks of giving the veterans $500 difference. I will give a veteran just as much as the Senator will give a veteran.

Mr. Barkley. I probably am not able to give the veteran as much as the Senator from Nebraska would offer to give him.

Mr. Wherry. I am a veteran, and I am entirely sympathetic to the needs of the veteran.

Mr. Barkley. We do not have a bill before us which would require us individually to pay anything out of our own private property except as it comes from the payment of taxes.

Mr. Wherry. If the Senator will yield further—and as I understood him, he said he would be glad to yield——

Mr. Barkley. I have yielded to the Senator off and on for quite a little while, and I am glad to continue.

Mr. Wherry. I thank the Senator. I should like to say in conclusion, then, if the Senator declines to yield further——

Mr. Barkley. No, Mr. President; I am not declining to yield. But the Senator is complaining because I want to complete a sentence in answer to one of his questions.

Mr. Wherry. Mr. President, I certainly would not want to be disrespectful to the most distinguished majority leader from Kentucky in the Senate; but I want to ask a question.

Mr. Barkley. The field there is limited.

Mr. Wherry. I beg the Senator's pardon.

Mr. Barkley. The Senator said I was the most distinguished majority leader from Kentucky in the Senate. I say the field is limited there.

Mr. Wherry. If the Senator does not want me to speak of him as the most distinguished majority leader, I will withdraw that. I have high regard for the distinguished majority leader.

Mr. Barkley. I appreciate that, and I thank the Senator.

Mr. Wherry. If the Senator felt that I dealt with too limited a field when I spoke of Kentucky, I will make it the whole United States.

Mr. Barkley. The Senator is getting somewhere now.

Mr. Wherry. Yes, we are getting somewhere now. I should like to suggest to the distinguished Senator one more thing.

Mr. Barkley. Mr. President, let me finish first.

"It's been the flavour...
It is the flavour"

For Perfection in
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—Get
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Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow • Sole U. S. Agents: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, N. Y. • Importers Since 1794
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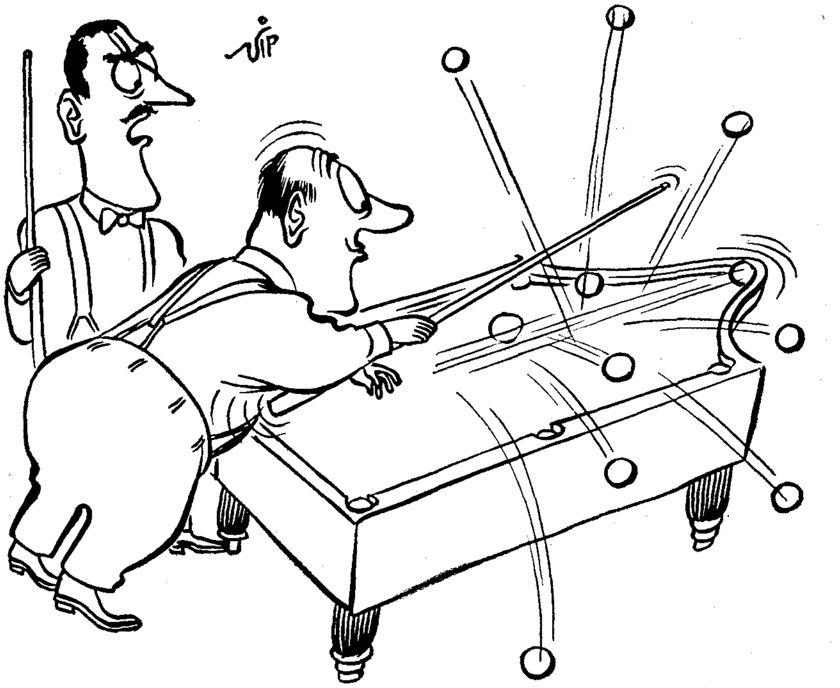

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Tests show moth worms actually commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Gay and Gala

A "POP" concert, according to tradition, is a musicale at which you may enjoy an earful and a mouthful at the same time, and the opening session in the current Carnegie Hall series of such concerts observed these conventions, to the patent enjoyment of a sold-out house. The music was predominantly "pop," a word that has come to denote almost any collection of sounds that are tuneful and don't require preliminary study on the part of the listeners, and it was performed against a background of sandwiches, hot dogs, canapés, beer, fruit punch, and lemonade, served at tables installed in the boxes.

The orchestra for the series is made up of seventy Philharmonic-Symphony musicians. Artur Rodzinski started the first program with a resounding version of the "William Tell" overture, a "pop" classic. Walter Hendl then took over as conductor and led the orchestra engagingly and efficiently in a large variety of agreeable compositions. Mr. Hendl also doubled as piano soloist for Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," directing the ensemble as he played nimbly and imaginatively. This business of playing a solo and conducting at the same time does not always result in a very cohesive performance, but Mr. Hendl was remarkably successful. The evening's vocal soloist was Robert Merrill, who sang several opera and operetta airs and got a responsive reception.

These concerts will be presented every night through June 22nd. The programs will run through a variety of opera and jazz festivals, with various conductors, singers, dancers, narrators, and waiters.

ALTHOUGH the music season is supposed to be finished business about this time of year, Carnegie Hall was occupied most of last week with concerts of considerable magnitude. Maria Jeritza, who retired from the Metropolitan fourteen years ago, appeared in a recital that allowed her to display her customary fascination. The program was one of the most taxing that any soprano has offered in a long time, but Mme. Jeritza's voice, which still retains

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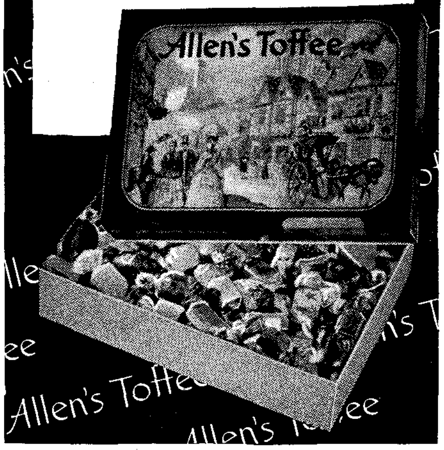
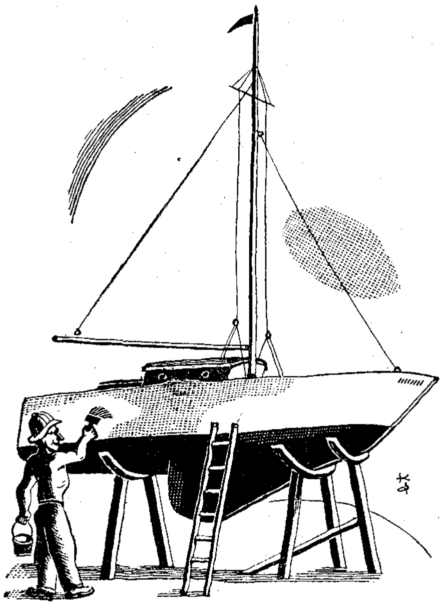


much of its quality, apparently remained untired throughout, although once or twice she did lapse into inaccurate intonation and stylistic exaggeration. The most noteworthy part of the recital was a vivid performance of the finale of Strauss's "Salome," which Mme. Jeritza acted as well as sang. Her audience was delighted to see her again, and the floral offerings she received were enough to stock a flower shop.

THE Schola Cantorum chorus, under the able direction of Hugh Ross, gave a concert last week in Carnegie Hall which had the assistance of an assortment of soloists and accompanists and an instrumental group, and offered dancing by Paul Draper and Ana Ricarda and some experiments in stage lighting. It was a busy evening for Mr. Ross, who conducted from several points on the stage during the course of the concert, checked up on light cues, and played some of the piano accompaniment. The music was Spanish and Russian, including arrangements by several composers of Spanish folk melodies collected by the Schola's founder and first conductor, the late Kurt Schindler. The kaleidoscopic activities on the stage were at times a bit bewildering, but the music was thoroughly interesting, well presented, and well danced.

ANOTHER diversified evening at Carnegie Hall was supplied by a concert of mostly modern American music, for the benefit of Russian relief, at which the American Youth Orchestra appeared, with Dean Dixon conducting soundly and musically. Between the orchestral entries, most of them reasonably familiar, Marc Blitz-



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PARIS
BELTS
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stein played and sang songs from a musical play he is writing. This preview indicated that Mr. Blitzstein has an entertaining show in work, and he is probably already receiving applications from interested singers who would like to do his new, Russianized versions of Mother Goose jingles. There were violin solos (not all modern American) brilliantly played by Isaac Stern, and a miniature song recital by Muriel Smith, whom you may have heard in "Carmen Jones." Miss Smith, who dealt with pieces by George Gershwin, Leonard Bernstein, and Earl Robinson, was immensely persuasive, in spite of patches of vocal tension, and it would be interesting to hear her in a complete concert of her own. Mr. Bernstein was on hand himself as an ingratiating master of ceremonies. The orchestra played two of his compositions—the striking "Jeremiah" symphony and an amusing ditty called "I Hate Music."

THE San Carlo Opera Company arrived last week at the Center Theatre, where it will continue to furnish operatic staples through this Sunday. The "Aïda" which opened the engagement was in the well-known pattern of the troupe—sturdy and full-throated. There were a few vocal slipups, but they didn't seem to disturb many people in the audience, which obviously had a wonderful time. The company has a new musical director this season—Victor Trucco, formerly a member of the Metropolitan's musical staff. Like his predecessors in the Center Theatre, Mr. Trucco was faced with the problem of keeping contact with his singers across the big expanse of apron which separates the stage from the orchestra pit. He solved this complication without undue difficulty, and he also demonstrated a knowing approach to the music and an effective elasticity in his tempi.

People who like to follow opera with a score or libretto will be particularly comfortable at the Center, where there are small reading lights on the backs of the seats. What's more, they work.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

●

BOURJOIS STIRS UP SENTIMENT FOR MOTHER . . . WITH EVENING IN PARIS

Take a measure of Maxim's,
a dash of apache, a pinch of Paris dusk
—and you have Evening in Paris
by Bourjois. It's an arch perfume
triumph in bath and beauty care.
What could be a lovelier gift for Mother?
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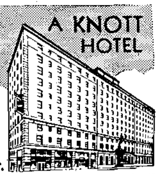


THAT WAS THE WAR

WILD PIGS AND MR. FELLER

I SAW in the newspapers last week that Bob Feller, of the Indians, had pitched a no-hit, no-run game against the Yankees, the second of his major-league career. Like any other pitcher on such an occasion, he must have found the last few innings a strain, but I doubt whether, in some ways, the game was any more difficult for him than one I saw him pitch in the Marshall Islands on a June Sunday in 1944.

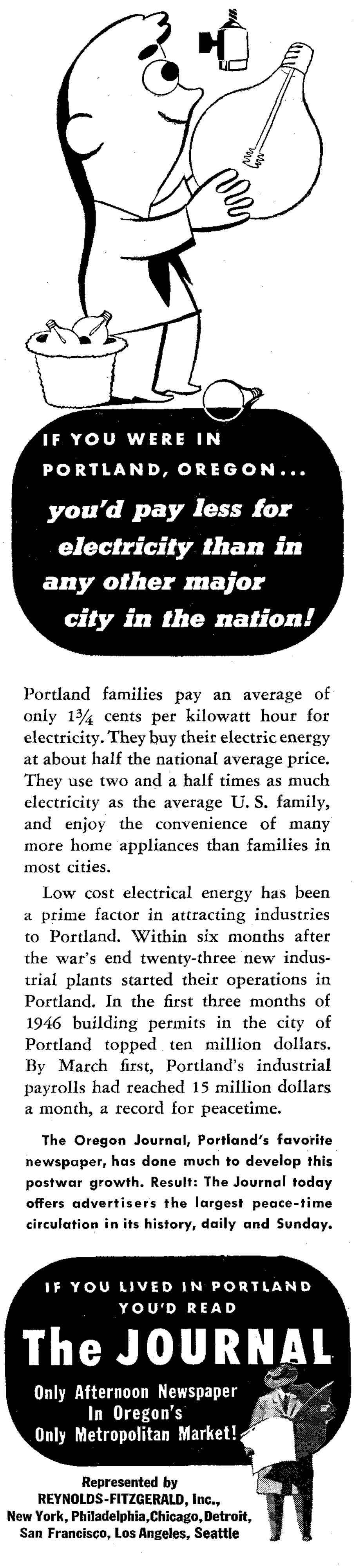
Feller was a chief petty officer in the Navy then, and highly regarded by the men of the Pacific Fleet. Their respect for him was largely based on the fact that, instead of taking things easy stateside, or at some cushy rear base, like a lot of athletes in uniform, he was very active in a very active fleet, engaged in work that was obviously not likely to improve his ability as a ballplayer. Specifically, he was in command of an anti-aircraft battery of 40-mm. guns on the new battleship Alabama, and from all reports his was a good crew. This was at a time before *kamikaze* meant anything to anyone except the Japanese, but the enemy's pilots had already taken to diving on our ships, and Feller and his men were frequently busy beating them off.

SHAMPOO
59¢
RD

ON this Sunday, the Alabama was at anchor with a lot of other warships in the lagoon of Majuro Atoll, which is pretty far south in the Marshalls and was therefore a reasonably safe place at that time for the assembling of the large task force needed for our forthcoming invasion of the Marianas. During the morning an enterprising recreational officer, who had spotted a nearby island with a baseball diamond of a sort on it, rigged up a game between a team from the Alabama and one from her sister ship, the Indiana, which was anchored in the same lagoon. The game was scheduled for two o'clock. A couple of hours before that, boats with liberty parties started leaving the two vessels and heading for the island. I happened to be aboard the Indiana and went ashore with some of its crowd. Upon landing, we found the playing field an intimately small one, only recently roughed out of a palm grove. A steady trade wind blew gusts of white coral dust over the infield, whose surface was notable principally for a number of large rocks. The recreational officer had provided three sacks for bases, a piece of wood for home plate, a strip of chicken wire for a backstop, and a chaplain for umpire. Several of the players wore beards, and all were strangely dressed. Feller, who was to pitch for the Alabama, had on blue dungarees, a gray sweatshirt, a nondescript cap, and, as nearly as I could make out, plain black dress shoes. The most dangerous man on the Indiana team, I was told, was the second baseman, a monstrous enlisted man with huge hands, who wore nothing but sneakers and khaki shorts and an impressive matting of hair on his chest. He looked like a slugger.

It was blisteringly hot in the sun. Where the audience was, though, under the palms ringing the field, it was fairly cool. I sat on the Indiana side of the diamond, in front of four seamen, one of whom was a brassy-voiced youth with an unmistakable Brooklyn accent. He and his companions were eating olives out of a tin can as big as a bucket. None of them seemed particularly uneasy over the fact that their team was facing the man who not so long ago had been the highest-salaried pitcher in baseball. As soon as Feller went to work out in the middle of the diamond, they, along with everybody else, could see that he was off his form. Before long, it also became evident that we were sharing the island with a liberty party from another vessel, who, armed with knives and contemptuous of baseball, were hunting wild pigs in the bush. From time to time we'd hear alarming scuffles and squeals nearby, and then a quartet of sailors would emerge from the undergrowth, howling triumphantly and carrying a dead wild hog, each of them holding a leg.

THE Indiana team scored early on Feller, as I recall, and he was in hot water a lot of the time. This encouraged the four seamen behind me,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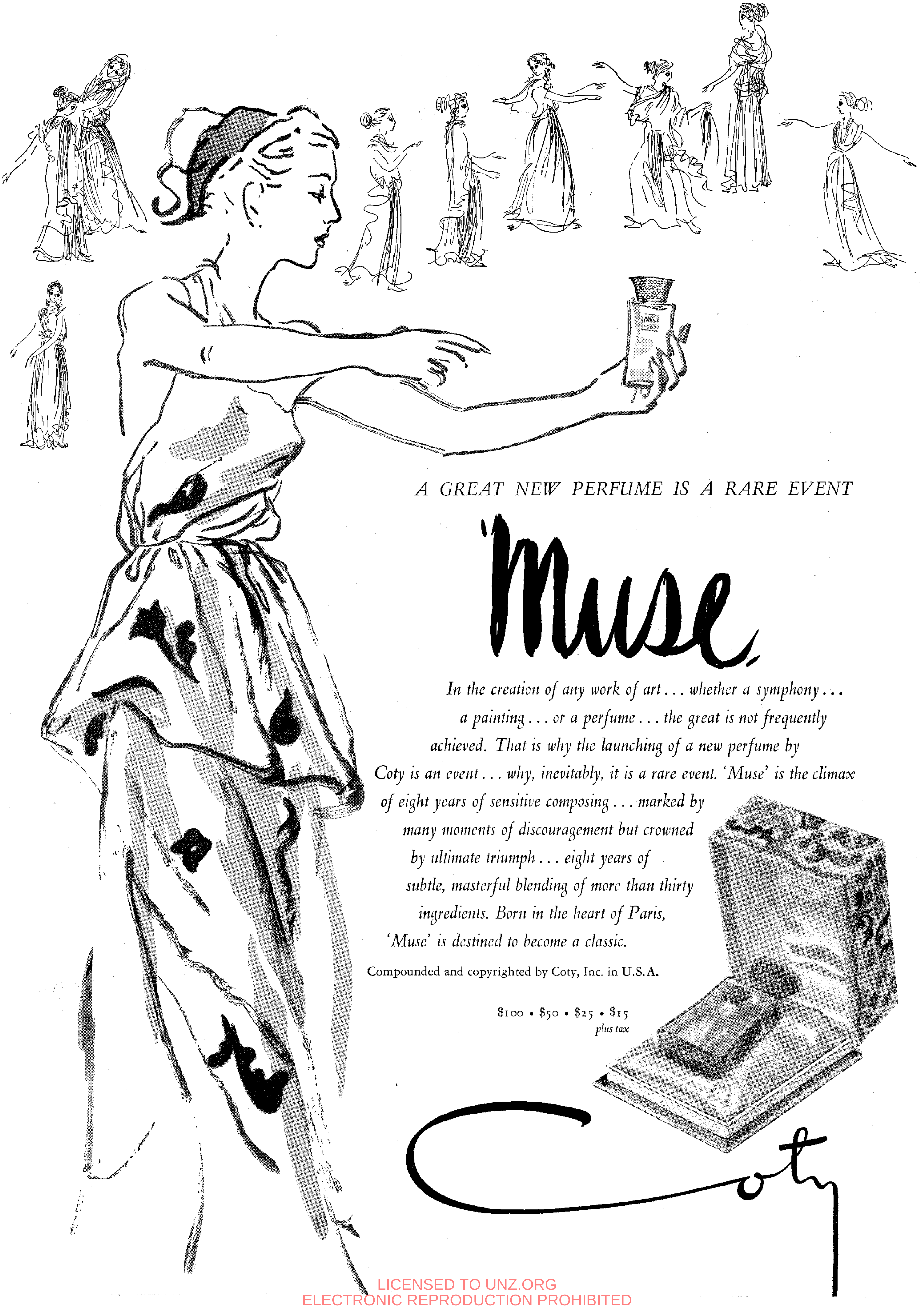
especially the deafening Brooklynite, who directed a typical Flatbush chant at Feller whenever he was on the mound. "Oh, yuh joik!" he kept repeating during the second inning, at close to a hundred and twenty decibels. "Yuh couldn't beat Detroit and yuh can't beat us. Yuh stink!" By now, Feller was breathing heavily and the tropical heat was plainly getting him down. Before nearly every windup, he dusted his fingers with a small rosin bag that lay near the pitcher's box, a thoroughly orthodox procedure. "That's right! That's right! Pick up yuh little rosin bag, Robert!" howled the heckler on one occasion, as though he'd caught Feller in the act of spiking the third baseman. Feller got little peace. "Dear, dear, Robert, don't yuh strain anything!" shouted the man behind me when Feller cut loose with a fast one.

During the fifth inning, the Indiana got three men on base with nobody out, and the big second baseman came to bat. He had already got one hit off Feller, a clean single to center field. He stood easily at the plate, like an amiable orangutan, his large bat a toothpick in his hands. The Indiana side was in an uproar. "Yuh t'rough!" shouted the Brooklyn man, and out there in the Marshalls it sounded as if he really knew what he was talking about. "Back to de farm for yuh, yuh beat-up character!" It certainly looked bad for Feller. Just then, out of the scrub bordering left field popped a fast-running pig, followed by a pack of knife-brandishing sailors in full cry. They dashed across the diamond in a swirl of dust and disappeared among the palm trees along right field. Feller stared after them bewilderedly for a moment, then wiped his forehead with a grimy hand and pitched again to the big fellow. It would be pleasant to be able to record that he struck him out, but he didn't. The second baseman, as I remember it, walked. That was the only run Feller let in that inning, however. It was really quite a triumph.

OUR side used up a couple of pitchers, but Feller stuck out the nine innings, and his side won by a score of seven to four, or something like that. When he had retired the final Indiana player, an admiring group of Alabamians and some renegades from the opposition gathered around him on the field. Feller was modest and courteous, although noticeably bushed, probably no more from his physical efforts than from the strain on his nerves. Some-



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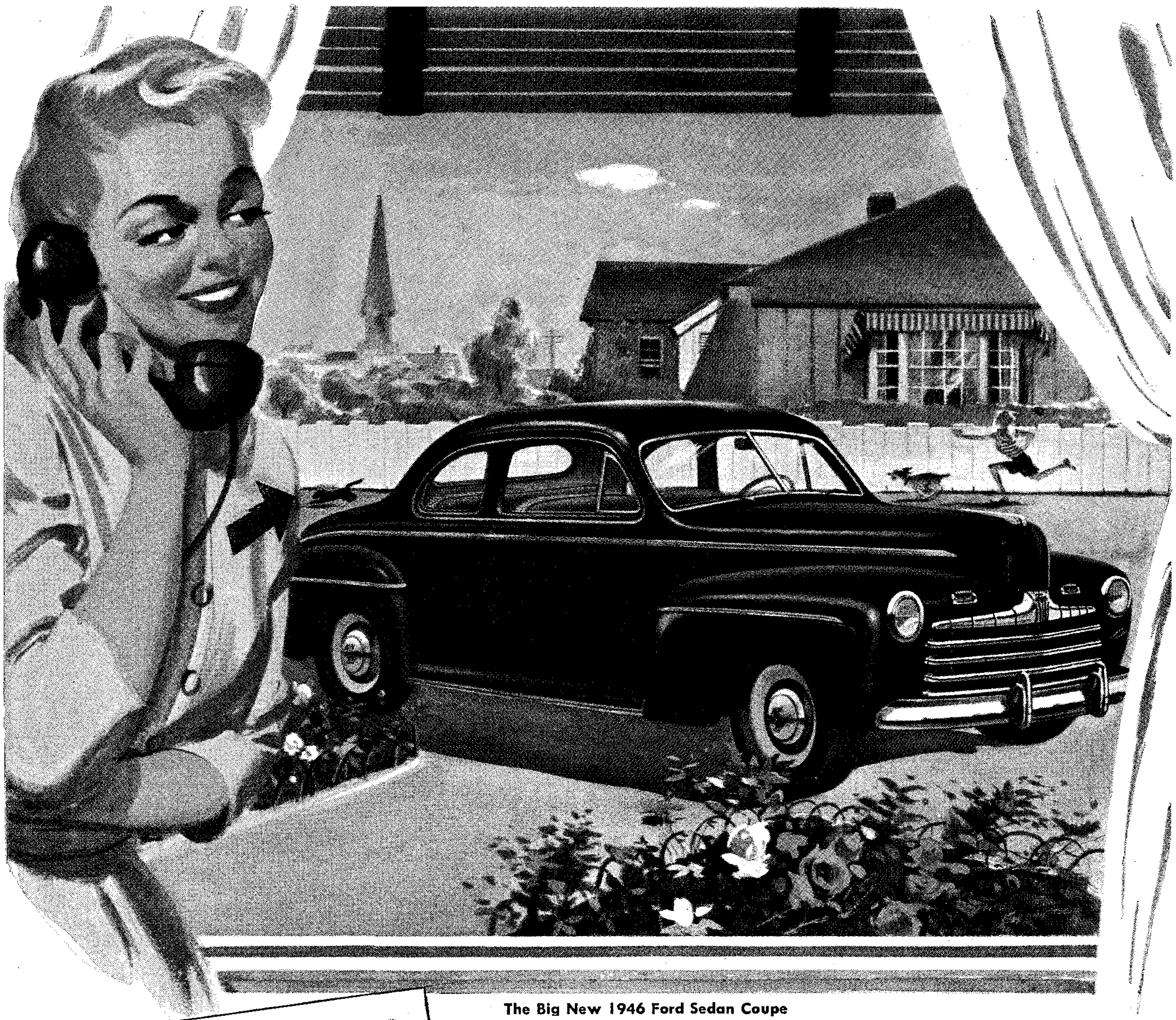

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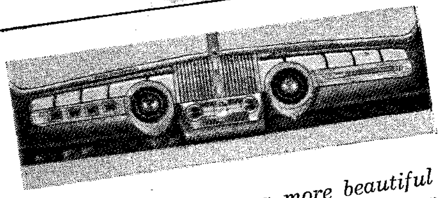

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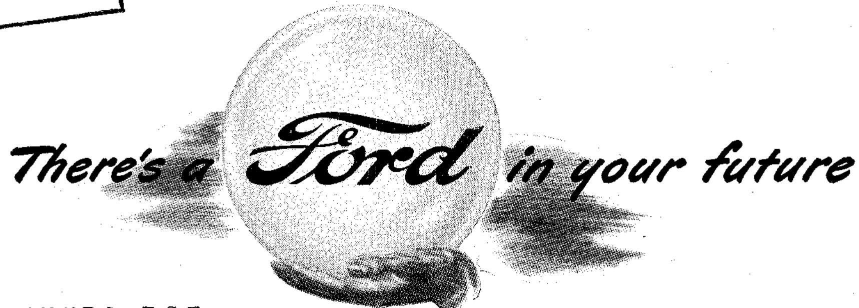
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one asked him how he felt about his chances in baseball after the war, and he said that he thought with a little training and a little luck he might get back in form. On the basis of his performance against the Yankees last week, he apparently has. I don't doubt that this no-hit game, like the one he pitched before the war, will remain a long time in his memory, and I have a feeling that he won't soon forget, either, that game he pitched at Majuro in between.

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•

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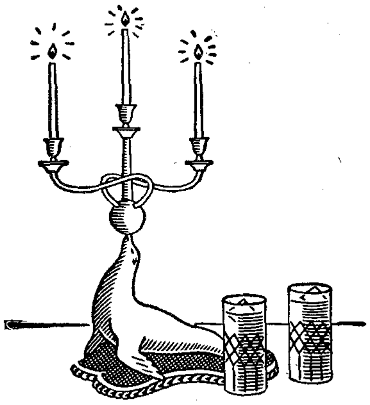
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WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING

"HAVE you joined a veterans' organization yet?" Tom Spencer asked me.

"No," I said, "and I don't think I will."

We were sitting in Tom's apartment in Cambridge, studying for the approaching hour-exams at Harvard. We had formed the habit of studying together to give our wives a chance to entertain each other while we were deep in our books. My wife and Tom's wife, Ann, were in one of the bedrooms talking. They had closed the door to avoid disturbing us.

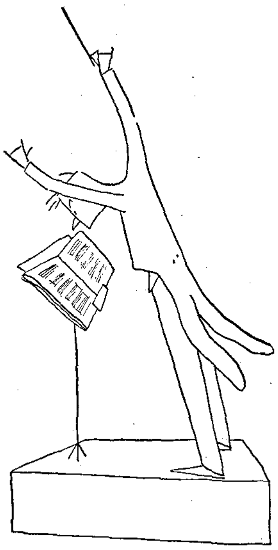
"What have you got against veterans' organizations?" Tom asked.

"Oh, I'm not much of a joiner," I said. "Most people join an organization and then find they are supporting something just opposite to their beliefs."

I was about to elaborate on this subject when I was interrupted by a loud knocking on the wall.

"That's Ann," Tom said. "She wants us to quit talking, so we can study. She's afraid I'll flunk my exams."

He picked up a formidable-looking physics book he had laid on the floor beside his chair and scowled into it. I resumed my task of memorizing the names of the Russian czars and the dates they had ascended the throne. I hated this job, but there almost certainly would be a question about the czars in my Russian-history exam. For a few minutes all was quiet.



"I wouldn't ask you to join up with the beer-and-bonus boys," Tom suddenly resumed. "I want you to join the American Veterans Committee. I did, last week. Have you seen their statement of intentions?"

"No," I said, "and I don't want to. I can't really think of myself as a veteran anyway. When I was a little boy, there was only one man in our town whom people referred to as a veteran. He was about ninety years old and he had a long gray beard. To me the word 'veteran' still means a guy like that."

Tom rummaged through his pockets and finally handed me a crumpled piece of paper covered with fine print. "Here," he said. "Read this."

I took the piece of paper. Across the top of it, in bold type, were the words "Statement of Intentions." The first sentence was "We look forward to becoming civilians: making a decent living, raising a family, and living in freedom from the threat of another war." I let my eye run over the rest of it and handed the paper back to Tom.

"Sure," I said. "Still, all they'll do is meet once a year and get fried."

"Well, we've got to do something," Tom said. "Do you remember how we used to talk during the war? We were always blaming the war on the older generation, and we said that when *we* got back, things would be different. Now what the hell are we doing about it?"

"Not as much as we thought we would," I said. "Every ensign expected to be elected a congressman the minute he got out of uniform. I myself had hopes of being a senator."

I began to talk about the plans we'd made during the war, but I was again interrupted by Tom's wife. She opened the door from the bedroom and called to us. "Hey, you guys!" she said. "I thought you were going to do some studying!"

"If you're not," my wife added, "how about a game of bridge?"

"No, we just got to talking," Tom said. "We'll study."

He scowled into his physics book again. His wife still stood at the door watching him.

"There was Alexander the First," I began to recite. "Then there was Constantine, only he abdicated and Nicholas the First took over. After that came Alexander the Second."

"I don't give a damn," said Tom. "What I'm interested in is Stalin."

"And what I'm interested in," said Ann, "is your passing your exams. Do you realize that if you flunk one course, the ninety dollars a month from the government quits coming in? It would be just like getting fired."

"Yes," I said. "We'd have to go to work."

"I won't flunk any exams," Tom said. "I'll study, damn it!"

He scowled more fiercely than ever into his physics book, and, closing my eyes, I repeated to myself the names of the Russian czars. Ann shut the bedroom door.

"One good thing about the Russian revolution," I said finally. "It put an end to those czars."

Tom looked up. "Will you come down to the American Veterans Committee's office with me tomorrow?" he asked. "That's the least you can do."

"All right," I said, "but you better start studying again, or Ann will really get mad."

My warning came too late. The door from the bedroom opened and Ann came out, followed by my wife. "Look, darling," Ann said to Tom. "I don't want to be a nagging wife, but if you guys can't work together, you better try it alone."

"When I was in high school," Tom said, "they used to call this supervised study. Brother!"

"I'm just worried, darling," Ann replied. "How can you expect to pass your exams if you don't study for them?"

Tom got up and deliberately put his book on a shelf in the bookcase. "I can't study any more tonight," he said with an air of finality. "I'm sick of it, and I know the stuff anyway. What I want to do is talk this guy into joining the A.V.C."

"Let's play bridge," my wife suggested.

Ann started to say something but apparently thought better of it. Then she smiled and said, "If this is going to be a social evening, how about a drink?"

"Sure," I said. "If Tom is going to recruit me, I'll need it. Come on, Tom, start talking. People have tried to make me join veterans' organizations before. I think you're supposed to begin by telling me I'm the cream of the nation."

"You're the scum," Tom said. "You won't even take me seriously."

"Come on, darling," my wife said. "Take him seriously. Maybe we ought to join the A.V.C."

"Just don't make me read that statement of intentions again," I said. "I'll concede that the A.V.C. wants to do good."

While Tom explained to me the exact purposes of the A.V.C., I sipped my drink. I was surprised at the earnestness with which he talked. Finally, he said, "Will you really come down to their office with me tomorrow?"

"Sure," I said, "if you want. What do you do, get a dollar for each guy you recruit?"

He gave me a look of disgust. "I hope

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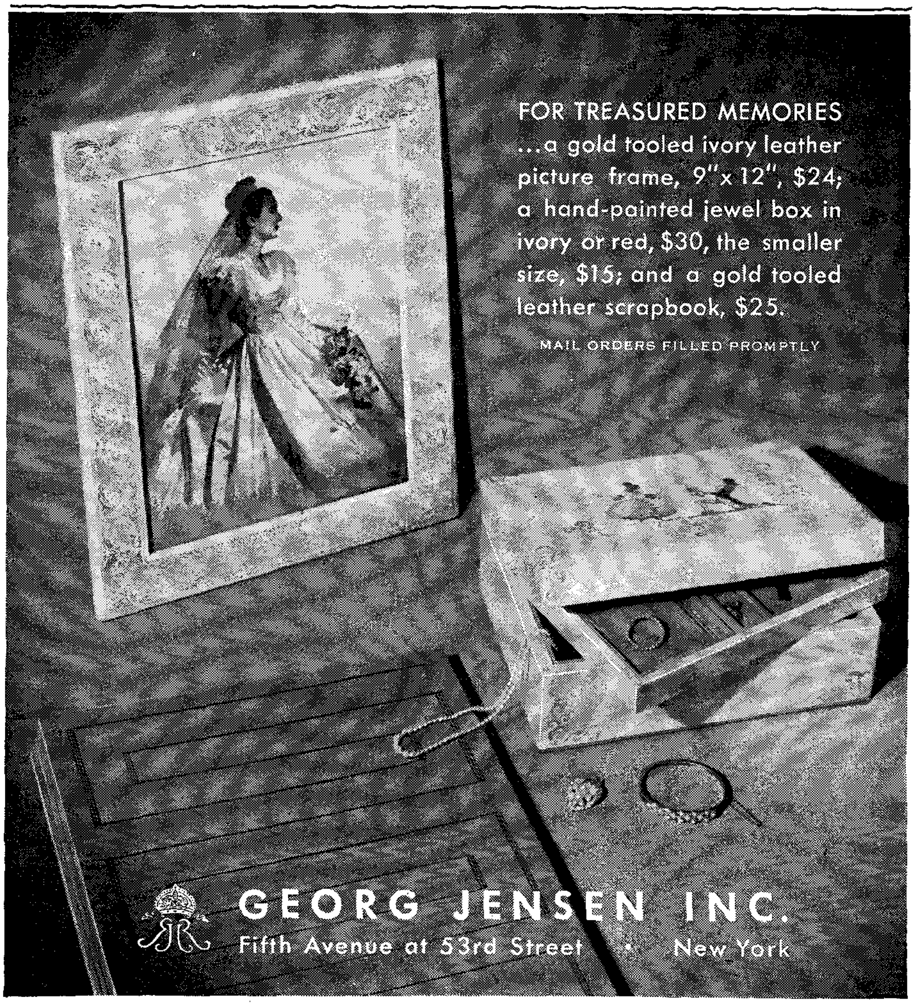

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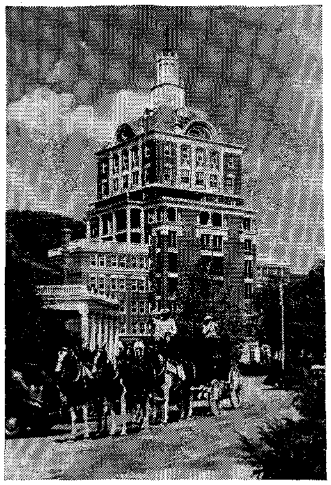

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you're still laughing when you take your uniform out of the mothballs and have it let out at the waist so you can wear it again," he said.

THE next afternoon, after my classes were over, I met Tom, and we started to walk to the headquarters of the Cambridge chapter of the American Veterans Committee.

"All I know about this thing is what Westbrook Pegler said about it," I told Tom. "From what he writes, I gather that the A.V.C. is redder than a box of Pall Malls. If you're going to make me into a Red, I'd like to know about it before you start."

"It isn't red!" Tom said indignantly, but I thought he looked a little embarrassed. "It happens that their local office is right next to the Russian War Relief," he went on. "You mustn't get the wrong idea. It's just coincidence."

When we reached the A.V.C. office, something about the entrance looked familiar to me.

"What did this place use to be before the A.V.C. rented it?" I asked Tom.

Tom said he didn't know. We opened the door and went into a narrow, bare room with a desk at the far end. A young man was seated at the desk.

"I've got a prospect here," Tom said. "He wants to ask you some questions about the A.V.C."

This wasn't exactly the sort of introduction I'd been expecting, and for a few seconds I was stumped.

"What did this place use to be before you took it over?" I asked at last.

"A bar," the man behind the desk said. "I think they used to call it Joe's Place."

"Joe's Place!" I said, in delight. "Many's the cold beer I've had here! The bar was right over there, and there were a couple of booths right here! What happened to Joe?"

"I don't know," the man said, somewhat coldly. "Are there any other questions you want to ask about the A.V.C.?"

"Sure," I said. "Just tell me about it in general."

"If you only want to find out about us in general, I suggest you come to one of our meetings," the man said. "We're going to have one tonight."

"Can I bring my wife?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Most of us bring our—"

His voice was suddenly drowned out by the heavy beat of a piano next door and the voice of a woman singing a boisterous Russian song. I couldn't make out many of the words, but in one place the woman sang "Hi, ya ya *ya!*" several times. Tom looked startled.

"It's somebody over in the Russian War Relief," the man behind the desk said. "They don't do that very often. I suppose if it keeps up we'll have to do something about it. If someone who'd just read Pegler came in here and heard that woman, I don't know what he'd think!"

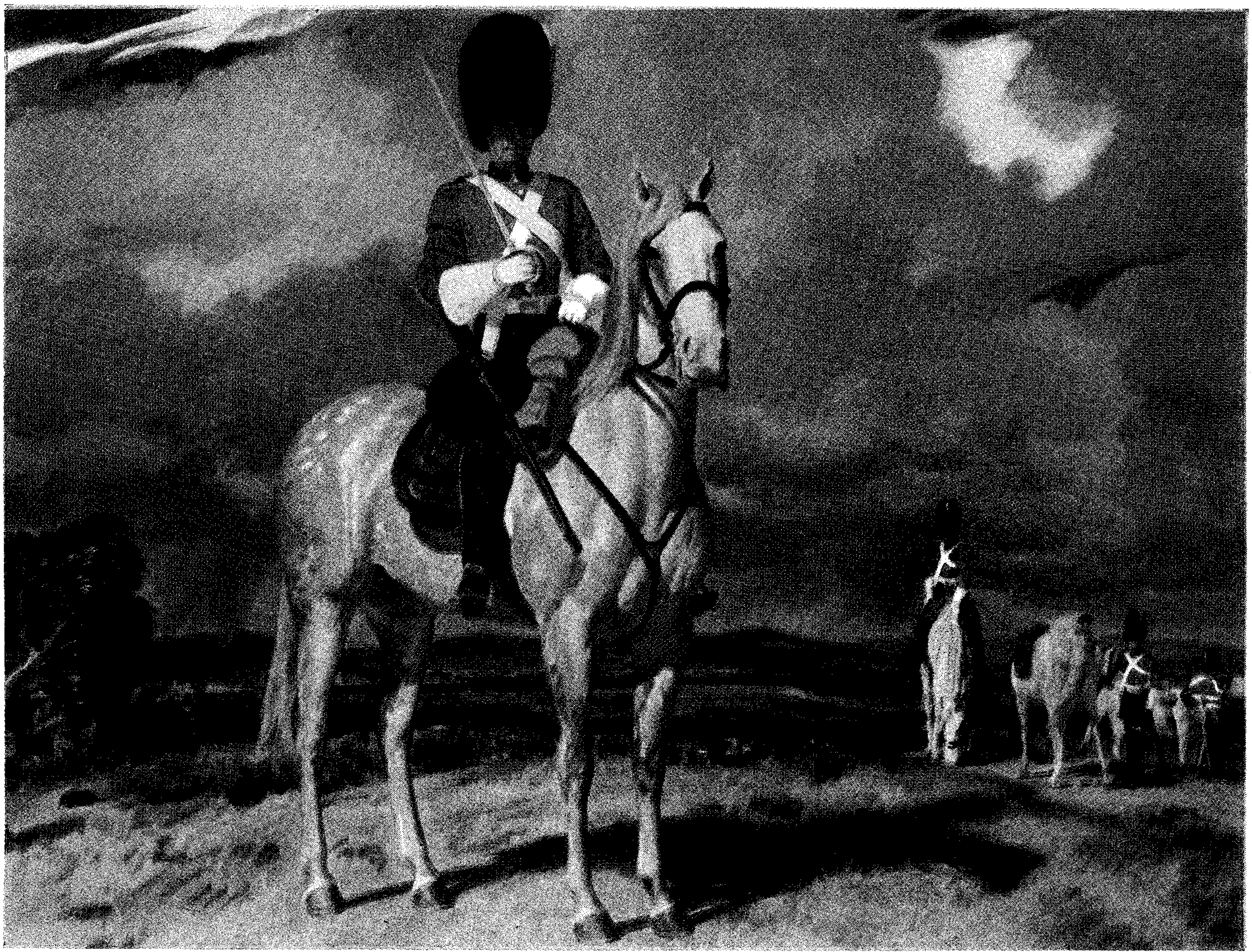
At seven that evening, my wife and I met Ann and Tom at their house, and we all started to walk down to the A.V.C. meeting.

"They're going to elect some officers tonight," Tom said. "It's pretty hard to get people who can afford to give up much of their time. Do you know Dave Early? Both he and his wife are veterans, and they're both going to college. She goes to Radcliffe, but now that Harvard has mixed classes, it's just as though she were going to Harvard with Dave. Anyway, both of them were really interested in the A.V.C., and we were pretty sure we could make them both officers of the chapter. Then she got pregnant and started feeling sick a lot of the time. Now Dave's too busy to do anything for the A.V.C. He has to go to his classes and to his wife's classes, too, to take notes for her. He hardly has time to eat his meals."

WE found the narrow A.V.C. office crowded with young men and women. Most of the women, Tom explained, were the wives of veterans, not veterans themselves. They couldn't be members, of course, but they seemed as interested as anybody. The whole atmosphere of the place was exceedingly grave. In the crowded room it was easy to overhear snatches of conversation.

"What do you think of all these things Russia is doing?" I heard one young, worried-looking veteran say. "I don't know," the girl he was talking to replied. "It's hard to know what to think." In another corner of the room a group of veterans were discussing the possibility of another war. "I can't really believe we're standing here actually talking about it," one dark-haired young man said.

Shortly after we arrived, the meeting was called to order. The election of officers took little time, and a formal discussion of current events followed. The loan to Britain was discussed, and a



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vote was taken on the advisability of its being made. It was approved almost unanimously. During the discussion and the voting, everybody acted as serious as if the decision rested entirely in his hands. The atmosphere of solemnity was catching, and I found that I had assumed a very long face.

When the formal meeting came to a close, most of the people stayed on to talk. One veteran, who seemed to be older than the rest, gathered quite a crowd around him. From where I stood, I could hear him plainly. "All of us here love to talk," he said. "We're all people of good intentions. We don't want to become a bunch of dilettantes. We don't want to become a bunch of crackpot liberals. What we do want is social security, economic security, and a lasting peace. To get these things we've got to do something. . . ."

There was a murmur of assent.

"That's right, we've got to *do* something," a young man beside me said. The phrase seemed to echo throughout the room. It was one point upon which everyone agreed.

Tom nudged me. "Do you still think it's funny?" he asked.

"No," I said. "It's not funny at all." And then, surprisingly, I heard myself saying, "We've got to *do* something."

—SLOAN WILSON

•

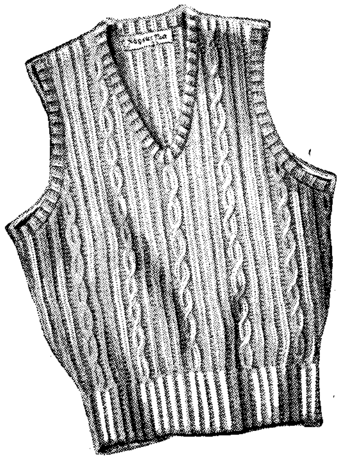
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
MAY 3, 1946

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I HAVE noted with interest A. J. McGinn-Liebling's recent observations on hyphenated British nomenclature in your esteemed publication. McGinn-Liebling states that during his stay in the British Isles he heard, "in rare instances, of triple hyphenated names but never of quadruple or more-than-quadruple ones." During *my* stay in the British Isles, which ended some months ago, I heard of Admiral Hon. Sir Reginald Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax, chief of the British military mission to Moscow in the summer of 1939. Whether Admiral Hon. Sir Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax's wife was propertied, or a Plunkett, an Ernle, an Erle, or possibly even a Drax, I am, unfortunately, unable to say.

I remain, sirs, respectfully,
PHILIP P. IGLAUER-HAMBURGER



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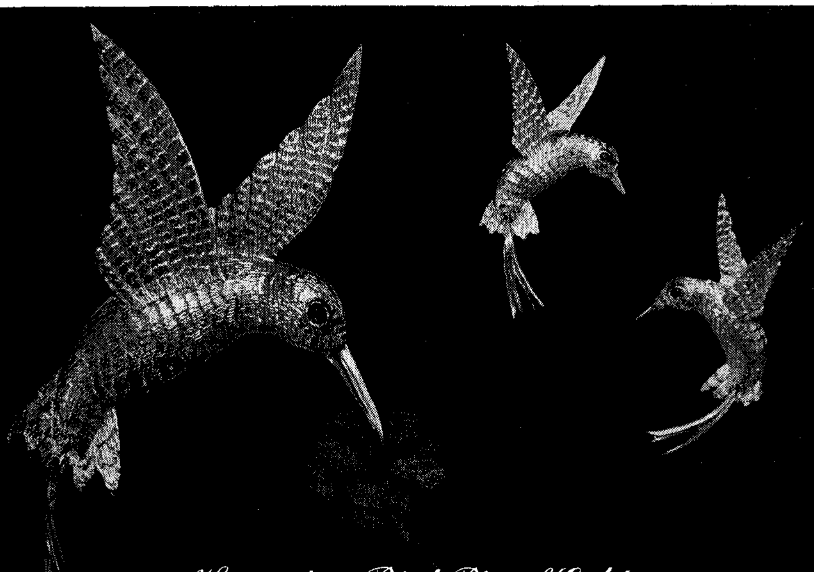

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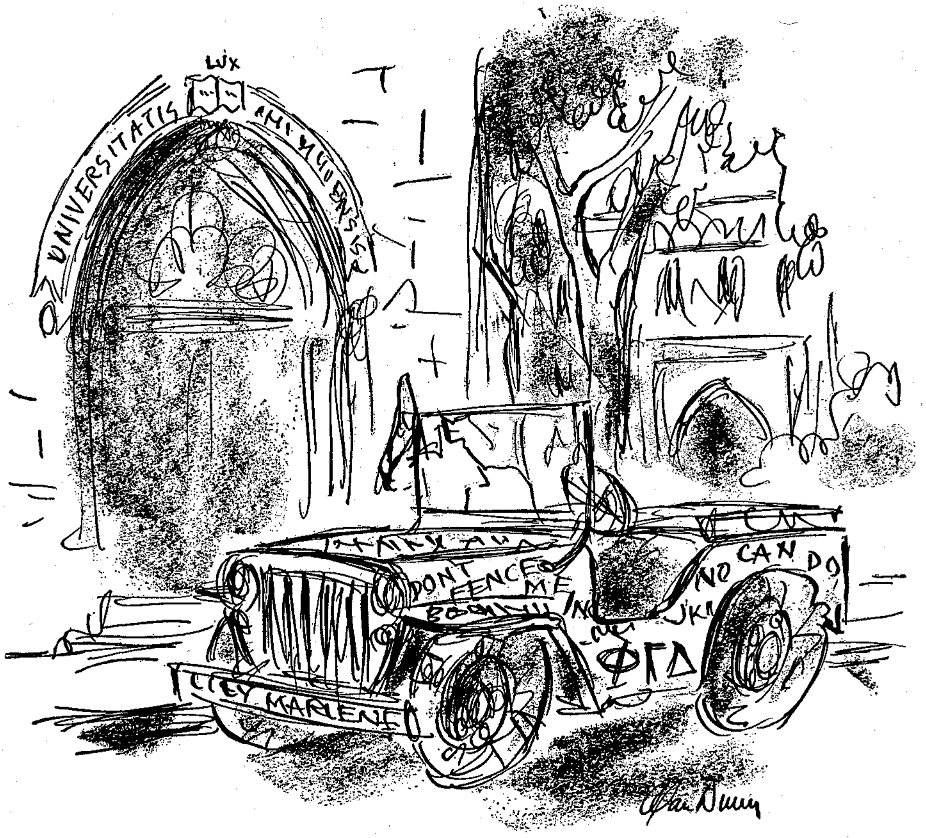
BOOKS

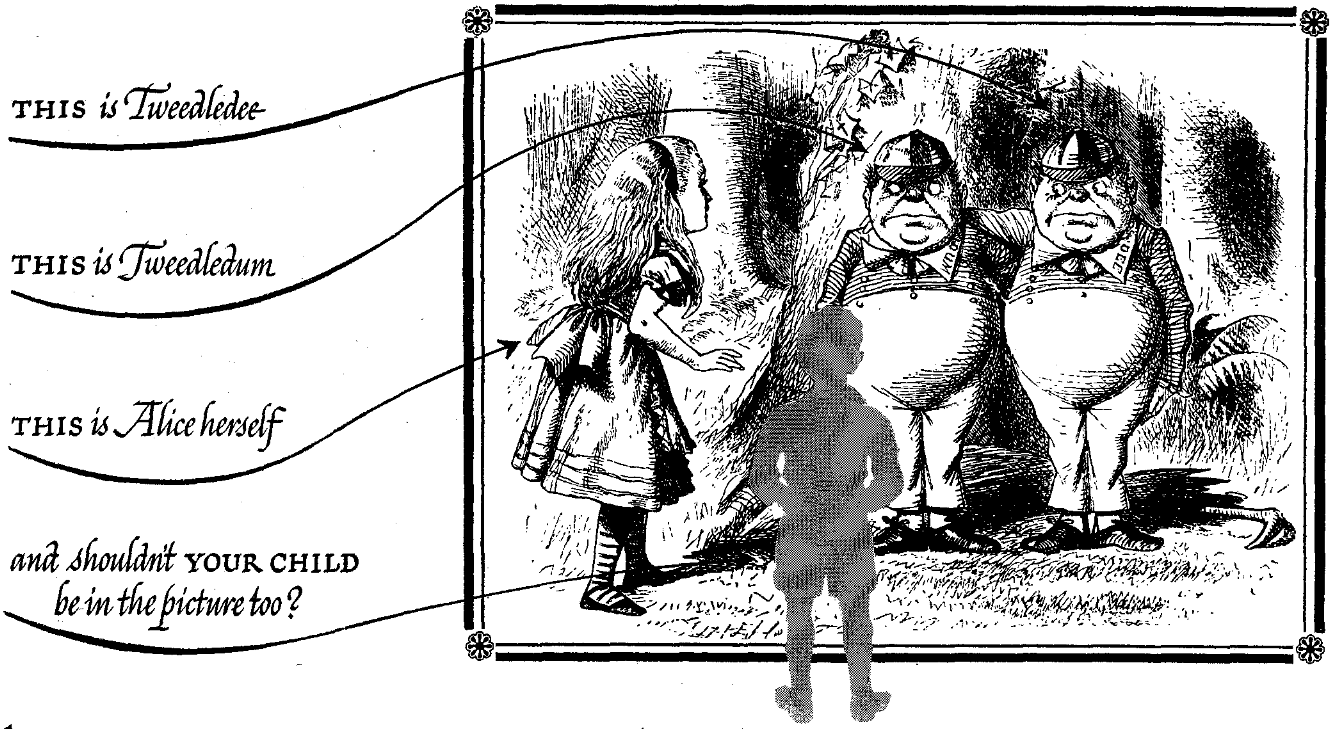
Look Away, Look Away, Look Away

ALTHOUGH the South has had enough of a literary going over to satisfy even the most demanding student of the subject, a trio of novels about the territory have recently appeared to prove that the going over is still going on. The chorus of enthusiasm that has greeted the publication of Eudora Welty's new novel, "Delta Wedding" (Harcourt, Brace), the first of these three books, made me wary of it at first, but now I'm doubtful, after having reread the book, so much did I like it, whether the chorus was loud enough. I'm equally uncertain that it has been praised for the right reasons. Miss Welty, generally speaking, is most frequently praised because she can write. There's no doubt about that. She can do things with the English language that have all the unpredictable wonder and surprise of a ball of mercury rolling about in the palm of one's hand. But the point, it seems to me, is not whether Miss Welty can write but what she has done with her writing. For my part, she has done enough to produce as fine a novel as any contemporary American author has turned up with in recent years.

Miss Welty's novel is one in which, as the saying goes, nothing happens. There have been several novels of such a nature recently, but, unlike most of them, Miss Welty's book is not a prolonged exercise in arty ineptitude. Although nothing "happens" in "Delta Wedding" (a little girl comes to visit her relatives for the wedding of her cousin, she is caught up in the swirling life of the family, and the wedding takes place), *everything* happens. I am sure that Miss Welty didn't write her book to prove the truism that character is action just as much as action is character, but that, along with plenty of other things, is what she has done. Risking a guess, I'd say that Miss Welty has spent a great deal of time reading Henry James; risking a flat statement, I'd say that she has looked as intelligently into the workings of human beings as any modern writer who has come along since that unpleasant snob but great writer mastered the lessons that Stendhal set down. Miss Welty's South is not Caldwell's South, or Faulkner's (I think, however, that she has read him, too, more than she has read Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf, as is so often said), or anybody else's but hers. The portrait she gives us of a large Southern family is nothing short of wonderful, and the way she gets hold of the particular quality of Southern speech, with its nuances, obliquities, and special kind of humor, is a minor triumph. Nor do I know of any writer, with the possible exception of Faulkner and of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who works a different sector, so deeply sensitive to the Southern landscape. The emphasis I have placed on locale may make it sound like a regional book, which is just what I intended. It is regional in the same way as Gogol's "Dead Souls" is regional. I'm not even hinting that Miss Welty is a writer of Gogol's stature, but her book has some of that same universal quality, and should be read as happily in Moscow and Oslo as in Passaic, San Francisco, and Des Moines.

ERSKINE CALDWELL, whose name has already been attached to twenty-one books, has just signed it to another. It is called "A House in the Uplands" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), and since I seem to be in a mood to make flat statements this week, I can only call it the most disastrous piece of feeble pretentiousness I have ever read by an author of presumably serious intentions. The story Mr. Caldwell tells is so preposterous that I'm reluctant to set it down again, even briefly. It begins with the decaying Southern mansion which, like a set in Hollywood, has been used by so many authors writing about life among the primitives in the moss-and-magnolia country that it's a wonder the damned thing hasn't fallen in on their heads. In it now lives the last male member of a long and aristocratic line (anybody surprised?), who is in a much worse state of disrepair than the house. His name is Grady Dunbar. He evidences the decline of his proud family (as in "Aha, me proud beauty!") by gambling, drinking, and wenching with a Negro girl who lives in the Negro quarters on the place. I suppose you simply can't have this particular decaying Southern mansion without some decaying Negro quarters for a decaying Southerner to wench in. Anyway, living in the thirty-two-room mansion with Grady (the theory that Mr. Caldwell is working on here is apparently that the more rooms there are, the more decay) is his mother, who adores him, and his fairly recent bride, known interchangeably as Lucyanne and Lucyannie (Mr. Caldwell is as generous with extra syllables as he is with rooms), who finds the fact that he never comes to her bed hard to understand. His mother, I might add, is addicted to saying "God have mercy on me" even more fre-





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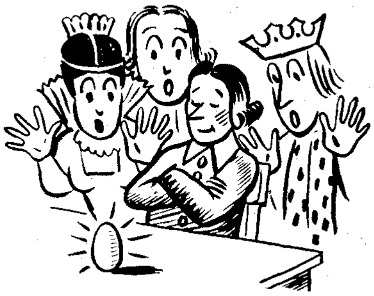

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quently than Jeeter Lester, in "Tobacco Road," was compelled to say "By God and by Jesus!" There are thirteen of these pleas for consideration in the first fourteen pages after she makes her appearance. Counting them beyond that seemed an unnecessary chore.

Grady's wife, going down one night to the Negro quarters, finds out why her husband has been avoiding her company. I'll skip what happens immediately thereafter and move on to where Grady explains his behavior. I found it hard to believe, reading this passage, that Mr. Caldwell wasn't trying to be funny:

> "Hell, what's a little thing like that got to do with it? The trouble with you is you're too sensitive about those things.... There's no harm in it. It's just a custom. ... Keeping bird dogs around the house is another.... It won't amount to anything in the long run.... It'll wear off gradually. ... Once you get the habit, it stays with you. That's the reason I've never slept with you.... The habit has to wear off first. You just wait and see if it doesn't turn out just like I said. And now that you know all about it, it's not so terrible after all, is it?"

Lucyannie can't quite see it that way, and Grady, decaying even further, beats her up because of her obtuseness. Nobody need feel sorry for Lucyannie, though. Mr. Caldwell is downright kind to her. He lets her have a brief affair with the son of a tenant farmer. "I'm not afraid of Grady," this character is permitted to say at one point. "If he pulls that pistol on me, I'll knock him down so quick he'll think lightning struck him." Then, to clear the way for her to marry a nice young lawyer with liberal leanings, the author has Grady mortally wounded by a gambler who has a very unreasonable attitude about collecting the debt Grady owes him. This tragedy inspires Mr. Caldwell to write the following deathbed scene:

> "Don't think too hard of me, Lucyannie," he said slowly, the words forming weakly on his lips. "... I couldn't do anything about it. I guess I was made to be like I am."
>
> He was becoming weaker all the time. Holding him tenderly in her arms, she wanted to say something, anything, that would comfort him, but her throat was choked and her lips were useless when she tried to move them.
>
> "Lucyannie—"
>
> She bent over him, looking down into his eyes.
>
> "What is it, Grady? Tell me!"
>
> "Lucyannie ... think of me sometimes...."

I didn't walk out then, because I have a nostalgic fondness for showboat performances, but I don't suppose there's much point in lingering over Mr. Caldwell's drama any longer. It seems to me, thinking back on it, that it is the sort of book Temple Bailey would have written had she ever had the depressing notion of writing a book in the manner of Erskine Caldwell. Too bad.

IT'S much more pleasant to introduce the third of this week's authors, Mr. Hubert Creekmore. Mr. Creekmore, who has published two books of poetry I haven't read, has just written his first novel, "The Fingers of Night" (Appleton-Century). The material he works with is the same as Caldwell's, but he works it an entirely different way. His story, briefly, is that of an unknowing, inexperienced Mississippi farm girl whose father's fear of God is so intense that he looks upon the Almighty as being something like a rattlesnake. It is one of his tenets that sexual intercourse, even the wedded kind, is the deadliest of all sins and that children, the offspring of this sin, are even more evil. He has two daughters, Bett and Tessie, who constantly remind him of his own traffic with the Devil, and in a savage desire to save them from a similarly terrible fate, he ruins their lives. Bett's is ruined rather quietly: her father remakes her in his own image. Tessie doesn't come off so lightly. She gives herself to the son of a tenant farmer, gets pregnant, marries the father of her child, and, terrified at the thought of what her father might do if he knew, goes to live in another part of the state. A few days before her baby is due, she gets a note from her sister saying that she and her father are coming for a short visit. Tessie's terror of her father is now greater than ever, and she persuades her husband to take her elsewhere until her baby is born. Before they've gone far, in a broken-down wagon, the baby begins to arrive. It is born in a Negro cabin, where they take refuge in their predicament. Tessie makes her husband go back home, telling him to say to her father and sister that she has gone visiting. The husband leaves, and Tessie, half crazed by the thought that her father will search her out, leaves the Negro cabin and drowns her baby in a stream. She is taken to jail, but the book ends on a note of hope: the awfulness of her crime has completely rid her of fear, and her husband has good reason to believe that, since she was plainly not sane when she drowned her child, she will be back with him before many years have passed.

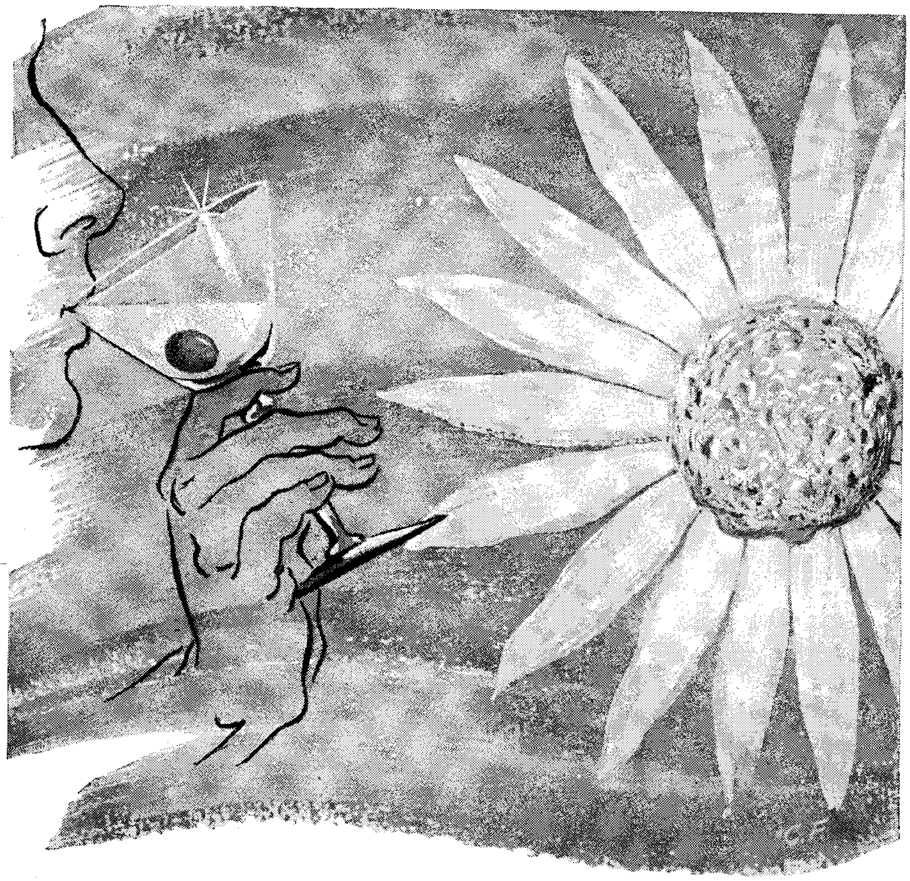
This plot, I suspect, is one that Mr. Caldwell would have been very happy to think of. Judging by his more recent performances, however, especially his newest book, the chances are that he would have made a mess of it. For the fact is that Mr. Caldwell, after the fine stories in "American Earth" and that triumph of distortion and imagination called "Tobacco Road," has been gradually yielding, more and more, to a tawdry sensationalism as ruinous as it is trashy. Although Mr. Creekmore doesn't go in for this sort of thing, he doesn't blink at any of the ugly places, and the impression we get from his book is one of complete honesty and sincerity. What makes it more than ordinarily worth while is that he sees his characters not as monsters, degenerates, or sex-maddened savages but as human beings living under circumstances that make living like a human being almost impossible—a simple but profound truth that Mr. Caldwell once knew but has apparently lost sight of.

—HAMILTON BASSO

VERSE

IN "Medea: Freely Adapted from the 'Medea' of Euripides" (Random House), Robinson Jeffers works for the first time within the actual frame of Greek drama. Jeffers has adapted Greek legend before this, and in 1935 he used the Medea theme in the poetic narrative "Solstice," setting it against his California landscape. Now, keeping both his Romantic-Nihilist attitude toward life and his overblown rhetorical tendencies intact, he adopts a classic mold. Curious results naturally occur. Jeffers has chosen, it is true, a Greek tragedy which seems to call for his kind of shock-dealing hand, for the "Medea" is by no means a stiff and formal vehicle of classic "pity and terror." An early work of the highly original Euripides, it seems at moments to accumulate and to release only terror. As critics have pointed out, there is no tragic interlock between character and situation. Medea, the Asiatic princess and sorceress, brought to the Greek city of Corinth by the wily Jason and there abandoned with her children, reacts to the situation as she reacted to earlier events in her career—with vengeful guile and frightful cruelty. "If the only profit in the 'Medea,' " says a modern British scholar, "is the news that barbarian magicians who are passionate and villainously treated do villainous things, the demands on our tolerance cannot be met."

In the Jeffers version, very little in addition to Medea's villainous side comes through. Euripides, on the other hand, in this study of oppression and revenge, treats the dreadful story with



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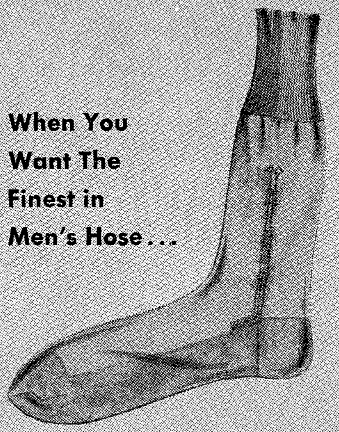

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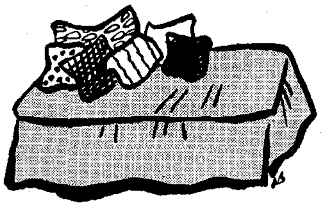
the sharpness of psychological insight, the compassionate and truth-loving skepticism, the striking combination of realism and imagination, which characterize his work. He not only keeps before us, by exquisitely managed implication, the fact that "the passions and unreason to which humanity is subject are its greatest scourge;" he suggests as well the presence in the universe of terrible and implacable forces to which the wild nature of Medea is related. She is, of course, the granddaughter of Helios, the sun god, and it is the double potentiality—at once benign and destructive—of natural powers that Euripides stresses in the ambiguous final episode, in which Medea escapes by supernatural aid.

Jeffers ignores these implications. He changes Medea, by a process partly of cutting and partly of expansion, and by abrupt shifts in emphasis, from a woman who has some degree of control and some power of awakening our sympathy into a creature so obsessed by jealousy, pride, and a paranoid fear of ridicule that she passes from the normal world into the regions of insanity. From her first cry of inordinate rage, she is in an extreme of sadism. Euripides' Medea, however, is capable of a long, tender, relenting speech, in which we feel the current of human love, and she is surrounded by the poetry of the great choruses, in which, in spite of everything, love, and not fury, is the dominant theme. His Medea outlines her ghastly plans, is admonished, and plays out her frenzy against a background of understanding wisdom.

Jeffers, following the Romantic tradition, depends upon suspense for his big effects. And to the Euripidean horror, calculated with great nicety by a master in the field, he adds all manner of overwrought frightfulness. His Medea's mania for grinding, mashing, slicing, pulverizing, and beating her enemies into a bloody froth soon paralyzes and numbs our sensibilities. Jeffers' nightmare world, in which reality is squeezed and beaten into the shape of a brutal adolescent's dream, is, however, more relevant to our present situation than it was when it burst upon us, twenty years or so ago. If Jeffers now



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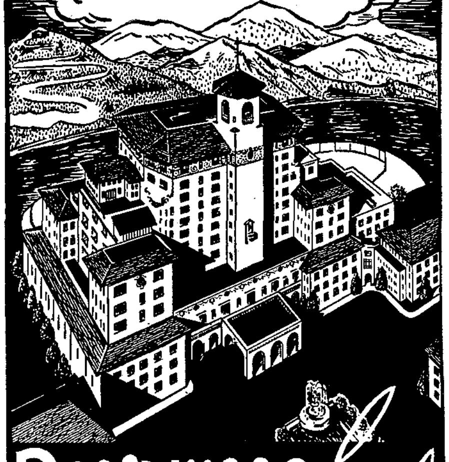

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pitches his tone so high that it becomes a shriek of hysteria, he is only screwing up to their utmost the tensions of our materialist scene. To compare this "free adaptation" of his with Euripides in a straight translation is to be brought up against the most shocking symptoms in our literature and life.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TORRENTS OF SPRING, by Robert Payne (Dodd, Mead). A restrained, beautifully written, unromantic novel about China, showing the same maturity and understanding of the Chinese way of life that distinguished Mr. Payne's "Forever China." The story concerns three young offspring of an enormously wealthy family, living alone with their tutor in a remote province during one of the last years of the rotting Manchu Empire—1908, to be exact. Although the novel deals with revolution, its net effect is one of serenity and quiet; its interest lies not in the story itself but in Mr. Payne's living sense of China's past and present, the distinction of his style, and the portrayal of a life at once strange and fundamentally familiar.

THE MAN WHO WATCHED THE TRAINS GO BY, by Georges Simenon (Reynal & Hitchcock). M. Simenon's novel gets under way interestingly, if not completely originally, when his middle-aged Dutch hero, who has obeyed respectable compulsions all his life, suffers an emotional shock which drives him to throw over the whole pattern of his respectability. From the moment the Dutchman leaves his small native town, he ceases to be the affectionate husband and father and honest citizen and becomes a dangerous paranoiac. From this moment, too, the hero's character begins to lose credibility. As a study of abnormal psychology, the story may be entirely sound, but as fiction it doesn't quite wash. The reader is never sufficiently aware of what goes on in the mind of the Dutchman to become entirely absorbed in him. Consequently, in spite of good pace and drama, the whole thing is a little dull. Easily a couple of shelves below M. Simenon's extremely skillful "The Shadow Falls."

GENERAL

EARTH COULD BE FAIR, by Pierre van Paassen (Dial). An account of Gorcum, the fortified town in Holland where Mr. van Paassen was raised, which embodies a chronicle of the fortunes of his boyhood friends up through the German occupation. Mr. van Paassen, who has a suspiciously complete recall of conversations and trivial events that took place thirty-odd years ago, has also a slipshod attitude toward facts, which makes him probably the most creative nonfiction writer at work today. The book has merit in its mood, atmosphere, and evocation of the past, and the author is eloquent enough to make interesting his indignation over such matters as the Nazis, the complacent materialism of the democracies, and the Church of Rome (Mr. van Paassen was recently ordained a Protestant preacher). But as strict history, *cum grano salis*.

MASTERWORKS OF ECONOMICS, edited by Leonard Dalton Abbott (Doubleday). Mr. Abbott has condensed ten historically significant books on political economy and presented them in one volume, thus proving that anything can be anthologized these days. The work—which brings together such opposing forces as Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" and Marx's "Capital"—will probably be of interest mostly to neophytes and casual readers. People more seriously concerned with economic doctrine are apt to be impatient with the book's catholicity.

EMPIRE AND THE SEA, by Fletcher Pratt (Holt). An unusual treatment of British naval warfare during the years of struggle with the French which ended with the battle off Cape Trafalgar and resulted in making the English nation the British Empire. Mr. Pratt writes entertainingly and describes the major actions of the conflict—the battles of the Nile, Algeciras, and Trafalgar—clearly and in detail. He has employed to good effect a Dos Passos device in his narrative, interpolating quotes from contemporary newspapers and diaries, so that the reader can get some idea of how people regarded the momentous events of their time.

WRATH IN BURMA, by Fred Eldridge (Doubleday). Iconoclastic reports from the war fronts are cropping up in earnest. This is the story of General Stilwell—of how, according, at least, to the author, who was with him, he fought his war in the China-Burma-India Theatre despite the obstacles placed in his way by the

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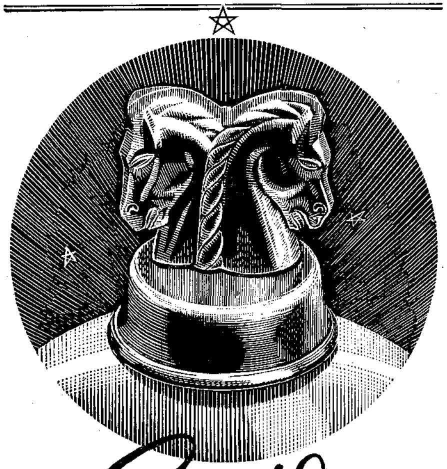

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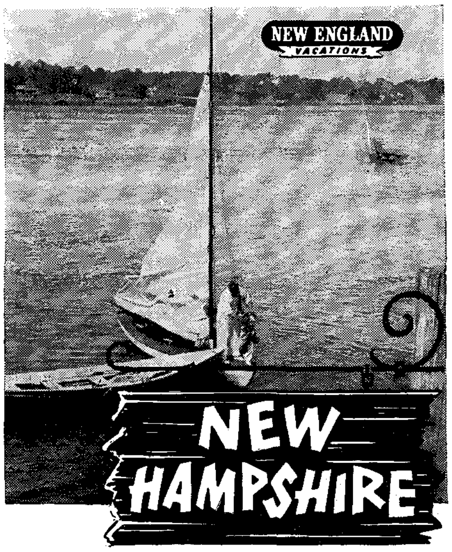

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British and the Chinese, of his troubles with Ambassador Hurley (who is made to seem a clown throughout), and of his and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's dislike of each other (hatred is the author's word), which ended in General Stilwell's recall. The book is written in openmouthed admiration for its central character and is hardly objective; nevertheless, it is worthy of serious attention even if only half of the author's charges of dirty dealings in the Far East are true. Illustrated with photographs.

SECRETARY OF EUROPE, by Golo Mann (Yale). The life and times of the Prussian publicist and diplomat Friedrich Gentz, and the story of his long and bitter ideological fight with Napoleon Bonaparte. The book is written with fine scholarship by the youngest son of Thomas Mann and is interesting in that it illumines a little-known though important figure of the period, but his treatment of the subject is a shade too heavy-handed. Illustrated.

DEW ON JORDAN, by Harold Preece and Celia Kraft (Dutton). A sympathetic study of the lunatic fringe of the American Bible Belt—the foot-washers, the snake-fondling cults, and the hardshellers of the Southern hill country. The authors write from first-hand experience, but their informal and depressingly folksy presentation makes the book not quite the serious regional document they obviously intend it to be.

THE COMPLETE CRUISER, by Brandt Aymar (Greenberg). A good, simple book on motor yachting by a small-boat man of considerable experience. The author reduces the intricacies of celestial navigation to the level of the snap course taught in Navy classrooms during the war and offers sound tips on coastal piloting and on the avoidance of both the common and uncommon problems of cruising. Diagrams and photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AND THE DARKNESS FALLS, edited by Boris Karloff (World). Another big anthology of stories of horror and the supernatural which have, for one reason or another, scared a lot of people silly in the past. Mr. Karloff, who edited "Tales of Terror" a few years ago, has managed to dig up an additional sixty or more properly terrifying accounts, as well as a few poems which he seems to feel belong in such a collection, too. A distinguished job, on the whole, and one containing a remarkably small percentage of those threadbare items that have been appearing far too regularly in the recent horror anthologies.

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, by Richard Sale (Simon & Schuster). Peculiar activities on the West Coast, apparently a region where minor incidents such as murder pass almost unnoticed. Kerry Garth, a Hollywood star, hires his stand-in to attend a première in his place; when the stand-in is murdered, Garth assumes the man's identity. Eventually, with the help of his agent, he gets at the causes behind a fairly improbable sequence of events. Fast, funny, and not as confusing as it sounds.

TIME TO CHANGE HATS, by Margot Bennett (Doubleday). Murder, with elaborate ramifications, in a remote Dorset village. The locale is a promising spot for skulduggery, since the population includes a number of evacuees with a distaste for rural life and for one another. The investigation, which is tricky, is handled by the local police sergeant and a painfully bright young amateur detective, just out of the Army. Good material, nicely developed by a new writer, who might well have saved up a few of the young man's jokes for her next mystery.

●

Saito is an old man (75), a Yale alumnus, but nevertheless has a clear mind and is concise and direct.—*Hanson W. Baldwin in the Times.*

Come now, Baldwin, none of that Harvard tone.

●

For instance, this year the music from *Spellbound* won the award. Perhaps because in a scene which showed Mr. Peck and Miss Bergman skiing down a vast open side of a valley, with clear expanses of snow on all sides (a less noisome place would be difficult to find)...—*PM.*

We didn't know anybody was looking for one.

●

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